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DR. HODGES ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF ORGANS.

No. 2.

PEDALS.*

ONE point in which the organ may be said decidedly to surpass all other instruments is, in the richness, the majesty, the depth of its possible base—I say “possible base,” because many organs, and I am sorry to add the greater number of organs in this country, have it not. Yet from the present tone of musical feeling upon this subject, and the impulse which has been given to the public mind by two or three successful demonstrations, more especially by the attempt so nobly executed by Dr. Camidge at York, I am induced to hope that ere long the actual base will, in the majority of instances, approximate much more nearly than heretofore to the possible, and that we shall not have to go out of the kingdom to see or to hear even the finest organ in the world. Whilst our Continental neighbours hesitate not to expend *thousands* upon the alterations and repairs of an old instrument (as not many years ago at Dantzick and more recently at Rotterdam), surely England, with her immense resources, might do more than now and then grudgingly bestow a few hundreds for a similar object. We too may reasonably count upon the advantage of superior mechanical skill, which, coupled with the rapid accumulation and diffusion of scientific knowledge, may well be expected to lead to important results in the construction of musical instruments, as in all other pursuits.

Up then, ye rich amateurs, and take the lead, and the money so laid out will not be uselessly expended! In the cost of an organ, *labour* constitutes the principal item. The sums bestowed upon this object contribute directly to the maintenance of an ingenious

* In this essay, the term “pedals” is restricted to mean a *set of keys to be played upon by the feet*, and “pedal pipes” of course are the pipes which are acted upon by means of those keys.

and industrious class of artizans, and indirectly to the support of *many* classes of our fellow subjects ; the miners who are engaged in extracting the iron, and the lead, and the copper, and the tin, and the zinc, and the bismuth, from the bowels of the earth ; the Canadian foresters and raftsmen, and the wood-fellers of the tropics, besides our hardy home-peasantry, who respectively provide us with timber, whether pine, or mahogany, or oak ; the adventurous mariners, who convey to us the products of different trans-atlantic regions ; and yet more remotely those who are in any way connected with the outlay of the hard-earned proceeds of the labour of any or of all of these, a number which may be shown to include some of every conceivable vocation in civilized society.

This consideration will not appear misplaced in an essay on the improvement of the organ, when we reflect that a principal bar to improvement is the want of funds, and that many individuals, otherwise musically disposed, may be restrained from contributing towards the erection or enlargement of an organ which even *they* may deem in some respects an unnecessary piece of ecclesiastical furniture, by the supposition that their money would do more good if appropriated immediately to the relief of suffering indigence. At a time especially when so large a proportion of our manufacturing population is exposed to appalling privations, this consideration is far from being unseasonable ; as even under ordinary circumstances, it is and has been a standing objection with some worthy folks, to the cost of an organ, that the money would be better expended in charitable uses ; and possibly with respect to an organ already constructed, there may be a few who have occasionally "indignation within themselves," and say, "Why was this waste made ? The organ might have been sold for more than three hundred pence and given to the poor."

More than a century ago, the anonymous author of "A letter to a friend in the country concerning the use of instrumental musick in the worship of God" put this objection with ridiculous pathos. "Is this a time (says he at p. 2.) to set up chargeable organs in the churches, to expend vast sums in the setting up some musical pipes, when as the generality of the poor complain (and that not without reason) that they have scarcely money sufficient to buy bread for their families ? *Is this a time to lavish a great deal of*

treasure upon *inanimate organs*, when as the *animate ones*, I mean the poor, are ready to famish for want of their *daily bread*? What harmony can there be in a costly *organ*, when we hear the bitter lamentations of the needy, and the piercing cries of helpless *orphans*?" &c.

Gravely to answer these questions would be but waste of time.

From what has been already advanced it is apparent, that the amount expended in organ-building goes principally to the support of the poor and affords them at once subsistence and beneficial employment. While on this topic, which may be called the political economy of organ-building, it may be well to remark, that should the sums usually thus hitherto appropriated be now diverted into another, apparently more charitable, channel, which, all things considered, is highly probable, the only effect would be to add another entire class to the woeful number of starving manufacturers.

As a further stimulus, if further stimulus be wanting, take into account the effect upon the study and practice of music, which the bare existence of a noble organ is calculated to produce. Handel attributed the chaste solemnity of his ecclesiastical style of composition to the early habit of hearing the plain Lutheran psalmody accompanied by some of the magnificent organs of his Father-land. "Give me a good organ," said an eminent musician yet living, "and I will engage it shall make a good organist;" and though quaint, 'tis true. Do you wish to eradicate what little musical feeling a parish may happen to contain? Erect for them a "fine gilt organ," with plenty of what the builders call "upper-work," and little or no diapason; and above all avoid pedals and pedal pipes, for they are both expensive and cumbrous, and some say make a thundering noise which causes head-ache. To crown the whole, make it a grinder, and appoint the grave digger, especially if he have a large family, to officiate as organist and bellows blower, which will be both economical and charitable; and there will be little chance of your villagers becoming musicians, unless they be literally inspired from heaven. On the contrary, do you wish the general diffusion of a taste for sound church-music? Erect good organs; for although they be not the *only* desideratum, they are nearly or quite the *first*. Do you wish to lay the foundation for an orthodox national school of music? Build good and great

organs; for by thus affording the means of its exhibition and developement, much hidden talent will be brought to light, encouraged, improved, and rewarded. For this the organ is peculiarly adapted, as it places orchestral power under the controul of one actuating intelligence, and gives him the instant command of effects, which otherwise, depending upon the co-operation of a multitude, in all cases require much time, trouble, and money to produce.

This brings us to the immediate subject of the present essay; for among the prime requisites to the constitution of a good organ we must include one stop *at least* of good pedal pipes, (if two, three, or more, so much the better,) and a convenient set of pedals, of not less than two octaves in compass.

The pedals are a set of keys to be operated upon by the feet; uniform, as far as concerns the arrangement of tones and semi-tones, with the common manual keys; but as may be supposed of much larger dimensions. As usually constructed they are a set of clumsy pieces of wood, measuring from an inch to an inch and a half in width, and varying in length (according to the fancy of different builders) from a few inches to about two feet. In many instruments they are so short that the foot cannot be placed at length upon any one of them. These are called "toe pedals," to distinguish them from the German pedals, which, affording room for the employment of both toe and heel, are therefore much more convenient to the performer, and lead to the legitimate, viz. the legato style of organ-playing. For in the one case, in order to execute even a slow passage with a single foot, it will be necessary to remove the foot from one pedal *before* it is put upon the next; and in the other, by using toe and heel alternately, one pedal may be released *at the moment* the next is put down. It is indispensable therefore to "a convenient set of pedals," that they be long enough to receive the foot, clear of the "sharps" (or short keys), and so much longer as may be needful for freedom of motion, which should be two or three inches at least, for the feet cannot be expected to traverse with the unerring exactness of the fingers.

Thus much concerning the ordinary construction of pedals, if not necessary to the intelligibility of what is to follow, may be useful to my country brethren.

The width of the sole of an ordinary shoe or boot is about three inches and a half. Allowing therefore some little latitude to the performer, (and when it is remembered that the operation is performed by the most clumsy limb of the body, and that too without the guidance of the eyes, half an inch is the least possible allowance which can be made), we give to each pedal four inches of working room. Few, perhaps none, of the old-fashioned pedals will be found so close as this.

The inconvenience of this arrangement is its width; a circumstance imposing much unnecessary labour upon the organist, besides requiring him to place himself in very unseemly positions. I have heard indeed of some foreign organist, whose nether limbs were probably not of colossal dimensions, being obliged to *run about* upon the pedals. No wonder therefore that the more delicate sex, musical as they are and great as their attainments are upon the piano-forte, have seldom become celebrated as organists.

This inconvenience must have been felt by many, who probably never imagined the possibility of its being abated. It has however been abated in the manner now to be described.



Let A, B, &c. represent the pedal sticks or keys, and H, I, &c. the spaces or interstices between them. Now the working room allowed to the foot is the width of the pedal added to that of the space on each side of it. Suppose therefore A, B, C, &c. to measure respectively an inch, the spaces must be one inch and a half each, which will together amount to the four inches required, and the distance from centre to centre will be two inches and a half.

Now imagine that instead of measuring an inch, A, B, C, &c. have no thickness, but are in fact mere lines. To obtain the same working room in this case as in the former, it is evident that the two spaces only are required, which must be supposed of two inches each, which will also of course be the distance from line to line. In practice however some width there must be, and an *eighth of an inch* has been found to be abundantly sufficient.—

Wood of course was not thought strong enough for the purpose, and metal was resorted to. The first pedals which I caused to be constructed upon this principle were made of *iron*, for the organ in the church of St. Nicholas, in this city, in the year 1821, and there they still remain. These are not so much as an eighth of an inch in thickness, are rounded off at the upper edges, and placed at exactly two inches asunder, reckoning from centre to centre. By this arrangement the foot has not quite four inches allowed it, but some compensation is made by the middle part of each pedal being hollowed out, so as to permit the wide part of the foot to overhang the pedals, right or left, without depressing them. This hollow also serves as a guide to the performer, enabling him to decide, without looking, upon which part of the pedal he has placed his foot.

Such an innovation was not likely to be made without censure. Accordingly these were stigmatised as "knives on edge," "as a grid-iron," &c. and dolorous prophecies were uttered of the quantity of shoe leather which they would destroy, which prophecies however have not been in my experience fulfilled, although I have continued to perform upon them from that time to this; on the contrary, my shoemaker complains that the leather does not wear so fast as usual, probably from the *metallic polish* which the sole acquires.

Be that as it may, there is an inconvenience occasionally very perceptible. In pedal-playing it is usual sometimes to make a run by drawing the foot rapidly across several keys. In every such instance, the St. Nicholas pedals, being entirely of iron, produce an effect which cannot be considered as musical.

To remedy this, in the next organ with the erection of which I was concerned, viz. that in the church at Clifton, I directed the pedals to be made of *wood*, and a piece of *brass*, about an eighth of an inch in thickness and an inch and a half in depth, to be affixed to each. By this, the noise of the former is avoided, as the movement is as heretofore of wood, and the working part only of metal. The first set having been considered rather too close, these were separated by the interval of a quarter of an inch wider than those of iron, and the hollow before spoken of being retained, there is abundant room for the foot of a giant.

Since that time the *brass-mounted pedals* have found their way

into several organs, and in each instance very nearly the same dimensions* have been observed.

Some also who at first opposed the innovation have since acknowledged the improvement, and testified alike the utility and the ornament of the alteration of plan. The brass pedals in fact, if well cast and polished, make rather a splendid appearance, and easily catch the eye of the performer when he has a spare glance to send in that direction. The saving of room is on the average about one fifth, and the increased expence is very trifling. The foot slides over them with great facility, and, if they be well put out of hand, with as little noise (to say at least) as any upon the old plan. Although some who have no great good will towards the inventor have already adopted the invention, I am not so foolishly sanguine as to expect to see it generally introduced. By thus placing it on record however, it will obtain an impartial judgment, whether of approbation or the reverse; and if the former, it will have a better chance of being employed, than when known only in an obscure corner of the kingdom.

When I commenced this essay it was my intention to include in it some ideas upon *pedal pipes*, but lest I should exceed reasonable bounds they must be reserved for the ensuing number.

Bristol, April, 1827.

E. H.

* As there has been hitherto a sad want of uniformity in the construction of the pedal key-board, it may be well to offer these as a standard. From the centre of the long key to that of the short one is an inch and an eighth, or from the centre of any *natural* key to that of the next *natural* is two inches and a quarter. The depth of the touch about half an inch, and the touch itself should be comparatively light. The size of the wood to which the brass is affixed is evidently immaterial, provided each piece be sufficiently strong to bear the weight of a man. For bringing them up, after repeated trials, I have found balance weights preferable to springs.



TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN an article in your last number, "on the Improvement of Organs," the invention of the composition pedals is ascribed to Mr. Flight. Now, as it is but fair that every man should enjoy the reputation he has justly acquired, I request permission, through the medium of your invaluable journal, to inform your correspondent that Mr. James Bishop, the ingenious constructor of the organ under the stage at Covent-garden Theatre, as well as of many others of known celebrity in the Metropolis, (that of St. John's, Waterloo Road, in particular,) is the inventor of them. I perhaps need hardly add that my only motive in making this communication is, as I said before, to give every man his due, and to correct the error that Dr. Hodges has inadvertently fallen into.

I feel less difficulty in offering these remarks, Mr. Flight's character as an organ builder being too well known to require, or to have imputed to him, a merit which belongs to another.

T. W. L.

23d April, 1827.

Barnsley, 7th April, 1827.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

BEING desirous of erecting a good Music Room for the reception of an Organ, and anxious to obtain the opinion of competent judges as to the best mode or form to be preferred for such an edifice, I beg the favour of your candid sentiments on the subject, and the opinion of any of your readers and correspondents, whose profession or inclination may have led them to similar pursuits. I and other of your readers in this part of the country will thank you or your correspondents to state particularly the length, width, and

height, or whether square, oval, round, or octagon, and what form the top of the room, whether horizontal, arched, or a dome is best adapted for sound, and whether windows and recesses in the walls are objectionable or not, or a smooth surface with the windows in the roof are preferable, or what form is judged by those of experience best adapted to the conveyance of sound in a room calculated to contain an organ with fifteen or twenty stops, and a few other instruments, and in short, where one of Handel's chorusses might be performed, by a small band, with good effect.

I also beg to ask, what is the situation best adapted for an organ to occupy in a room, whether the side, end, or middle is to be chosen for its place, and whether it sounds to the most advantage by standing entirely forward or partially enclosed.

Some organs are entirely cased up, but have glass doors in front which open occasionally, but the rooms in these cases are not very spacious—this method is said to soften the tone, and give them a very pretty effect.

Waiting for a reply to my enquiries,

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Your most obedient servant,

A CONSTANT READER.


The Editor, on receipt of the above, put it into the hands of a gentleman versed in such matters, and the following is his reply :

SIR,

Your correspondent, from Barnsley, who requests instructions for the form and dimensions of a music room, has spoken of the scale of his band in such indefinite terms, that I find it impossible to answer his enquiries with much precision; however, by giving him the form and proportions of a room, which has been proved by long experience, to be well suited to a band of a certain magnitude, and at the same time furnishing him with the scale of that band, he may perhaps be enabled to judge with sufficient accuracy of the dimensions of a room suited to his purpose :

The band of which I am speaking, generally consists of five first and five second violins, four violas, two violoncelli, two double bases, two oboes, two clarinets, two flutes, two bassoons, two and

sometimes four horns, two trumpets, base trombone, and double drums. On a choral night there is convenient room for sixteen cantos, ten altos, twelve tenors, and sixteen bases. The dimensions of the room are—42 feet long, 32 wide, and 28 high: The ceiling is flat, with a cove of about four feet, where it joins the walls. The orchestra is at the entrance end, and under the orchestra is a small private room, for the use of the members of the concert. There are three large sashes in the south side of the concert room, in very plain frames, and the walls are splayed off, so as to offer no interruption to the reverberation. The keys of the organ are brought down (with a long movement) to the front of the orchestra, and the piano-forte placed over them. The leader and principal second violin stand on a platform, over the piano-forte, and between the two violoncelli, and immediately behind, and above the leader, the principal wind instruments are placed.

The room of which I am speaking has sometimes contained an audience of three hundred persons, but it is then uncomfortably crowded and heated. It is full 13 feet too short, and the proportions I would recommend to your correspondent, are—55 feet in length, 32 in width, and 30 in height. For a room and band on this scale, there should be an organ in a case about 8 feet wide, 3½ feet deep, and 13 or 14 high. If it be wanted for chorusses only, or to fill in the thorough base of ancient overtures, a single row of keys, with a pedal to tread off the loud stops, will be sufficient, and indeed more convenient than two rows of keys. If organ concertos and voluntaries are contemplated, it will be expedient to have a swell with a separate row of keys. The great organ should consist of—1st, an open diapason, to C C, (at least,)—2d, a stopped diapason—3d, principal—4th, twelfth—5th, fifteenth—6th, sesquialtra of three ranks—7th, trumpet treble—8th, trumpet base. The swell should contain open and stopped diapason, principal, and hautboy. The compass of the great organ, from G G to F in alt, and the swell from F  to F in alt.

There should be two shifting pedals to the great organ—one to take off all the chorus, leaving the diapason and principal; and the other (capable of being put down at the same time) to take off the principal, leaving only the diapasons. I should recommend a

mute front, in preference to a speaking front, the latter being so liable to injury in an orchestra.

If I can afford your correspondent any further information it will give me pleasure to do so.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Faithfully Your's,

R. F. E.

Norwich, April 23d, 1827.

To the Editor of the Quarterly Musical Magazine.

ON THE APPLICATION OF PASSAGES OR DIVISIONS TO EXPRESSION.

LETTER II.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN the concluding sentence of my former letter* I promised to continue our subject, by the consideration of the ornamental phrases of Handel and Arne, and I now purpose to fulfil my engagement. Whether the works of the former master, voluminous as they are, will afford enough for an essay, I am not prepared to say, but if it should so turn out, Arne must be deferred to a future opportunity.

I think, Sir, it may be fairly pronounced, even in reference to his own times, that Handel was not a florid writer; yet although such was the fact, his powerful imagination must naturally have induced him to take advantage of every resource of the art which he thought conduced to strengthen expression. And here as heretofore it will be apparent and must be borne in mind, that the manner must always be considered as having a relation to the period as well as the subject and the composer. By this standard we must measure the work; we shall otherwise be drawn into endless confusion. As in poetry and the sister arts we must also

* Vol. 8, page 3.

recollect that it was the privilege of the first artists to possess themselves of the simplest and strongest modes of producing effects, and Handel lived so early that he may be said to have flourished in the very infancy of purity and simplicity. He was indeed born at the very happiest time, for the age of quaint contrivance had waned, though the memory of such things had not absolutely departed. He was therefore enabled to combine the strength of the learned style with more flowing melody and richer and easier harmony. I must recall to the reader that my first object is to elucidate the application of divisions to expression and to English expression. For that reason I shall draw my instances from Handel's oratorios, and from the most sublime and established pieces in those oratorios, which I conceive to be the sovereign authority. I do not mean to undervalue those who have come after him, but merely to avail myself of that rule of judgment, which all who have felt, thought, or written upon music, have acknowledged to be supremest and best. To begin then with *the Messiah*, the most sublime of all musical compositions.

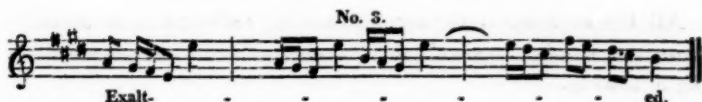
The very first air, "*Every valley shall be exalted*," is strictly speaking almost entirely melismatic, or made up of divisions and florid passages. This distinctly declares that Handel considered divisions as the most appropriate musical language of joy. He further illustrates the same principle in parts of "*O thou that tellest*," in the chorus, "*For unto us*," and in "*Rejoice greatly*." There is scarcely to be found a division in which the structure and sound conform more to the sense than in those of "*Every valley*." Take for example the following selections :

No. 1.

Exalt- ed.

No. 2.

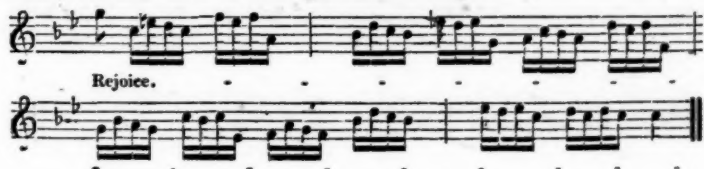
Plain.



The gradual rising of the notes in the first example—the smooth easy elevation and undulation of No. 2, and the skips of No. 3, are the most illustrative applications of sound to sense that can be found. Here then it must be admitted not only that divisions are expressive, but that they are most expressive, because they combine two principles and effect two purposes at once. The general fluency and rapidity bespeak the joyful nature of the sentiment, while the particular construction of the phrases describe most strikingly the picturesque meaning of the very words.

The ornamented phrases of "*O thou that tellest*," with one exception upon the word "*glory*," are rather of that kind which I have described in my first letter as groups, and forming "a genus intermediate between melismatic and syllabic." But even so slight a multiplication of notes demonstrates how appropriate Handel considered such passages to be to the expression of light and joyous feelings. In philosophising upon a work of this nature too we must remember the disposition of the successive parts—so indispensable to effect. I recollect to have heard Mr. Brahām finely remark, that Handel was a painter as well as a musician; and this observation cannot be more completely borne out than in *the Messiah*, where so much of scenery and action abounds. If then we do not perceive the rule to prevail to the same extent, we must give the allowance necessary to the due relief of the portions which succeed each other, and to the quality and compass of the voices employed, as well as to the sentiment—and so to speak, to the verbal meaning.

The divisions in "*Rejoice greatly*" differ from those already quoted, principally in the wider intervals occasionally introduced to designate the peculiar liveliness of the emotion and the vivid nature of the call. I shall give one example.



All the divisions in the second part of "*But who may abide,*" upon the words "*refiner's fire,*" are singular; take for instance the following.



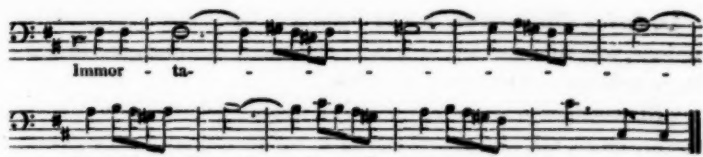
The arpeggios followed by the holding note seem to describe the searching and separating efforts of the purifying element, which, after burning steadily for a time, drives off and disperses the particles upon which it is acting. At least such is the interpretation which reflection gives to the emotions raised by these notes. The question then which arises, is—Could any syllabic exposition have been so perfect? I think not.

In the chorus "*All we like sheep*," Handel has interpreted the word "turned" very naturally by a division of quadruples. Here sound merely echoes to sense; and in "*Great was the company of preachers*," multiplication of notes is used to a similar obvious purpose.

In the song of "*Why do the nations*," it is curious that divisions of very similar structure are placed upon words of very different meaning—"imagine," "rage," and "counsel"—but here the composer gave a uniform colouring to the whole song, and very judiciously derived the effect from this generalization. These divisions are entirely triplets.

"*The trumpet shall sound*" is perhaps the most declamatory song in the whole oratorio. Yet even here the great master has employed divisions very frequently. They are upon the words "rais'd," "changed," and "immortality." The finest is certainly upon the last. I must quote them both.





I need only point out the sublime effect of the chromatic intervals, contrasted with the dwelling upon high notes in the first and the gradual ascent through similar intervals and similar stanzas in the second passage. Nothing can, as it appears to me, produce a more useful, a more exalted state of feeling.

In the oratorio of *Joshua*, which from the nature of its subject would naturally afford much that is spirited, and consequently much that seems to demand a florid style, I find Handel has employed divisions upon the following words :

"Smile, show'r, spread, happiness, rolled, glory, rays, all, abounding, surrounding, war, dreadful, wake, grove, throat, plains, vernal, circle, arise, flames, wrath, bow, unbend, fled, fame, proclaim, happy, bright, despise, confound, rejoice."

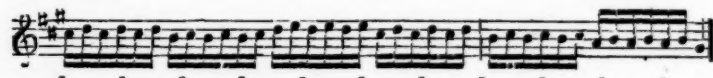
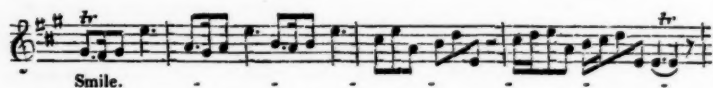
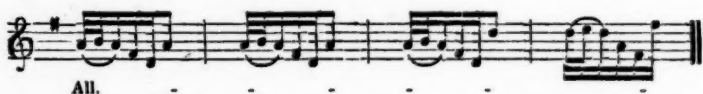
All these words are connected with motion, extension, numbers, elevation, or passion, in the strongest sense of the term, and consequently are appropriate to divisions—an example or two may be useful.



In *Judas Maccabæus*, which embraces the themes of warlike actions, joy, and sorrow, and their attendant passions, the following words are expressed by divisions :

“Strengthen, war, dare, triumphs, unequal, disdainful, danger, power, more, all, rapid, praise, smile, rejoices, salvation, gigantic, wonders, raise, thunders, brave, worship, prepare, solemnize, sprightly, strains, sacrifice, sound, crown'd, claim, weary, and songsters.”

The same distinctions as to the qualities to be expressed are here observable as in the former instances. I need therefore only quote some examples of divisions different in their structure to those I have already cited, and which go to shew the variety which Handel used, yet in subordination to those rules which I shall hereafter endeavour to draw from the passages.

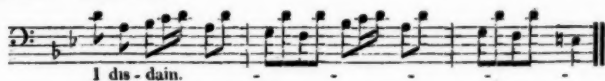


In *Samson* there appear divisions on words, for which it seems difficult to account—such for instance as “perfectly, divine, alone” and “place.” To the word “woe” also is allotted a rather curious passage, but this is very admissible from the querulous nature of the passion. In the celebrated song from *Athalie*, “Gentle airs,” this word is made the vehicle for a very beautiful

and expressive passage. Upon "overtake" there is the following singular division :



We cannot imagine a more speaking passage upon the word "disdain" than this—

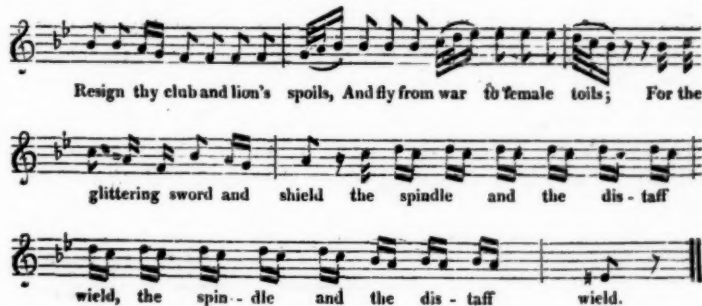


But what there can be that is expressive of solitude in the following notes I am at a loss to conjecture :—



and it seems the more singular, since there is an abundance of opportunity afforded by such other words as "coos, moon, tedious, delight, raptures, and lovers," of which he has scarcely taken any advantage.

Hercules contains less of division perhaps than any other of Handel's oratorios. There is however one song, "*Resign thy club and lion spoils*," curious for its groups of notes to convey the rotatory motion of a spinning wheel.



These, it will be seen, are not strictly melismatic passages, but they have all the effect of such, and even perhaps a greater, in imaging this mechanical process by the quick repetition of the words. It is to shew how Handel availed himself of the double resource presented to him, that I thought them worthy citation.

In *Belshazzar* there are also some singular uses of divisions. The words upon which they are placed are few, and they belong to the classes of ideas we have before observed, with scarcely an exception. The divisions in the song, "*Opprest with never-ceasing grief*," are all written upon the same model, but it is one we have not hitherto noticed, and therefore I shall cite an instance—

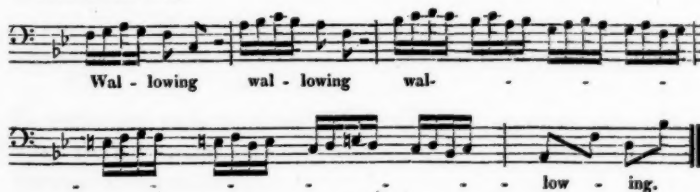


Another whole song is written to convey one very gross image, which is as follows :

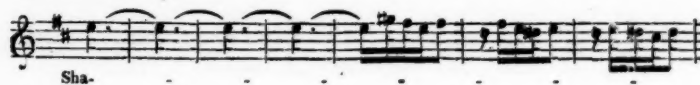
"Behold the monstrous human beast

"*Wallowing* in excessive feast."

It is done thus—



Handel has employed much less of melismatic embellishment in *Alexander's Feast*, than any one previously considering the words at this time of day would be apt to predicate. Indeed I believe there are not more than a dozen words on which it is used at all, and the divisions are confined to particular songs, not scattered here and there. One of the longest if not the most complex in all his works is the following, from the song, "*With ravished ears* :"





In the song, "*Revenge, Timotheus cries*," there are also one or two curious and expressive divisions, particularly upon the word "sparkles," towards the end—but as the song is so well known it is not worth quoting.

"*Acis and Galatea*" has some passages well worth remarking. The melismatic groups upon the words "happy" and "sport," in the opening chorus, exhibit a very successful use of such short phrases, while the word "dance" has a large appropriation of notes. It is not more singular than felicitous that Handel should have placed all such descriptive passages in the accompaniment to the very beautiful song, "*Hush, ye pretty warbling choir*," by which judicious arrangement he has completely separated "the passion of the groves" from that delicate yet warm expression of human feeling which belongs to *Galatea*, and yet he has so blended the two as to make them mutual aids to each other.* Passion when mixed with sentiment, which I venture to pronounce *Galatea's* to be, seldom wastes itself in mere florid verbiage, though it luxuriates in imagery and is entranced in feeling. This appears then to be the precise character of this, one of the most exquisite of the compositions of our great master.

The chorus, "*Wretched lovers*," has one of the finest examples of the use of divisions I know, upon the words printed in italics—

"The waves run *frightened* to the shores;

"Hark how the *thund'ring* giant roars."

"*O ruddier than the cherry*," though not a song of divisions, has

* Nearly the same effects are wrought by nearly the same means, in that sublime song, "*Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly*."

3. All the passions of the mind which were to be depicted by agitated sounds, and also those that were to be expressed by gliding or sustained sounds alternately.

These appear to me to be the generally governing laws by which he regulated the introduction of divisions; and I may observe, that he frequently took the *whole meaning* of his song for the foundation upon which he built, as well as endeavoured to make the sound echo to the sense of single words or phrases.—Indeed he availed himself with the greatest skill of both these powers. Nor was he less artful in the use of divisions in the accompaniment, where two distinct sets of ideas were to be conveyed, as I have remarked, in the songs—“*Sweet bird*” and “*Hush ye pretty warbling choir.*”

I am very much inclined to doubt, though I confess I can shew no reason for it, except the progressive improvement and acceleration which the lapse of years has given—yet I say I am inclined to doubt whether the execution of divisions in Handel's day bore any thing like an approximation even to the swiftness and facility with which they are now coursed over. Every one must have had occasion to remark the infinite difference in expression, which a change in the time of passages makes, and therefore I should much discredit the belief that these divisions had the force of those of our own age. If my supposition be right, there was then, even in the very whirlwind and tempest of ornament, a much greater smoothness, and consequently a nearer assimilation to the flowing melody which was then thought to constitute the beauty of style, and which is even yet considered, by those who delight in the old music and in a less dramatic manner of expression than that in present demand, to be the perfection of noble and touching composition. Thus was congruity of taste preserved in the ornamental parts and an uniformity with the manner of the cantabile. By what gradations we have arrived at so totally opposite a method, both of writing and of execution, I shall hereafter endeavour to shew.

I am aware that I might have carried my instances still further, by diverse illustrations—the laughing song in *L'Allegro* to wit—the echo in “*Mirth admit me of thy crew,*” “*Thou didst blow with thy wind,*” and many others; but I think I have done enough to demonstrate both the principle and the manner of Handel,

which gave both to his age. My next essay will belong to that which succeeded him, who, on the authority of Mozart as well as of his productions, may be said to be "the master of us all."

I am, Sir, your's,

M.

READING MUSIC.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IT may seem not a little singular that any doubt should arise about the utility of possessing this first rudiment, this apparently indispensable alphabet to the science; yet strange as this may appear, it is no less certain than that of a thousand persons who are taught music, not one perhaps attains any skill in this particular, though any body would think it is the first thing to learn. The causes of the neglect are very various. In the tuition of instrumental performance it is considered to be quite unnecessary, although I never could understand by what process those who have to form the notes that make up the passages, apprehended the intervals. Upon a keyed instrument the thing is done by a stroke of the finger. Not so upon those of the violin kind, nor upon the trumpet or horn. The pupil seems to gain the knowledge of intervals with the power of making them. But surely it would facilitate the labour were the knowledge of distances first instilled by means of solmization. It strikes me to be a curious method of forming the ear by all sorts of false and imperfect attempts to produce a sound, of which there can be no previous idea! When the pupil places his finger for the first time upon the string of a fiddle, for instance, he cannot have the most remote notion of what sound will come forth. When he endeavours to produce the next note—be it second or third or what interval it may, how can he be sure that he is right? This has always puzzled me from

the time I first learned *God save the King* upon the fiddle, when a mere child, and being a spoiled child, gave it up in despair; and even now, forty-five years after my desertion of that chief of instruments, I still have the misfortune to suppose that a vast deal of time and a vast deal of trouble are thrown away in the unavoidable endeavour to make a child express notes by sounds, of which he cannot for a very long time after he has commenced his studies entertain any just apprehension.

With respect to its utility to singers there are two opinions, both, as I can but think, very erroneous. One class is very indifferent to the acquirement of the power of reading at sight—another who place it against the very highest tests of ability. Now, Sir, I can but consider it to be neither the one nor the other.

That the million of those who sing do not possess it must be thoroughly well known—nay so ignorant of the art are the many, that I have strong reason to believe many of our prime vocalists are wholly unable to read two bars at sight. I recollect to have observed one of the first women at the antient concert rehearsal, some years ago, to make no fewer than five mistakes in singing the simple melody—“*You gave me your heart t’other day*”—yet she had been regularly apprenticed to a musician, and trained from an early period of her life to singing.

There are other masters on the contrary who make it a *sine quâ non*, and whose first question concerning any performer is, like that of *Il Fanatico*—*Siete Musico?* Is the person a musician? I have said I think both these extremes are errors, and I shall proceed to state my reasons.

To be ignorant of the very alphabet of the art, to leave the letters of the language as it were unknown, must obviously place the pupil who is left in such a state, in an helpless not to say in a perilous condition. A person so ignorant must always be dependent upon his ear and memory, and must always feel, if reading be at all required, uneasy and embarrassed. A person thus ignorant is in a great measure precluded from the trial of new music—every thing must be attained with increased labour, and he is cut off from the enjoyment of part singing at sight—a practice necessary to certain branches of the profession—agreeable at all times to both the artist and the amateur. These are the disadvantages.

But I do not think they extend at all into the highest exercise of the art.

So long as study, and to excel, the study must be intense, continued, and well directed—so long as study is thus indispensable to fine performance, reading at sight can be of little assistance beyond the mere fixing the notes of the pieces in the memory. It will not be denied that any thing approaching to perfect expression is the result of protracted consideration, of various trials of effects, and of a fine taste thus formed and thus matured. Now the mere reading of notes carries the pupil no further than the knowledge of distances. The rhythm, the emphasis, and the passion, nay the very time of the song—and above all, the ornaments, are not at all affected by an acquaintance with or ignorance of reading music. It is not in my mind therefore a matter to be so strongly insisted upon as I sometimes hear it. I have always thought the King of Prussia shewed a want of discrimination and judgment in tasking Mara, the first time she sung before him, with the most difficult bravura in his collection—a *prima vista*.* It

* “Wednesday, 30th. This morning was fixed upon, by previous arrangement, for visiting Mademoiselle Schmeling. How much my expectations had been raised concerning this performer, the reader will be enabled to judge, by the following extract of a letter which I had received from a very intelligent musical correspondent, in Germany, before my departure from England.

“At Berlin there is now a German opera singer that astonishes every one who hears her. People who have been a long time in Italy, and who have formerly heard Faustina, Cuzzoni, and Astrua, assure me that she surpasses them all. Indeed, when I heard her at Leipsic, two years ago, I was enraptured. I never knew a voice so powerful and so sweet at the same time; she could do with it just what she pleased. She sings from G to E in *altissimo* with the greatest ease and force, and both her *portamenta di voce*, and her volubility are, in my opinion, unrivalled; but when I heard her, she seemed to like nothing but difficult music. She sang at sight, what very good players could not play at sight, on the violin; and nothing was too difficult to her execution, which was easy and neat. But after this she refined her taste, inasmuch that she was able to perform the part of *Tisbe*, in Hasse's opera, which requires simplicity and expression more than volubility of throat; and in this she perfectly succeeded, as Agricola, the translator of Tossi's *Arte del Canto*, and our best singing master in Germany, assures me. The King of Prussia, a great connoisseur, was astonished at it. Her name is *Schmeling*, she is about twenty-four years of age, and was in England, when a child, where she played the violin; but she quitted that instrument, and became a singer, by the advice of English ladies, who disliked a *female fiddler*.”

“This account had been corroborated since my arrival on the continent, where I had been informed that his Prussian majesty was at first, with difficulty,

demonstrated that he placed facility above the higher attributes of the art, because no singer can be expected to give true or forceful expression to a song with which she is not thoroughly acquainted. No human being could ever enter thus instinctively into all the bearings and points, or indeed into any of the delicacies of a composition seen for the first time, especially when the attention must be almost wholly employed in decyphering, as it were, the difficult combinations of words and notes. *Habitude* bestows beyond a doubt a certain manner upon the artist which is superior to that of the less practised individual. But is it to be believed that Mara could have sung "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*" as she did, or Braham "*Deeper and deeper still*," or Madame Pasta "*Ombra adorata*," as they do, unless they had weighed, tried, and practised these songs a thousand times? Assuredly not. On the contrary, the almost invariable practice of pre-eminent artists to confine themselves to a few songs, proves how indispensable long and deep study are, and consequently of how little comparative importance it is to read at sight, when the very highest exercise of the art is alone considered. It is not however only that these artists have confined themselves to few songs—they have tried more, but the limitation which is set upon the exercise of their higher powers, proves that it is not practicable to sing many and equally well. Superior compositions, that is, so superior as to fasten distinction upon the singer, are few, very few, while again, the powers which are susceptible of concentration and direction to particular pieces, often obey a sort of law of assimilation, of elective attraction, which proves the truth of Pope's line—

"How vast is art, how narrow human wit."

This is true as it regards stage singers, and more true as it respects those who confine themselves to concerts. And this leads me to a curious fact. The former attain the most extended celebrity, and certainly the most various acquirement. Such is the result of mere labour. Concert singers however, though their study is

prevailed on to hear Mademoiselle Schmeling—"A German singer! I should as soon expect to receive pleasure from the neighing of my horse." However, after he had heard her sing one song, his majesty is said to have sought among his manuscript music for the most difficult airs in his collection, in order to try her powers, as much as to gratify his own ear; but she executed, *at sight*, whatever he commanded her to perform, in all styles, as well as if she had practised each of these compositions during her whole life."

addressed to comparatively very few objects, rarely if ever gain so high a name, and do not perhaps arrive at the same excellence. Harrison and Mrs. Salmon are the most illustrious instances in our times, and they certainly have not been equalled in the polish of their style and execution—but *in effect* they have been exceeded by Braham and Billington, as well as in variety. They were all however, with the exception of Mrs. Salmon, regularly educated and accomplished musicians. But in truth the pieces in which they excelled were few. Harrison perhaps never sung a dozen songs in concert in his life, and in his late life he settled down into not more than half that number. In oratorios his range was wider, but his success was also much less.

I have however wandered too far from my original subject into these variations. To return therefore to my first object, which is to mitigate the contempt that is felt in some quarters against those who cannot read music as they read words, and on the contrary, to prove to those who consider (and with some shew of justice) that expression, as a general term, is alone worth consideration, how much their task would be facilitated by the acquisition of a reasonable facility in reading music. And I may add I am also convinced that *much more time is wasted* by the pursuit of singing when this first rudiment is imperfectly taught, than when it is made, as it ought always to be, the next step to the formation of the voice in the process of instruction.*

And now let me add one thing by way of caution, both to singers and hearers, especially amateurs, for professors do not often want such notices. There is nothing that so effectually tends to engender slovenly habits, or is so likely to ruin a style, as the continual practice of singing at sight, and particularly part-singing.—Amongst many, whole mornings and evenings are passed in *trying* this, that and the other, doing nothing well, or as it ought to be done, with careful attention to the various attributes of expression. Such a practice may help to assist the eye, but it destroys the ear and the taste, for it habituates both to a manner that cannot rise above mediocrity. If the glee-singers of London are quoted for instances to the contrary, I deny the validity of the

* It is to be wished that some of your correspondents would furnish a simple method of solmization. I know of no treatise that lays down such a method.

example; at best they are the exception rather than the rule. In the first place they are generally acquainted, more or less, with what they are called upon to take—and in the next, imperfections are not so perceptible in part as in solo singing. In short I consider the practice to be often an affectation of science, and always injurious to fine performance, which never can be thus attained. Sight singing should never be resorted to if it can be avoided, when there is any object beyond mere study. And now, Sir, my say is said.

I am your's, &c.

T. R.

TO THE EDITOR.

ORIENTAL MUSIC CONSIDERED.

ESSAY THE THIRD.

ON THE MUSIC OF THE CHINESE.

DEAR SIR,

I am now to attempt what I fear will be considered a very hopeless task, namely, to give a true and particular account of Chinese music, not a very pleasing subject if we are to believe modern travellers who have been so far favoured as to be permitted to listen to some of their "discordant harmony." But however this may be, it is necessary to my enquiry that I should examine into the state both of their ancient and modern music as far as the case will permit, and I shall therefore address myself to the task without further preface. Dr. Burney in his "history," and Dr. Brown in his Dissertation on Poetry and Music, have both mentioned Chinese music, the first in most unfavoured terms, the latter in a very indefinite and contradictory manner, and it was this I believe that first drew my attention to the endeavour of exploring a little more minutely so apparently ungracious a subject. Our historian does not seem to have been very much delighted with

history that music and the rites existed in union long before the age of that philosopher; * Tchoyong, the sixteenth emperor of the ninth period, hearing a concert of birds, invented a species of music, whose harmony was irresistible. It touched the intelligent soul, and calmed the heart of man, so that the external senses were sound, the humours in a just poise, and the life of man lengthened. Chin-nong, a succeeding Emperor, seems to have taken music under his protection, and according to Monsieur Gognet, (p. 572,) 'He made a beautiful lyre and a guitar, adorned with precious stones, which produced a noble harmony, curbed the passions, and elevated man to virtue and heavenly truth.' Dr. Brown goes on to say, 'the last Emperor whom I find to have retained the poetic or musical character is Chao-Hao,† who is said to have invented a new species of music to unite men with superior beings.' After him the complex office seems to have separated, and the first great bard-like character we meet with is Confucius, who established music (and the rites according to that form) which they still maintain in China.‡ For here, as in ancient Egypt, Crete, and Sparta, every thing is *materially fixed by law*—by which means *improvement* and *corruption* are alike prevented." I must here observe the very strange incongruity and contradiction, which is manifest in the sense of the above extracts, as compared with a passage I am about to quote immediately following, and also as compared with the assertions of most other writers on the music of China, which specifically declare, that the Chinese never sing or play but *in unison*.§ How is this to be reconciled with Dr. Brown's quotation from M. Gognet—"That Tchoyong *invented* a species of music whose *harmony* was irresistible—Chin-nong's|| lyre and

* Extraits des Histoires Chinoises, published by M. Gognet, p. 550.

† Chao-Hao was the first Emperor who divided China into provinces, and appointed governors, judges, and civil officers.

‡ Du Halde.—*Hist. Chinoise*.

§ See Quarterly Review, vol. 4, page 366-7-8.

|| This Chin-nong seems to have been a most useful King to his countrymen: it was he who first taught them to sow five sorts of grain, and to make the necessary implements of husbandry. He also wrote books on physics, and taught them to make salt of the sea water. It is said by some authors that *Fo Hi*, (whom the Chinese make their first Prince, and was no other than *Noah*! as the time assigned for his reign was much about the time of the flood,) first taught them characters and music. I cannot find the name of the Emperor *Tchoyong*, mentioned by Monsieur Gognet, in any account of the several

guitar, which produced a *noble harmony*—and Chao-Hao's invention of a *new species* of music, how could Dr. Brown overlook that he had absolutely contradicted himself, where he declares (p. 135) that it appears they (the Chinese) have no musical notation, that composition *in parts* is entirely unknown to them, and that the whole choir sings the same melody! Their music being altogether of the diatonic kind, and wretched to an European ear."—Leaving this incredibly absurd account to its fate, it becomes now my business to shew what can be distinctly traced respecting the ancient or modern music of these people—and with respect to the ancient, we have the same cause to lament how little can now be gleaned relating to it, in consequence of a similar destruction of their works of science and art, as I had occasion to mention in my second essay on the music of the Persians, (see page 191, of this volume of Review,) which has evidently not been known to those writers who have touched upon the music of this nation, or they would at once have mentioned it, to save themselves further useless investigation. M. Klaproth, a learned writer, who has bestowed great attention upon oriental literature, in his essay on the authority of the Asiatic historians, (inserted in the Asiatic Journal for Nov. 1823,) has given an account of this circumstance, which will be best conveyed in his own words:—"Confucius compiled a history of China, from the Emperor Yao, who lived 2,357 *ante Christum* to his time, and entitled it *Shu-King*. He likewise selected the best of ancient odes, arranged them chronologically, and united them in a collection that received the name *Shi King*, or Book of Odes. Besides this, he compiled a work on Ceremonies and Customs, which was named *Li ke*, and another on Music, named *Yo King*. Shi-huang-ti,* one of the greatest and most able of the Emperors of China, incensed with his Grandees, (who were desirous of overturning the new dynasty) by their continually bringing forward disagreeable passages and principles from the above-named books, commanded that all the old historical books† *should be burnt*,

dynastys of the empire, but if that writer is correct with regard to *Chin-nong's* succeeding Tchoyong, the latter must be another name for *Fo Hi*, as after him an Emperor named Chin-nong did ascend the throne.

* This King died about 200 years before Christ.

† M. Klaproth places the beginning of the native authentic history of the Chinese, in the 9th century, before the birth of Christ.

particularly the Shu King and Shi King of Confucius, and his command was executed with the *greatest severity*.*" Thus we have lost the only books by which we could have attained to any true knowledge of their ancient music anterior to the time of Shi-huang-ti. But M. Klaproth further observes, "that soon after this Emperor's death his dynasty (Tsin) was supplanted by the equally powerful dynasty Han, whose Emperor ordered search to be made for the ancient books which appeared so dangerous to the Tsin dynasty; they were so fortunate as to discover considerable fragments of the works above mentioned," which with "a few manuscripts carefully authenticated, and the additional testimony of an old man, who was born in the time of Tsin, and knew the annals of the Empire, were considered sufficient to form an ancient history of the nation, which was begun by a scholar named Sse-ma-tan, and completed by his son Sse-ma-tsian." Now it occurs to me that from what has been said respecting the paucity of authentic information concerning the ancient music of this people, we are by no means warranted in directly asserting that they *never had* a knowledge of counterpoint,† as some writers take upon them to assume. I think on this point precisely as I did with respect to the Hindoostane music, that the *number* and *form* of their instruments would lead us to an opposite conclusion.‡ Some time ago in a public library, where I least ex-

* The accidents by fire, in which at various times whole libraries of literary property have been destroyed, are nothing in comparison of the burnings by these remorseless Barbarians, who seem to have considered knowledge as the greatest curse that could cling to their dominions.

† See "Barrow's Travels" (p. 315)—"They have not the least notion of counterpoint, an invention indeed to which the elegant Greeks had not arrived, and which seems to have been unknown in Europe as well as in Asia until the monkish ages."

‡ I am happy in this opinion to have the concurrence of a writer who has studied much the music of the "olden time;" M. Prony, who in his "New Remarks on the Music of the Ancients," (see Harmonicon for February, 1827) successfully combats the too prevailing opinion which excludes a knowledge of counterpoint from the Greeks. I think the defenders of such a gratuitous hypothesis would find themselves rather puzzled to answer his question—"Why are the players upon the harp portrayed in the paintings on the walls of the royal tombs at Thebes, in the excavation called the *Catacomb of Harps*, represented as employing both hands at once to strike the chords in the manner of our modern harpers?" Why, we may also ask, are such instruments as the guitar and rude violin, with seven strings, (evidently known in China), to be considered, even in the hands of the most unskilful performers, as incapable of

pected to meet with such information, I accidentally found a curious and extremely rare history of China, which appeared to me one of the best I had ever perused. It was entitled "*The History of that great and renowned Monarchy of China; by F. Alvanex Semedo,*" in folio, 1655. In passing through the numerous pages of this interesting work, I found rather an elaborate account of music and musical instruments, which I shall give in the quaint but clear language of the author.—"Musick was anciently much esteemed in China, insomuch that their Philosopher Confusio, in the countrie where he governed, one of the chiefe things he tooke paines in, was to cause them to be taught musick. Now adaies the Chinesses lament and say, that the true rule thereof is lost, and almost all the ancient books that treated of musick: so that that musick which they have at present is not esteemed of by the nobilitié. The greatest use they make of it is in their comedies; there are also particular musicians, who are sent for to their feasts, marriages, and the birth of their children, and of these there are some that may be endured. There are not wanting also blind men, who go singing about the streets, and at the doors of their houses; and as all the Chinesses do make a feast on their birth dayes, those blind men do keep in their memorié the punctuall time of all the birth days of persons of qualitie, and know their houses well, and at those times do never faile to go thither and sing. The bonzi (priests) do use music in their offices and mortuaries, the tone whereof is not much unlike our cantus firmus, or plain song, though they have not formally either plain song or organ note, for they do not raise nor fal their voice immediately from a note to the next note or half note; but mediately raise and fal it to a *third*, or *fifth*, or *eighth*, in which the Chinesses do much delight. They have twelve tones, six to rise, which they call *live*, and six to fal, which they call *lin*; they have also their notes in singing, like ours of *ut*, *re*, *mi*. They are five, and amongst them is our *ut*. In learning of musick they make no use of signes, nor of the joints of the fingers, nor in composing do they use lines as we do; it is therefore to be supposed that in their consorts they have *not* a music formed of divers parts, producing any other sounds than the unison or the octave? Common sense must lead us to agree with M. Prony, "that the ancients knew and employe simultaneously other intervals besides that of the octave."

for although many do sing together, *all is but unison* as in use almost throughout all Asia ; therefore their music is pleasing only to those of their own country. But their best way of singing is one voice only, with an instrument, neither are they delighted with our full musick, but very much with a single voice. They use keeping of time, but cannot tell how many diversities it hath, and so in singing ancient songs and modern ones upon the same ayre with the old, they *hence know* the time when they are to stop.* Concerning their instruments, they say they have seaven severall kinds of tones, besides a man's voice, and according to these they have made their musical instruments.

"The first is of metal, and containeth bells of all sorts, *cimbals, sistras, &c.* The second of stone. They make an instrument of Jasper like unto the Italian squadra, excepting that the lowermost end is very large, and they strike or play upon it as it hangeth up. The third is of skins ; here come in our ordinary drums and those of the Moresco fashion, or kettle drums, which they make of severall fashions, and some so big that they cannot be plaid upon unlesse they be hung up in frames of wood. The fourth is of *silk*, of which they make strings for instruments, as here we make lute strings of gutts. For stringed instruments they have the *vyoll*, almost like ours, but it hath only three strings, and is the usual instrument of the blinde men. They use also the violin with three strings and its bow ; they have also another with only *one* string, which they play on, like to our bow *vyollin*. The chiefest stringed instrument which they have is of *seaven strings*, and it is more in esteem than the rest, and if the musician be skilful, it maketh tolerable musick. The fifth is of wood. Of this kind they make certain thin pieces of board, and laying them together, they play upon them all at once, like snappers or castagnets. The Bonzi also have a particular way by themselves, of striking and playing upon a piece of wood, and that with much keeping of time. The sixth is of those instruments which are sounded with the mouth, as flutes, of which they have two or three sorts, and so sound them very excellently. They have also another instrument made of seaverall pipes, like the fashion of our organ, but it is but small, and to be carried in one's hand. They sound it

* I do not exactly see the true meaning of this passage.

with their mouths, and their harmony is excellent. Now sometimes *all these instruments are played on together*, and make a pleasing music."

Father Sernedo was a Jesuit of considerable learning and talents, he resided in China nearly 30 years, and from all he has said with respect to the instruments in use during his residence amongst this ancient civilized people, I do not conceive how any one can refuse to assent to the opinion I hold relative to their employing at some time or other a *rude species of counterpoint* in their music; it is true, that this style of counterpoint would not meet the applause of our modern theorists for very good reasons, namely, the total want of rule and system, which most probably would be found in it; but that in some shape or other it did exist among them, is clearly and satisfactorily proved. The Chinese are extremely fond of theatrical amusements, and their plays are intermixed with songs or recitatives.* "In their plays the actors often stop to speak a sentence or two in the common tone of declamation. On the other hand it appears shocking to us for an actor, in the middle of a dialogue, all of a sudden to *fall a singing*;† but we ought to consider that among the Chinese, singing is used to express some great emotion of the mind, as joy, grief, anger, despair; as a man, for example, who is moved with indignation against a villain, sings; another who animates himself to revenge, sings; a third, who is going to put himself to death, sings likewise. There are pieces, the songs of which are difficult to be understood, especially by Europeans, because they are full of allusions to things unknown to us, and of figures of speech, which we have much ado to comprehend, for the Chinese have their poetry as we have ours. The airs or tunes belonging to these songs are but few, and in the printed copies to every song

* See "Miscellaneous Pieces relating to the Chinese," published by Dodsley, 1762, vol. 1st, page 10.

† See also "Brief view of the Chinese Drama," prefixed to "*Laou. Sengh. Urh.* or an Heir in his old Age, a Chinese Drama." London, (Murray), 1817. A considerable portion of the plays of the Chinese consists of a sort of irregular verse, which is sung or chaunted with music. This is often very obscure in its import, and as the gratification of the ear is its main object, sense itself appears sometimes to be neglected for the sake of a pleasing sound.—That portion of their plays on the other hand, which is merely spoken, is the language of common conversation, and is in most cases as intelligible as the other is obscure.

the time is prefixed. These songs are printed in large characters to distinguish them from the other parts of the dialogue." Who does not observe in this the germ of the same principle upon which the modern Italian opera is founded, namely, that of "*singing to express some great emotion of the mind*," which is not more shocking to common sense, from the mouth of a Chinese actor, than from the most finished opera singer. The principle is the same, the music in which it is conveyed of course somewhat different. The Chinese are fond of poetry, which in various ways is made subservient even to historical purposes. The most ancient records of China that remain consist of poetry.* The very symbol by which compositions of this kind are designated, points out their early origin; *shee*, a character compounded of a *word*, and a *hall* or *temple*, a place from which the magistrates anciently delivered instruction to the people—the *words of the temple* being short measured sentences composed generally of few characters, so chosen as to be each of them very expressive and significant, and easily committed to the memory. Every symbol of their written language is poetical; each character presenting to the eye, and through it to the mind, the picture of the idea which it is meant to represent."

To a people so evidently well versed in poetry, in theatrical exhibitions,* and possessing, as I observed before, so many musical instruments of different capacities and forms, it is not easy to deny a knowledge of music superior to that of any other of the Eastern nations, although it has certainly declined in the present day.—Mr. Ellis, who accompanied Lord Amherst on his embassy, describes their music as the *most disgustingly discordant that can possibly be conceived*; and Wilkinson, in his "Sketches of China," in describing the music that accompanied a theatrical performance at which he was present, gives a most ludicrous idea of their proficiency. "The squalling of a number of cats in courtship, or hostility, with the clattering of sticks, with which, from the regularity

* See "Miscellaneous Pieces relating to the Chinese," page 5.

† "The opening or prologue of a Chinese drama, in which the principal personages come forward to declare the characters of the piece, and to let the audience into the argument or story on which the action is to turn, bears a strong resemblance to the prologues of the Greek drama, and particularly to those of Euripides."

of their movements, they appeared to mark their time, might be considered as charming, compared with this frightful and alarming outrage upon all numbers and harmony.

I am, dear Sir, your's,
F. W. H.

[*To be continued.*]

On the MUSICAL PROPERTIES of LANGUAGES.

Continued from Vol. 8, Page 452.

On the MUSICAL PROPERTIES of PROSE and POETRY, and of
POETRY of PARTICULAR KINDS and MEASURES.

AFTER having considered the musical qualities of languages, the natural order of ideas leads us to make similar researches into the different forms of speech, prose and poetry, and in the different measures of the latter. Before we commence this undertaking, however, the following preliminary question presents itself. Is song born of poetry, or poetry of song? or was their origin independent of each other?

It is generally thought that poetry gave birth to song, and it is thus proved—Song is only speech embellished. Men in polishing their language modulated it and gave it cadence, which conducted them to song, the last result of modulation and cadence. This reasoning, when reduced to its strictest sense, signifies that we must of necessity learn to sing by speaking, which is rather incredible. However after Casaubon has imagined that music originated in dancing, it will cost but little after such a discovery to suppose that it sprung from poetry. Nevertheless, if song was the latest result of the progress of language, how many centuries must have elapsed before any one sung! how many countries must there be where music will be for ever unknown! The evident falsity of these consequences proves that of the principles from which they are derived.

If this principle were really true, "that song was only language embellished," in all circumstances where it was necessary to employ the greatest powers of speech, it must of course claim the assistance of song. Why then did not Cicero and Demosthenes modulate their orations, written in musical languages? Why did not the one pour out his eloquence against Philip, and the other destroy a conspiracy to the sound of the flute and cithara? Why do not the pulpit and the bar, at the present day, resound with melodious accents? You smile reader! and allow that there is something more than perfected language in song.

Let us reverse the above order of generation. Man has sung in all ages, and since he has known the use of a tongue, has attached words to the sounds he modulated. These words applied to song, received its impression; where the pause was in the song, there was it found in the words. The syllables acquired a metrical value from that of the notes to which they were attached, and when these phrases thus melodiously arranged were afterwards pronounced, they were found to have received the form and impress of the melody in the words, phrases, and syllables. This origin of the art of speaking in rhythm is much the most natural, as song is by nature measured, whilst speech which in the other case is the productive cause, is not of itself uniformly measured. Although this origin of poetry bears a great appearance of probability, it is by no means certain. Amongst many reasons against it, we shall only cite the sterile uniformity of metres, which are reduced to two, whilst music admits of a larger number and great variety. I believe music and poetry to be sisters, and not daughters one of another. Whatever they may be, there are points of affinity which connect them, and these are the points to which we are to attend.

I have read treatises on lyric poetry, in which music is never once brought into the retrospect; works, not unlike treatises on horsemanship, in which neither the horse or his paces are ever mentioned. Here all will give way before music; we shall institute her the lawful sovereign of that species of poetry which takes its name from her, and we are thus authorized.

The most beautiful poetry is not always suited to music, it will even injure it. On the contrary there is no melody which may not be adapted to poetry. The reason for this difference is a very

simple one. Poetry possesses the means of saying every thing.— Music has not the power of expressing every thing.

When music affects the senses in a soft and agreeable manner, would it be right that poetry by an unpleasant diversion should lead the mind towards abstract meditations? Would such a concurrence of operations, made only to destroy each other, be allowed? Would it not be suffering, to be thus divided between different feelings? "Those who have been listening to a symphony," says Seneca, "retain the air of some agreeable piece, which prevents them from reflecting on serious subjects." This observation comes from a philosopher whom music sometimes distracted in his meditations. Seneca, in publishing such an opinion, incontestably established a precept applicable to Lyric poetry. Thoughts too profound and too much studied should not be joined to music, it would be associating contraries. All poetry that tends only to instruction and persuasion places the dryness and apathy of reasoning between itself and music as a means of incompatibility.

At the same time, poetry, it will be said, develops sometimes abstract and profound ideas, which she clothes in harmonious accents; why then should it be more difficult to unite musical sounds with them? Let us not compare what is out of all equality. The harmony of words does not obscure their most hidden sense; the charm of music would distract attention from them, or they would injure the vividness of its impressions.

In order then that poetry and music should assort well together, that art which possesses the most extended resources must limit them to those which are common to the art with which she is associated. Poetry ought to say to music, "To what effects does thy art attain?" Music replies, "I enliven, I soften, I animate, I impassion." Enough, returns poetry, "I only see in man, a sensible being, and he hears nothing from me but what thy magic sounds will sooner drop into his soul."

The word to *affect* is then the only link of connection between poetry and music. Some will say why not add the word to describe. No, it would be misplaced. Poetry is lyric only when it *affects*. What does it signify that Virgil and his elegant translator have given in the description of a plough, a picture, admirable for its fidelity and beauty of colouring. The muse of sound is silent before this image. What sensation can she connect with ideas

which excite no sensation? The ideas which address themselves to the heart or the imagination are those which invite the musician to strengthen the emotions which they produce.

Was this principle, so simple, and yet so true, known to the antients? It may be both believed and doubted. The laws of the Grecians were originally promulgated in music; they were sung. What an employment for music! How was this art turned from its natural and proper functions! This is however easily explained. The laws were set to music that they might be more easily proclaimed and retained. This species of song was to music, what technical lines are to poetry made to impress on the minds of children some principles which to them are dry and disgusting.

Amongst the antients, the distinguishing attributes of lyric poetry, were enthusiasm and boldness. It is known that the ode affects even more than the epopeia, and the rulers of taste fixed this character of the ode so far as to reduce to precepts, its disorder, its interruptions, and its licences. The spirit of such a legislation is soon extended; music affects and disturbs the senses; it may be said she intoxicates reason; the language of a man who speaks in singing, should be that of one beyond his own control. It cannot be doubted that the characteristics of lyric poetry are established on these foundations. If the truth be not striking, let us believe the testimony of Plato when he says, *lyric poets are like Corybantes who dance with a bewildered mind*, and when he adds, that *the ode without its melody resembles a faded beauty without grace or youth*.

I foresee the objection that will be raised. The ode, the daughter of music and associated with its operations, ought to speak to the heart and the imagination.

Whence then comes that austere character that we find it assume amongst some of the antients; whence arise those maxims and lessons of virtue which are repeated in it? It matters not, I answer, if the antients treated of virtue, if they treated of it with enthusiasm? If they touched, if they penetrated, their language was lyric. Moses, descending from Mount Tabor, with lightning flashing around him and still resplendent with divine light, might thus teach the Israelities, prostrated before him, the laws given him by the Almighty. Lyric poetry, far from objecting

the impropriety of such a subject, would at once claim the sublime pathos of the situation. One observation necessary to make in judging of the odes of the antients, is, that of the music to which they were adapted. In default of more certain guides, we can only speak after an intense study of their lyric poetry and of the treatises on the art, but resting alone on these authorities, I believe I may advance that the vocal music of the antients was for a long time nothing more than a sort of psalmodic recitation, similar to our church psalms, or even less melodious. With such music, it may be easily imagined that the poets themselves wrote the music to their own poems, that such as Pindar, imparted an austere conciseness to their style, and interspered it with frequent maxims that such melodies were allied to the magisterial functions of the tragic choir. *Et regat iratos et amet peccare timentes.* It may also be supposed that philosophers were eager to protect and defend the grave simplicity of a style which admitted of sententious words, and which kept the mind in a state of sufficient tranquillity to penetrate their moral and instructive sense.

It must appear very daring in me to reduce the music of the Grecians, even from the time of Alexander, to a kind possessing but little melody, an unformed sketch of the perfection of the art. I know that in extolling their superiority in the other arts I shall be condemned for not supposing it in this. But how? In the brilliant age of Louis 14th, poetry, painting, and eloquence shed their most resplendent light, whilst music was but just emerging from its early obscurity. Is this example too slight to justify the conjecture I have advanced? Read the problems of Aristotle on music, and no doubt will remain as to the infancy of the art in his time. I should attribute the slowness of its progress to the obstacles opposed to it by moral philosophy and the political government, if I had not observed the same tardiness in France and Italy. This fact is very remarkable, insomuch as that music which did not attain perfection till after all the other arts, precedes them all in its origin. Music is known in uncultivated and barbarous lands, where the name of poetry never was, and perhaps never will be pronounced. Were these countries civilized (which is never effected but by the power of the arts), eloquence and poetry would first move towards the perfection they would afterwards attain, and music would reach it last. The first steps which she

makes to escape from the simple and popular melodies revealed to us by instinct, appear to turn her from her proper course, rather than to advance her. Is it not evident how much more our old Christmas songs approach true and agreeable melody, than the frigid psalmody with which our theatres and even our fêtes have been pompously saddened during the space of a century? It should seem that music (a universal benefit granted to all men to lighten the burden of life) is constrained to lower herself ere she can renounce the humble popularity of this employment: like man, she is perverted that she may be ennobled.

Let us conclude our consideration of the antient ode. With regard to the music Aristotle thus instructs us:—"The song of the stage, says he, varies every moment, changes in character, mode and movement, because, devoted to imitation, it obeys the different passions of each interlocutor; but that of the chorus imitates much less. Those who sing it, exempt from passion, appear as judges, or witnesses of the events of the scene. Thus the chorus is limited to couplets repeated in the *strophe* and *anti-strophe*." In reflecting on this passage, how much room is there for surprise? 1st the ode, so daring, that like Achilles she denies that laws were made for her, (*jura neget sibi data*)—the ode, I say, was sung by persons exempt from passion; 2d the ode, of which we would believe the poetical licences were allied to flights of melody, depended as it may be said upon itself, subjected to the constant and uniform return of the same strains. Let us explain these singularities.

Aristotle, in comparing the situation of the tragic chorus to that of the persons of the tragedy subject to the greatest reverses and tormented by the most violent passions, said that the chorus was exempt from passion—but without being oppressed by misfortune or agitated by grief, they were affected by the spectacle of events—thus their situation was not passive.

It may perhaps appear that the melody of the *strophe*, regularly repeated, must extinguish or injure the enthusiasm of the words. This error arises from judging of music by poetry—the most beautiful idea, if repeated, assumes the air and wrinkles of age, but a melody grows younger by frequent employment; it acquires the second and third time it is heard, a grace which it had not at first. A melody periodically introduced is like a wheel which warms in turning; its ardour com-

municates itself to the thoughts which approach it. Improvisatori begin in moderate time, the melody which they quicken as they repeat, and finish breathless. To return. What established and justified amongst the antients the freedom and licences of the ode is, that it was sung. The *Dithyrambus* affected a still greater degree of disorder, because there the delirium of the Bacchanal was added to that of music and poetry. The ode admitted of a tone of austerity and the gravest lessons, because the simplicity of its melody supported or required this kind of poetry. The antient lyrists appear to have preferred noble and elevated subjects, and this is another reason for the august dignity spread over their melodies. The philosophers were then right when they were alarmed at the progress of music; they must have seen that in raising itself it injured poetry, its natural ally. They must have seen in too expressive music, the words would soon be overlooked; that the music would monopolize all the attention, and leave none for the words; they must have seen that the words *virtue* and *duty* would be but rarely united to the soft inflections of sweet and voluptuous melody. The event has confirmed their predictions, and since Greece possessed musicians worthy of exciting the wrath of philosophers, she no longer reckoned among her poets, Pindars, Alcei, and Stesichori.

The moderns have taken every thing from the antients, but sometimes in appropriating their customs, they have mutilated and disfigured them; we may prove this without digressing. That poetry which is called lyric, has no longer any thing in common with the lyre. We have preserved in the ode its division into strophes, and the proud licence of its style, but we have robbed it of its music, which alone justified these attributes. In thus denaturalizing the class, we have undoubtedly striven to rob it of its honours. If the reign of the ode, shorter amongst us than that of other kinds of poetry, has experienced a premature decay, it is perhaps, because, without music, the ode is nothing more than a faded beauty, as has been said by Plato. In fact the tone and formula of the ode announce a species of fury. The reader, who neither sees nor knows the cause of this, takes this high enthusiasm for eccentricity and exaggeration. How much more apparent does this inequality become, when the entire ode consists only of a succession of reasoning. What! should reason when

employed to announce truths and develop proofs, clothe itself in transports and fury! Strange prelude to the lessons of wisdom, to cry, *my reason wanders*.

Amongst us the ode has been reproduced in a new form, which is truly lyric, since it is governed by music itself. Rousseau, the inventor of this species, was obliged to give it a new title—so much was that of ode removed from its original acceptation, and thus become unfit to designate poetry that is sung. The new ode was therefore called *cantata*.

It is a little singular that Rousseau, who in his other odes employed the forms of enthusiasm and licence, should have in some sort renounced them in this new species, where they are justified by the licence of music. In his odes, he imitated the antient forms, and perhaps he thought it necessary to buckler himself with such an authority, in introducing the ode to a nation, celebrated for the circumspection and severity of its taste. In a style of his own creation he might feel himself less bold—besides which, music in his time, far from teaching him to dare every thing, dared herself but little. At the present day the ode would be unrestrained by such narrow limits, and I know not what bounds it would not be in the power of imperious music to overthrow. It is in touching with enthusiasm the strings of a harp, or the keys of a piano forte, that a musician may uninterruptedly enjoy the full extent of his privileges, and what reproach could be passed on him, if the words were but the just interpreters of the music?

*Mais que vois je! grands dieux! quels magiques efforts
Changent la face de ces bords!*

Quelles danses! quels jeux! quels concerts d'allegresse!

Les graces, les plaisirs, les ris, et la jeunesse,

Se rassemblent de toutes parts.

Quel songe me transporte au dessus du tonnerre!

Je ne reconnois point la terre

Au spectacle enchanteur qui frappe mes regards!

The poet who paints himself in all the extacy of this vision, supposes prodigies which it is in the power of music to effect. The cantata entitled *Bacchus* breathes the ardour of the dithyrambus, and presents to music those contrasts and oppositions which form the secret of the art. The cantata of *Circe*, sombre

and uniform in its descriptions, was inspired by a genius less favourable to melody.

Amongst the antients, the name of *Ode* was common both to poems of some considerable extent, such as we find in Pindar, and to those fugitive pieces, which, adapted to two or three phrases of music, charm in leisure hours; thus the song of the Greeks participated in the most superb privileges of the ode. It assumed the majesty of the same subjects, and the right of pouring forth in the midst of banquets, lessons of virtue, and the praises of the gods and heroes. This custom appears to me to belong to republican manners; she teaches the praise of the benefactors of the state, and in republics the pleasures of the citizen are imbued with religion and patriotism.

The song of the antients, when it descended to less lofty subjects, became the unfettered child of joy and gaiety; but it was even then exempt both from the subtleties of wit and the common places of gallantry; faults which, with the moderns, too often spoil its agreeable simplicity. The popularity of antient manners appear to have been as favourable to eloquence and poetry, as the antient costume was to the arts of Phidias and Apelles. The Greeks and Romans, crowned with myrtle at the banquet, and reposing on flowers, did not make it a ceremony of etiquette and pomp; with them a repast was a fête. They admitted music at them, both to inspire cheerfulness, and to restrain excess, Anacreon himself, as well as Horace, feared that the gaiety of banquets should degenerate into tumultuous and bloody orgies; one feels how little adapted this licentious abandonment of oneself would be to our vain and formal manners, and the composed deportment which they prescribe to us. The song was banished from our repasts, together with drinking, enthusiasm, and gaiety, or if introduced, it assumes the tone of our language and manners. Where the feelings of the heart are silenced, what substitute is admitted? cold "*gentillesse de l'esprit*," unworthy of representing what they are substituted for. Lyric poetry varies its characteristics according to those of which music is susceptible. It becomes by turns tender, lively, graceful, elevated, and sublime. In these different modifications, it appears to me, that the alliance of two arts was never more perfect than when beautiful and *naïve* poetry is combined with the same quality in music, the facility of

expression in the words interprets that of the music more clearly; the heart comprehends, it may be said, without the intervention of the understanding, and opens without resistance to words and sounds, which she embraces without effort.

Up to the present time we have considered lyric poetry in itself, and the nature of the ideas which are proper to it; let us now determine if amongst the different forms of poetry there is one which she ought especially to adopt.

These privileged forms either do not exist, or they are governed by those of music, which consist of recitative and air.

Recitative moves free from all constraint; it is not subservient to the imperious command of a constant and regulated measure; it is under the controul of no primitive key, to which it must return after its modulations. Recitative is the free discourse of music—it is, in fact, music's prose; nor can it give to poetry the charms it does not itself possess. Free and wandering, it must allow to poetry a course as unrestrained as its own. If united to prose, still more independent, their mutual liberty would cause no injury to either.

The air proceeds differently to recitative, attached to a constant and uniform cadence, it preserves the character given to it by the first phrase of the melody; it consists, in fact, in the developement of this first musical idea, which having given birth to others, moves forward with this band of auxiliary ideas, and reconducts them to the point from whence they started. These forms of the air appear to me to exist less by convention than by natural instinct. They are recognized amongst all people who obey only the dictates of nature. Savages do not modulate, and this strict adherence to the same key indicates, to my apprehension, that it ought to be returned to, when art emboldened in its progress, allows its desertion for short intervals.

Upon these forms of the air, which are governed by unity of character and time, an author of great intellect, whom I read with as much pleasure as I now praise him,* founds the principle of the unity of the words. He exacts that the idea should be single, as well as the form of the verse. Perhaps to this principle, so ingeniously established, the law of contrasts, so necessary to the very existence of music, might be opposed.

* M. Le Marq. de Chastellan.

If those ideas (engendered by the first of a series) ought to differ from their progenitor by softness and loudness, and by various articulation, how should one poetical idea be allied to such different musical ones? How, under the same form of verse, should it adapt itself to rhythms differently divided? The first couplet of the *stabat* offers to the musician but one idea to render, but one sentiment to express—yet the music of it is less single than the words: we find there contrasts which the sense of the words does not at all indicate—the rule of strict unity in the words of an air is not then so absolute as is imagined. It has been said a thousand times that the heroic verse is inimical to music, and will not become subject to the chains of melody—for such an assertion I can find no sufficient reason. What! is there no musical phrase that will correspond in extent to a verse of twelve syllables? Even if it were true, does not the repose of the hemistich at the third foot, present room for a pause to the composer? This double employment of the Alexandrine, either considered as a single verse or as forming two of a shorter measure, renders it in my eyes the most musical of all verses. I fear that the principles of lyric poetry were dictated by ill-natured musicians, and adopted by poets ignorant of music. As soon as a composer finds any sterility, he likes better to accuse his poet of it than himself, and throws all the errors of his own genius upon his words.

It is very generally received that in the musical punctuation of airs the pauses or breaks in the melody (above all in the first phrases) should occur at equal distances, and that each phrase should comprise an equal number of bars. I know not what to think of this principle—it is so grateful to the ear that one would be inclined to think it the result of natural instinct; but yet it allows of such happy exceptions that one would be tempted not to give it the authority of a law. The innate feeling of rhythm which we possess, arises no doubt from the rhythmical and regular articulations, adhered to by that which is in us the principle of life. The lungs rise and fall uniformly—the heart and the arteries give equal pulsations; thus the *beat* and *fall* of the bar, signs of motion, emblems of life in music, are recognized in our animal organization, and man, considered in this light, is a musical machine, moving and breathing in cadence. The regularity of our mechanical movements is perhaps the cause of that instinct,

which causes us to be susceptible of the effects of time, as the symmetry of our organization is the secret principle of our taste for order and symmetrical arrangement. Nevertheless we have already remarked, that the rule of dividing music into an equal number of bars, allows frequent and happy exceptions. But should this rule occur in its most absolute sense, it is not easy to find its principle in lyric poetry. The free and varied use which melody makes of syllables renders their numerical relation to notes incalculable. This line, *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, is adapted by Pergolesi to six bars; in a melody differently constructed, it might correspond to either a larger or smaller number—it depends on the duration of the syllables.

Ils sont passés ces jours de fête,

Ils sont passés, il ne reviendront plus.

The same melody is adapted to these two lines of unequal length. Can there be a more striking example?

* *Si jamais je prends un Epoux,
Je veux que l'amour me le donne.*

Of these two equal lines the musician has formed three different phrases—and whilst he disturbs the regularity of the verse, he constructs his phrases of melody, uniform and regular. Can we boast (after this) of the symmetrical rhythm of poetry, or make that the fundamental law of the lyric style?

To alter my opinions on this head, I have been sometimes referred to the testimony of composers—I should rather believe their works than their discourse, I have said. If the author of *Andromaque* and *Sylvain* asserts (which I cannot believe) the necessity of inserting but few words in an air, and of dividing all the lines symmetrically—I would instance the beautiful air of *Blaise*, in *Lucile*, which contains sixty irregular lines. If the Italians cite Metastasio, I could point out to them lines of different quantities, and if it be permitted to interrupt poetical rhythm once, why not violate the rule oftener? Besides, if we examine the words of Italian finales, how many lines do they contain, and of how many different measures—but it may be argued the movement alters with

* These lines are thus sung:—

*Si jamais je prends un Epoux
Je veux que l'Amour,
Je veux que l'Amour me le donne.*

the words? Be it so, and it is no longer necessary to good music to limit it to a single movement. There is an infallible method of ascertaining whether music is by nature adapted to any particular division of the verse, short or long, symmetrical or irregular.—Parody several beautiful airs, composed originally without words, without attending to any principle of versification more than the agreement of your words and the melody. If different pieces produce different divisions of the phrase—if in the same piece the divisions are not found symmetrically placed, or if they should be so, and you think it possible to distribute them otherwise, and to lengthen one member of the sentence, at the expence of another, without altering the melody, it will be clear that the principle of uniform verse is not drawn from the nature of melody, and demonstrating what the words of the most beautiful airs are, when melody has robbed them of their pristine form, it will appear that they are more nearly allied to prose than to real poetry.

What has escaped my pen? what! lyric poetry nothing more at the bottom than prose! What! this ancient alliance between music and poetry, which has been considered as founded on the generation of one by the other, nothing more than a conventional compact, which may be dissolved at the pleasure of taste and reason! Yes, without doubt it is so, and to add to the surprise caused by this assertion, we advance that it was admitted by learned antiquity, by those nations, who appeared to borrow the principles of their metrical poetry, still more than we do, from music. The last chapter of the Treatise on Synthesis, by Dyionisius of Halicarnassus, is entirely consecrated to prove what I have advanced. Cicero says formally that lyric poetry, when separated from music, is only prose, *Cantu remoto, soluta esse videatur oratio. Nisi cum tibicen accessit, orationi sunt soluta: simillima.* Cicero's opinion on this subject is confirmed by Quintilian. Plutarch establishes the same doctrine. Horace in speaking of Pindar says, that he followed a rhythm free from all rule, *Numerisque fertur lege solutis.* The greatest number of the Grecian songs were written in prose. Thus then is destroyed this wonderful theory of the musical system of the antients, which (we are told) by the conformity of rhythm and metre, bound together indissolubly music and poetry! To what are these ideas reduced when put to the test of the art from which they were falsely stated to have arisen?

That which was formerly true, is so at the present time. Far from prose being repugnant to airs symmetrically composed, by allowing melody to act upon regular verses, she destroys their uniformity by shortening or lengthening their different members according to her caprice or necessities. What musician would complain that his genius was fettered by the latin prose of the psalms? What auditor would regret poetical forms in hearing a beautiful motet? This observation we repeat after D'Alembert.

We shall conclude this chapter by a general observation.—Speaking and singing are two proceedings of the human voice, so different, that the inflexions of music resemble those of speech in no one particular. In fact what remains in common between them, if melody substitutes her intonations for those of pronunciation, and if she alters the value of syllables, and the duration of words? In what does singing the *stabat* resemble the pronunciation of the same words? Sing instead of reading words which you are unacquainted with, and I defy you to discover if they are good; compose lines, and sing without reciting them, and you may be assured that they will fail in number and rhythm.

The principle of subjecting lyric poetry to a perfectly uniform measure, is not then strictly necessary. It appears to us to be founded on an imitation of the Greek and Latin strophes, of the odes which were all sung to the same air. For the rest, if our doctrine should appear a relaxation of discipline, if it should displease the poets, always more delighted with the yoke they bear the heavier it is, let them submit to the utmost rigour of their rules; custom authorizes them, and where music finds them inconvenient, she will find the means to free herself from them.

SKETCH OF THE STATE OF MUSIC IN LONDON.

JULY, 1827.

SINCE we first undertook to record the progress of musical science and practice in England, we cannot call to mind any similar period when there were so few visible alterations to attract the observation of the *conoscenti** as during the season of 1827. It is sufficient to declare this fact generally—the evidence will be collected from those details, which must form the body of this article. We have perceived indeed no single alteration in art that is entitled in any sense to the character of novelty, for the still-increasing determination of the public favour towards foreign music, and in the vocal department towards Italian manner, is nothing more than a continuation of a fashion, certainly originating in a just acknowledgment of the early superiority of Italian composers and singers, but now prolonged not less by the frequency of travel, by the more general acquaintance with foreign languages, by the establishment of the King's Theatre, and by the total want of a national opera approaching in any degree to the excellence, the grandeur, or the repute amongst the classes that lead the public taste to that magnificent concentration of exotic talent. We cannot therefore adopt a more natural order than to commence our demonstration by a narrative of the transactions of the Italian Opera.

The stage management was this year entrusted to Mr. Bochsa, and the "circular" announced the engagement of many performers, whose names were not only unknown to England, but who in fact were new to the Italian stage. It is unnecessary for us to recapitulate promises that were not fulfilled, or to speculate upon

* Nothing more disturbs our English feelings than to be driven, as we perpetually are, to the use of foreign words, and here as in general we adopt the Italian term in preference to the French, because it seems to consist better with the supremacy accorded to Italy by musicians of all other countries. We do not however like it at all the better, for besides the bad taste of thus larding our English with foreign phrases, we wish our country to shake off this subserviency, and acquire strength enough to stand alone. Such terms not only are the badges of our servitude, but tend in no slight degree to perpetuate our submission by rendering it familiar.

the breach of treaties that were possibly begun only to be broken off. If the subscribers and the public were satisfied, the manager stands acquitted, and that they were so, the fact that the season has been extraordinarily successful, goes a long way to demonstrate. The rule we lay down, and which there can be no hesitation in averring ought never to be infringed, is, that the receipts of the King's Theatre entitle the subscribers and the public to the finest opera in all its parts that Europe can contribute; any declination from this pitch of pre-eminence is insofar a breach of contract with the subscribers, a disappointment of the just expectations of the public, and a dishonour to the conduct of this vast establishment.

The House opened on the 2d of December, 1826, with Sponcini's opera of *La Vestale*. The principal characters were supported by Madame Caradori Allan and Signor Curioni—the piece having probably been selected, though not very judiciously, with a view to the restricted powers of the company, than with any other motive. The corps however was soon reinforced by the arrival of Signor Zuchelli, and as the season went on by others we shall mention, Signor Puzzi having been dispatched to the continent for the engagement of singers. The following has been the succession of operas :

- Dec. 5. *La Vestale*.
- 30. *La Schiava in Bagdad*.
- Feb. 3. *La Gazza Ladra*.
- Mar. 3. *Il Turco in Italia*.
- 18. *Pietro L'Eremita*.
- 24. *Ricciardo e Zoraide*.
- May 5. First Act of *Tancredi* and last of *Romeo e Giulietta*.
- 10. *Semiramide*.
- 21. *Medea*.
- June 7. *Maria Stuart*.

La Schiava in Bagdad introduced Signor Zuchelli for the second time, he having been in England in 1822. In our fourth volume* we gave a short description of his powers; but his attainments are so greatly enlarged since this period, that he may now without doubt or hesitation be considered to rank with the first singers of

* Page 245.

his class in Europe. His scale of two octaves is most perfectly formed, its tone not more remarkable for its vast volume than for its smoothness, roundness, and liquidity, while such is his facility, that he can execute any difficulties without the slightest embarrassment. His expression, particularly of the higher affections, is not less perfect and powerful. Few base singers have risen to such a height in the favour of the English conocenti as did Signor Zuchelli during his short stay.

La Gazza Ladra was got up for the first appearance of Miss Fanny Ayton, a young Englishwoman. Miss A. was some years since the pupil of Signor Liverati, and went to Italy, where she enjoyed, we are told, the instructions of Manielli, of Florence, and what is perhaps of more advantage, exercised her talents in some of the public theatres. Her voice is rather sweet but exceedingly thin, to which probably it owes its flexibility, for she has acquired very great facility and she delights in a profusion of ornament, which she applies with the skill of a musician. As an actress also she is very clever. There is however a considerable drawback (besides the want of power) which must diminish the estimation of her performance, unless she can correct the failing, for such it really is. This failing consists in the inequality of her singing, which exhibits a constant alternation between positive weakness and occasional brilliancy. Thus perhaps she commences a song with the insipidity of a pupil learning her lesson. Then appears a passage of neat execution or florid ornament, and then again the manner falls below the level of mediocrity. Thus the effect is lost for want of due sustentation and force. A part of the deficiency is certainly attributable to insufficient power, but not less probably to a want of energy in the exertion of the volume she does possess. Certain it is that Miss Ayton was not considered to be capable of retaining her rank as Prima Donna at the Italian Theatre, and she has since accepted an engagement at Drury-lane Theatre.

In the middle of March appeared Signora Toso, a young pupil of the Conservatory of Milan, whom Signor Puzzi* engaged (in more senses than one) to come to England. She had never it seems sung on the stage before her first attempt at the King's Theatre. She is in person very tall and well shaped, with deli-

* She has since been married to the Signor.

cate yet strong and expressive features, and is altogether a fine stage figure, but for want of acquaintance with the boards as well as from her superior stature, rather awkward in her gait and demeanour, and unexpressive in her gestures. Her voice is a soprano, very powerful, and of brilliant quality, and equal in its formation, except that the higher notes of her compass (which is not very extensive) seem forced and somewhat harsh. With such endowments much was to be expected, and our first impression on hearing Miss Toso was that she ought to be a great singer. But from the delivery of her voice, which is often by sudden and forceful bursts (yet it is not that development which proceeds from passionate expression) this notion soon gave way to the assurance that she was not a great singer, for the constant exertion of the same power and the want of transition, (the lights and shadows of the art) betrayed either too little experience or the absence of that intellectual dignity which alone leads to true greatness in art. Throughout the season this impression increased; and although the lady possesses many of the elements which lead to exalted rank, time must determine whether she has mind enough to train and polish these aptitudes, whether she can overcome some technical errors, and exalt her whole performance with that important but minute finish which leads to superior station in her very arduous profession.

In the same opera (*Pietro L'Eremita*) Signor Giubelei came out as the *Hermit*. His voice is agreeable, and his manner at once modest and good, but nature does not seem to have done enough to render him a great, though he may become a very useful singer. He is tall in person and easy in his manner, and his acting is of the same standard with his singing.

When *La Gazza Ladra* was re-produced in the early part of April, Signor Galli was the *Fernando* of the piece. This artist is of long experience, and has gained much reputation. His voice is magnificent in volume, and when the tone is not formed so high as to make it nasal, which is sometimes the case, it is round, rich, and smooth. His serious style indicates a great master, for it is sound, impassioned, and affecting. His execution is very facile, considering the weight of his voice, and he is a fine musician. We have had no opportunity of judging of his buffo powers, which are said to place him not less high in the comic than he stands in the

serious drama. His orchestral singing is chaste and excellent. In person, Signor Galli is tall and commanding, and his features are capable of strong expression. His defect is, that uncertainty of intonation which is but too often found in the Italian bases.

Early in May came Madame Pasta, whose name has been constantly increasing since her second visit to London in 1824. We have so often discussed the merits of this pre-eminent artiste,* that nothing now remains but to observe how she bears the triumphs which she has achieved over the public admiration, and how she resists the amazing stress which that admiration lays upon the exercise of her fine talents. Since last season Mad. P. has traversed Europe from London to Naples. Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm with which she was received at Paris—in Italy perhaps her favour was somewhat less, for strange to say, her *Medea* † did not create the *furore* it has inspired in the colder inhabitants of the capitals of England and France, and it was thought fit to displace Mayer's opera by a new composition of Pacini's, *Niobe*, which succeeded better.‡ The physical strength and intellectual power which can sustain such prodigious fatigue § as Mad. P. undergoes, are alone sufficient to prove that she is gifted with faculties of no common energy, and that they have been trained to the utmost exertion. Since she has been in England scarcely a day has passed without her being engaged to sing at one, two, or three concerts, besides the more constant wear and tear of the theatre. Yet she bears it all with undisturbed health and composure; and we have reason to believe that she rarely sings any thing in public that she does not, during the previous hours of the day, go over, however often she may have sung it before.

The faculty that enables her to do all this we are persuaded resides in a commanding intellect, and that dictates the perfect

* See vol. 6, page 217—vol. 7, 193—vol. 8, 135—181—362.

† The world of art is under much obligation to Mr. Hayter, who, by his drawings of Pasta in the principal *situations* of this character, has done much to perpetuate the knowledge of her manner. What would not the amateur give for similar recollections of Mrs. Siddons in her distinguished characters?

‡ Mad. Pasta sung one scene from this opera at the Royal Academy concert with splendid effect.

§ Mad. P. came from Naples to London in 17 days, and performed on the fourth day after her arrival.

quietude of manner in which resides all the charm of her performance. Her mind is self-poised. She takes a calm though enthusiastic view of the art—she estimates things justly though poetically, and prepares herself in every way with due energy, but without bustle or distraction, for the occasion. In a single word her excellence lies in this very quietude, for it bestows all the grandeur of simplicity, and all the sublimity, the majesty, and force that spring from that pure source of greatness. Thus every thing she does is accomplished with the utmost apparent ease—time is given alike for the formation of attitudes, gestures, and even passages; when she concentrates her strength, her energy is vigour, not violence, and therefore grace is never for an instant forgotten or lost. Art cannot be carried further—for even where the mind is disposed to reject her interpretations, and absolutely to deny their truth, yet the passion which she chooses to prefer is expressed with so much verisimilitude, that the auditor is delighted with the substitution, at the very moment when he is convinced that it is no more than the substitution of a reading of her own for that of the poet and the composer. Such a charge as this ought not to be brought without an example, and we instance at once *Di tanti palpiti* as the most striking, though we could name a thousand deviations of a similar, though not equally important cast. We do not make it with the intent of detracting from Mad. Pasta's great ability, but rather of demonstrating how perfectly she apprehends her own ability, and with what consummate art she bends the materials which she has at her command, to her will and her exaltation. No better illustration, it has been said, than Rossini's song can be found. The pause she introduces before she begins the last movement, leaving a dead silence of some seconds, is at once a proof of her self command, and of her knowledge of effect; the retardation of the time also enables her not only to change the passion of the song, which it has, we think, been successfully proved is the animated anticipation of delight, to the very opposite, a sort of pleasing pensive melancholy, like the memory of joys that are past, but also to execute passages which, with all her facility, she would perhaps find it impossible to introduce, were the movement performed in an accelerated time. This is the "art to conceal art," in its utmost perfection.

Nor do we perceive that Madame Pasta's singing costs her any

considerably increased effort, from which we are happy to be able to draw the inference, that her powers are yet not only untouched by time, but are even advancing to a richer maturity. When exerted, her tone is perhaps a little coarser than it heretofore was, but it appears to us the volume is enlarged, a little at the expence of its beauty. At the same time all her singing, except when she aims at the utmost extension of power, seems to our judgment more finished. Her sotto voce is exquisite—her transitions more effective, and her whole style bespeaks those last and finest touches that are the demonstrations of mind working through long and laborious experience. Her intonation was never quite certain, and it has undoubtedly failed this year more frequently, probably from the immense exertion she undergoes.

The only novelty of the season was the opera of *Maria Stuart—Regina di Scozia*, composed by Signor Coccia, and first produced for Madame Pasta's benefit:—The music is written with learning, taste, and force, but it is faulty perhaps, inasmuch that it is too complex, that it aims too uniformly at the expression of the deepest and strongest passions—and that those passions are too much of the same kind. Hence the lights are few and the darker shades prevail too generally—hence want of sweetness and flow is felt by the auditor in the languor attending a too earnest and a too severe demand upon his attention—hence the exhaustion that follows the frequent use of the loud instruments, not less than of too much orchestral force—hence the absence of that elasticity which occasional light and elegant melody bestows, and which is so indispensable to a pleasure so prolonged as listening to an entire opera. Even the small portion of this necessary alleviation which appeared during the scene where *Mary* escapes from her confinement in Fotheringay castle, was esteemed the happiest portion of the piece, because probably it was the least sombre.

The character of *Mary*, as understood by our countrymen, is one of delicacy, gentleness, and suffering, rather than of force, majesty, or action. Even those passages of the two latter kind are conceived in our imaginations to be intimately blended and finely touched by the first-named quality. Madame Pasta's figure and qualifications are not therefore exactly adapted to the part.—Whether the poet or the musician wrote expressly for the actress we do not know, but by the structure of the opera we are led to

conjecture they may have fashioned their work to the capacity of the singers rather than to the characteristics of the tender and graceful original. From this very adaptation much of the interest was abated—for the whole composition was by this means elevated to more vehement expression of the loftier and harsher passions than we have been accustomed to associate with the fond enthusiasm, the exquisitely feminine mind and accomplishments of the Scottish Queen. Thus the acting told more than the singing, and in the last scene, where *Mary* takes leave of her attendants, Madame Pasta's powers shone out. This scene supplies another illustration of our hypothesis with regard to Mad. P.'s peculiar attribute. During a song by the *Earl of Leicester*, (Curioni) *Mary* kneels down and remains in a posture of supplication to God, of internal examination, and as it were of silent confession. In this Mad. Pasta was most admirable. The attitude was so perfect—was taken with such slow and solemn stillness, and kept with such immoveable beauty, that we never recollect to have seen such a personification of the attributes and effects of sculpture; and if that art is employed in the imitation of nature, here it seemed as if nature had been turned towards sculpture for her model and authority. This and the last parting moment of *Mary* did more to fill and possess our fancy than all there was beside in the opera.*

Signora Brambilla appeared as *Arsace*, in *Semiramide*. Her voice is a genuine contralto, of a rich and beautiful quality. She is very young, and therefore scarcely perhaps in a state to be produced to advantage, but her scale is more free from offensive defect than we ever remember in so mere a beginner; and she was even pleasing to one who had seen Pisaroni, one of the greatest singers Italy has now to boast, make her first appearance at Paris in the same part but a few evenings before. This is much for one so young.

* We ought not however to omit that Signors Galli and Curioni and Signora Puzzi did their utmost, and did much and well for the piece. The latter seemed animated by the contrast and comparison with *Mary* and with *Pasta*, and certainly rose in our estimation by her performance. A song by Galli seemed one of the best things in the opera. It is curious enough that though dressed with scrupulous exactitude to represent Burleigh, the habiliments could not fail to remind the spectator with no less fidelity of the kuave of clubs; this gave a most ludicrous turn to the deportment of the statesman.

Signora Brizzi, who appeared in *Ricciardo and Zoraide*, was so complete a failure that it is unnecessary to say more than that she has a contralto voice.

We have hitherto said nothing concerning those performers, who, because they remain in the country from year to year, seem to be eclipsed by the distinction bestowed on new-comers. Their estimation is not however to be so lightly passed over. The natural powers of Madame Caradori Allan have been enlarged by exercise—her voice has gained both in volume and in roundness of tone, without the sacrifice of any of the purity of its formation.* We may truly say there is no singer who enjoys more of the public affection (so to speak) than this lady. Such prodigies as Catalani and Pasta are followed, gazed at, and heard with wonder; Madame Caradori recommends herself by qualities less brilliant but of as much effect, and she has gradually won her easy way to universal regard. At the Opera and at the Antient Concerts, in the metropolis and in the provinces, in the orchestra or in the church, she is alike the object of a delighted esteem, while her character in private life, where she is so gentle in manners, so amiable yet so exemplary in the performance of all her duties, as a daughter, a mother, and a wife, so unpretending yet so meritorious, not only exalts the individual possessor of so much virtue and so many accomplishments, but the profession and even the high class to which she belongs. Signor Curioni enjoys the same sort of estimation, and allowing for the superior influence of the sex, nearly in as high a degree. We have so recently spoken at large of this artist,† that it is unnecessary now to do more than add, that he gains popularity daily, while his talent has secured him the good opinion of the best judges of the art. Signor De Begnis, who has been occasionally employed, but has

* This is a very nice point, and seldom so deeply considered by singers as its importance demands. We could quote very high instances where power and sweetness are obtained by the use of the throat, mouth, and other improper means. The inevitable consequence is, that the artifice subsists and answers the purpose for a time, though but for a short time—a bad habit is contracted, which has always a *tendency* to increase, and which does increase eventually, so as to ruin the conduct of the voice. We have this season perceived this growing defect in more than one of our eminent vocalists, both male and female—particularly in the latter. It is curious that nothing discovers this artifice so completely as imitation.

† Vol. 8, page 338.

been much superseded by the engagement of Signors Zuchelli and Galli, must nevertheless be still considered to be the most attractive buffo that England has known. We have also been surprised at the volume he has displayed when singing in concert with Galli, by whom he appears to have been stimulated to shew with how much power as well as variety nature has gifted him.

There is little general observation to be gleaned from the conduct of the opera. Last season, when the theatre was under the direction of Signor Velluti, till he was in some sort superseded by Madame Pasta, twelve operas were produced, seven of which were Rossini's—this year ten have been brought forward, and six of them belong to the same composer. The others were selected for the excellence of the performer, rather than for the superiority of the music. But no composer of supreme ability having arisen, Rossini still keeps his place, whilst his indolence or his repose leaves his best pieces in possession of the stage. In one particular only has the present season differed from those of many preceding. There has been given an opera composed in this country and for this theatre. Formerly it was an essential consideration to engage a Maestro to write expressly for the singers of the time, but we recollect no composer to the house since Bianchi. Liverati indeed wrote an opera a few seasons ago, (*Gastone e Bayardo*) and Rossini contracted to write "*Ugo Re d'Italia*," but he did not keep his word. We adhere to the engagement of a composer as a distinction, and an essential distinction, of such a house as the King's Theatre. It encourages living talent, it incites emulation, it allows the best adaptation to the style of the singers, if it possesses no other advantages. But in truth it is this certainty of access to their theatres that gives continual nourishment to the genius of Italy—and we heartily wish the custom were followed in England. There has however upon the whole, we think, been a slight retrogression towards the principles of the purer expression of the elder masters. Velluti and Pasta have both contributed to this desirable purpose—the first however a great deal more than the last, but his influence was very brief, which, for the sake of polish, delicacy, feeling, and pathos, is greatly to be regretted.

In our notices of the music of the English Theatres we have hitherto omitted the English Opera-house, a place of amusement

which from its merits as well as its title should seem to fall within our department, and the proprietor, Mr. Arnold, is eminently musical, both by descent and by talent. For the last two or three seasons considerable attention has been given to the production of operatic pieces—we wish we could say operas, but as yet they retain their middle form, half dialogue, half song.—Taste and ability have been decidedly shewn in bringing forward Weber's *Freischutz*, *Tarrare*, and Winter's *Oracle*, supported too by such singers as Mr. Sapio, Mr. Phillips, and Miss Paton. The piece last named was got up last year, and was very successful *on account of the music*, which was not so entirely made up of simple melodies, hitherto supposed to be the most congenial to the national taste. Concerted pieces, and those of no slight science, were the principal ingredients, and the pleasure with which they were heard and the frequency of the *encores*, prove in no slight degree the progress of musical knowledge, for it has been justly said these repetitions are most frequently at the fiat of the pit and gallery. We point out the fact therefore, under the belief that it is another demonstration of the diffusion of a better understanding of the powers of the art, since, though it is to be presumed that the pleasure derived from agreeable combinations is the more general motive, yet it affords also a presumptive proof that such pleasure is connected with a more enlarged acquaintance with the effects of science if not with science itself.

The winter Theatres have also made more than usual exertions. If we are not mistaken in our observation, Sir George Smart has aimed at the general improvement of his department at Covent Garden, more than at the production of any immediate and striking novelty. There has been more energy, more precision, in the general execution of the music. The chief novelties were the revival of *The Castle of Sorrento* (in which appeared Miss Cawse), a translation of *La dame blanche* with Boieldieu's music, and Winter's *Interrupted Sacrifice*. The principal singers were Mr. Sapio and Miss Paton, but towards the end of the season that lady gave up her articles and went to Drury-Lane. Weber's *Oberon* has also been often played, and the encore of the overture serves to establish the truth of our supposition that the general performance has been improved. This opera has gained in reputation by being better known.

Drury-Lane had, it is well known, changed its lessee, and Mr. Price, the American manager, has taken the theatre. Without any formal annunciation, it should seem that the musical direction rested materially with Mr. Braham, the corps d'opera being himself, with Mr. Horn, Miss Stephens and Miss Graddon—Mrs. W. Geesin, who had appeared at one of the summer theatres some years ago, when Miss Rosalie Corry, was soon after added, and an opera composed by Mr. Wade, *The Two Houses of Grenada*, was brought out for her debut early in November, *La Dame Blanche* having been given in October.

Mrs. Geesin enjoys from nature a sweet-toned soprano voice of moderate and sufficient compass, and an excellent ear. When she was first before the public, she had attained some facility, and she sung with great simplicity. She has since studied with Mr. Crivelli, and derived great advantages from his instructions.—Her debut was favourable, and though her powers are not of a class to astonish, she has continued to please. Mr. Wade's music was plain and pleasing, from its melody and unpretending excellence. Later in the season a new opera by Bishop, *the Englishman in London*, was brought out, but with no very brilliant success. The chef d'œuvre of the year however was the adaptation of Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia* to the English stage by Mr. Rophino Lacy. *The Turk* was supported by Mr. Braham, and Miss Fanny Ayton was engaged to sustain the part of *Fiorilla*. The music of this opera is certainly highly animated and pleasing on the Italian stage—it presents some of the very best specimens of the comic manner peculiar to that country, and is indeed so purely Italian and so wholly Rossinian, that its translation to the boards of old Drury may be considered as a competent experiment upon the taste of the country. If its success was not such as to produce a very vehement sensation, it may nevertheless justify the attempt, and certainly confers honour upon Mr. Lacy's talent.*

Towards the close of the season we have already said Miss Paton, throwing up her engagement, went over to this theatre from Covent-Garden. Whence this arose we pretend not to be

* It is said that "*Love and Reason*," the very popular piece brought out at Covent-Garden, is also the production of Mr. Lacy. It is curious enough that the same person should thus be the support *pro tempore* of both theatres.

informed. Miss Stephens, not having played the part of *Mandane* for some time, and being out of health, required, it is said, some short respite in the revival of *Artaxerxes*. When the night came, Miss S. saw with some surprise, and the managers of Covent-Garden with more, that Miss Paton was announced for the part, which she played in spite of the prohibition of the latter, and in the end removed to the rival house. The circumstance was productive of one curious consequence. While Miss Stephens was reported sick in the Drury-Lane bills, she was singing at Dr. Crotch's *Palestine*—and while an apology was made for Miss Paton at Dr. Crotch's, she played at Drury-Lane. Both however appeared we believe at last at Dr. Crotch's, though but for the very kind assistance of Madame Caradori, the poor Doctor would have had no little difficulty in getting his *Palestine* performed, notwithstanding it had been so long separately and specially announced that both Miss Stephens and Miss Paton were engaged to sing in it.

If then it should be enquired what advance has been made this season towards the most desirable improvement in the music of the country, the establishment of a really good opera?—we are afraid we must answer—but very little. Sir George Smart has improved “*the go*” of the performances, as indeed he does wherever he conducts, but we are no nearer that point which is most necessary to confirm the national taste. At all the theatres we perceive the talent of Europe borrowed to piece out our own; but what have *The Oracle*, *La dame blanche*, or *Il Turco in Italia*, effected? They have in so far taught our countrymen that good music may be patched in with flippant, poor, or absurd dialogue, and that the one may help out the other, while mere novelty is pro tempore, a short-lived attraction. What we wish to see tried is a good and legitimate lyric drama, supported throughout by good music, and we cannot help believing, first, that there is talent in the country to produce both, and taste in the country to relish and support them. Something perhaps must be risked, but when we observe that *Artaxerxes* is perpetually revived for the introduction of new female singers with tolerable success—when we know the increasing diffusion of Italian music in all circles, when we witness the superior enthusiasm with which box, pit, and galleries receive Italian singers at the

oratorios and at the benefits, where they come in the manner least attractive, we can but believe that were the passion and expression of Italian composition and performance embodied in the genuine form of the Italian lyric and musical drama, the English nation would receive an English opera as they have received, cultivated, and cherished an Italian Theatre. The plan however has never yet had a fair trial.

The oratorios, which as it were branch out of the theatres, have this year been under the management of Mr. Bishop, who hired both houses, and gave the entertainments alternately at the one and the other, thus avoiding competition.

Mr. Bishop's regular troops consisted of the principal English vocalists of the theatres, with Miss Farrar, Madame Cornega, Mr. Horneastle, and Mr. E. Taylor; occasional assistance was given by the Italians, who were indeed only Signora Toso and Signor Zuchelli, and these but for very few nights. The selections therefore had this material difference, that the Italian pieces were few—the comic, which had gained such hold in former seasons—none. Mr. B. however produced much of classical novelty to replace these exotics. An offertorium by Eybler (of Vienna) a scientific and pleasing composition—a sacred cantata by Weber, in his best and most finished though not perhaps in his most popular manner—selections from *Der Freischütz*, and Beethoven's *Fidelio*, were amongst the new introductions. These with the *Messiah*, and selections from Handel's other works—from Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, with an admixture (not so large however as in former seasons) of the ballads of the day made up the total. These entertainments therefore may be fairly be said to have had more of solid excellence than has been for some time the case, and the general belief is, that the undertaking has not been so well supported by the public for many seasons.

We have so often pointed out the value of these concerts (for to call them oratorios is quite absurd) in propagating and diffusing a general love and better taste for music, at a cheap rate, to render more now necessary. They are the best, the most popular, and the only accessible series of choral performances in London. They had so far declined, that when Mr. B. undertook them they appeared in the language of the insurance offices, trebly hazardous. The danger had been obviously incurred by

making them too extensive and too expensive. Their fault was but the error of the time—excess. Performances of five hours duration, and numbering from fifteen to thirty principal singers, it must be obvious could only weary an audience and ruin the proprietor. But when the injurious competition ceased, common sense returned, and the concerts have been reduced in both particulars to fair yet moderate limits. We are persuaded that all concerts are too long, and we are not less convinced that such a selection of the talent as we have described, successively engaged and employed in the way most creditable to the manager and the performer, namely, upon the best works of the best masters, with a little and but a little of the ephemeral but popular trifles, would afford the surest design for the prosperous conduct of such performances, and at the same time benefit most essentially the cause of the science and the practice of the art.

Concertos were played by Master Mawkes and Mr. Moschelles, on some of the evenings. Master M. is a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, where he has enjoyed the tuition of Mr. Spagnoletti, and he is a player, not to say of promise, but of great early talent. He has obtained fine tone and polished execution, and he executes not only with wonderful precision for such a mere youth, but his judicious instructor has never suffered him to depart from the laws of the purest taste for the introduction of meretricious ornament. His style therefore is as good as his hand is sure, while his progress affords a strong proof of the utility of a national school of music. Mr. Moscheles is too well known to need our eulogy, but we may say he has done much to render piano-forte concertos popular, for the last place where we might expect them to please, is, from the boards of a large theatre.

We have often heard it stated by experienced persons, that the oratorios have been the most flourishing nursery of English singers, from the diversity and the exercise they offer, and from the introduction to the most numerous and extended audiences. Hence we expect to find fresh aspirants every season, as well as the gradual advancement of those whose first efforts have obtained them a place and standing. Hence too we may notice that Miss Love, the Misses Cawse and Miss Farrar, whose natural endowments, aptitude, and industry, promise so much, are in this state

of gradual progression and encouragement. Mr. Horncastle alone seconded Mr. Braham this year, and he unquestionably bids fairest to become the successor to the honours of the first tenor at the classical concerts of the country, wherever there shall be an opening. His voice improves in volume, and his style both in polish, force, and effect. Mr. Edward Taylor also appeared on two or three evenings. His voice is a base of nearly as much volume, compass, and quality, as any singer that has appeared, and he has cultivated music as an amateur for very many years, under circumstances that have made him as good a musician perhaps as any singer in London. He has since sung in Dr. Crotch's Palestine, where he appeared to much advantage, at the Philharmonic, and other concerts, and in the estimation of competent judges, will form a valuable assistant in his department.

The Antient Concerts have proceeded upon the same noble scale, with a little and but a little deviation from the former selections. We subjoin the bills,* because although the varia-

* **FIRST CONCERT.**—*Under the direction of His Grace the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, for His Royal Highness the DUKE of CUMBERLAND, Wednesday, March 7th, 1827.*

ACT I.

Overture and Dead March.	(Saul.)	Handel.
Funeral Anthem. When the ear.		Handel.
Song. O Lord, have mercy upon me.		Pergolesi.
Monody. Forgive blest shade.		Dr. Calcott.
Song. But thou didst not leave.	(Messiah.)	Handel.
Concerto 11.		Corelli.
Song. Gratias agimus tibi.		Guglielmi.
Quartet. Behold us.		
Air and Cho. Weep no more. }	(To'd Jesu.)	Graun.
Song. I know that my Redeemer liveth. }	(Messiah.)	Handel.
Chorus. Hallelujah ! }		

ACT II.

Sinfonia.		Mozart.
Duet. Te ergo quaesumus.		Graun.
Psalm XXXIV. Through all the changing scenes.		
Song. Vengo a voi.		Guglielmi.
Trio. Fall'n is thy throne.		Millico.
Concerto 4th.	(From his Solos.)	Geminiani.
Trio. Sound the loud timbrel.		Avison.
Quartetto. Placido è il mar.	(Idomeneo.)	Mozart.
Verse and Chorus. God save the King.		

tion in the pieces is so slight, they yet serve as a record and an important record of the transactions of the concert which has

SECOND CONCERT.—*Under the direction of His Grace the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, for His Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, Wednesday, March 14th, 1827.*

ACT I.

Overture.		
Chorus. O come, let us sing.	(Anthems.)	Handel.
Air. O come, let us worship.		
Chorus. Glory and worship.		
Solo and Quartet. In my distress.		Marcello.
Quartet and March. O voto.	(Idomeneo.)	Mozart.
Concerto 4th.	(From his Trios.)	Martini.
Duet. Qual anelante.		Marcello.
Glee. When winds breathe soft.		Webbe.
Recit. acc. Solitudini amiche.	(Idomeneo.)	Mozart.
Song. Zeffiretti lusinghieri.		
Recit. But bright Cecilia.	(Dryden's Ode.)	Handel.
Air & Cho. As from the power.		

ACT II.

Sinfonia in D.		
Chorus. Sanctus dominus.	(From a Service.)	Mozart.
Quartet. Benedictus.		
Chorus. Hosanna.		
Air. Agnus Dei.		
Chorus. Dona nobis.		
Recit. Believe thy Champion.	(Sampson.)	Handel.
Song. Return, O God of Hosts.		
Sestet and Chorus. This is the day.		Croft.
Movement from the Lessons.		Handel.
Glee. Blest pair of Sirens!		Smith.
Recit. acc. Chi per pietà.	(Nel Sacrificio } d'Abramo.) }	Cimarosa.
Song. Deh! parlate.		
Recit. Rejoice, my countrymen.	(Belshazzar.)	Handel.
Chorus. Sing, O ye heavens.		

THIRD CONCERT.—*Under the direction of the EARL of DARNLEY, Wednesday, March 21st, 1827.*

ACT I.

Selection from the Oratorio of Saul.	Handel.
Overture.	
Chorus. How excellent.	
Recit. Already see.	
Song. O Lord, whose mercies.	
Symphony.	
Recit. Whence comest thou?	
Dead March.	
Air. Brave Jonathan.	
Chorus. Eagles were not.	

hitherto taken precedency of all others in the execution of vocal music, while the instrumental can be esteemed second only to the

Song. In sweetest harmony.

Chorus. O, fatal day.

Grand Chorus. Gird on thy sword.

ACT II.

Overture.

(*Don Giovanni.*)

Mozart.

Duet. Deh! prendi.

(*La Clemenza di Tito.*)

Mozart.

Recit. acc. Now strike.

Chorus. Break his bands.

Recit. Hark! the horrid.

(*Alex. Feast.*)

Handel.

Song. Revenge!

Hymn of Eve. How cheerful.

Duet. I my dear.

Dr. Arne.

Concerto 7th.

Travers.

Song. In quel barbaro.

(*Giulio Sabino.*)

Corelli.

Glee. Come, live with me.

Sarti.

The Answer—If Love and all the world.

Webbe.

Recit. acc. Infelice ch'io sono.

Webbe.

Air. Il mio cor.

Cimarosa.

Double Chorus. Gloria Patri.

Leo.

FOURTH CONCERT.—Under the direction of the EARL of DERBY,
Wednesday, March 28th, 1827.

ACT I.

Chorus. Te Deum laudamus.

Quartet and Chorus. Te gloriosus.

Graun.

Anthem. Hear my prayer.

Kent.

Recit. acc. Sposa! Erudice!

Air. Che farò senz' Euridice!

(*Orfeo.*)

Gluck.

Concerto 1.

(*Op. 3.*)

Geminiani.

Song. What though I trace.

(*Solomon.*)

Handel.

Chorus. For unto us a Child.

(*Messiah.*)

Handel.

Song. Why do the nations?

(*Messiah.*)

Handel.

Quartet. Sing unto God.

Grand Chorus. Cry aloud.

Dr. Croft.

ACT II.

Overture.

(*Iphigenia.*)

Gluck.

Glee. Since first I saw your face.

Ford.

Recit. 'Tis well!

March, Air, and Chorus. Glory to God.

(*Joshua.*)

Handel.

Recit. Ye sacred priests.

Song. Farewell, ye limpid.

(*Jephthah.*)

Handel.

Concerto 2.

Song. Ombre! larve!

(*Alceste.*)

Martini.

Glee. Flora gave me.

Gluck.

Quartet. Our soul with patience.

Wilbye.

Trio and Chorus. Disdainful.

(*Judas Macc.*)

Marcello.

Handel.

concerts of the Philharmonic Society. The changes consist chiefly in the introduction of some of Mozart's music and of

FIFTH CONCERT.—*Under the direction of the EARL of DERBY,
Wednesday, April 4th, 1827.*

ACT I.

Selection from a Service.		<i>Jomelli.</i>
Chorus. Lift up your heads.	(<i>Messiah.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Lord, to thee.	(<i>Theodora.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Quartet and Cho. Their sound.	(<i>Handel.</i>
Pastoral Symphony.		
Recit. There were shepherds.		
Chorus. Glory to God.		
Recit. Grazie vi rendo.	(<i>Guglielmi.</i>
Air. A compir.		
Chorus. He gave them hailstones.	(<i>Semiramide.</i>)	
Glee. Peace to the souls of the heroes.	(<i>Israel in Egypt.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. The Lord shall reign.)	<i>Callcott,</i>
Recit. For the horse of Pharoah.		
Chorus. The Lord shall reign.		
Recit. And Miriam.		
Solo and Grand Chorus. Sing ye.		<i>Handel.</i>

ACT II.

Overture.	(<i>Ariadne.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Glee. Here in cool grot.		<i>Lord Mornington.</i>
Duet. There is a river.		<i>Marcello.</i>
Recit. My cup is full.)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Shall I in Mamre's.		
Chorus. For all these mercies.		
Concerto 12.		
Recit. acc. Me, when the Sun.	(<i>Corelli.</i>
Song. Hide me.		
Chorus. May no rash intruder.	(<i>Il Penseroso.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. acc. Tranquillo io son.	(<i>Solomon.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Air. Ombra adorata.	(<i>Romeo e Giulietta.</i>)	<i>Guglielmi.</i>
Double Chorus. From the censor.	(<i>Solomon.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

SIXTH CONCERT.—*Under the direction of his Grace the ARCHBISHOP
of YORK, Wednesday, April 25th, 1827.*

ACT I.

Overture.	(<i>Occasional Oratorio.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. acc. I feel the Deity.)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Arm, arm, ye brave.		
Chorus. We come.		
Recit. Now, Josabeth.		
Duet. Joys in gentle trains.	(<i>Athalia.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. Rex tremendæ.	(<i>Mozart.</i>
Quartet. Benedictus.		

English glees, composed before the period (twenty years) to which the rules have limited the choice.

Recit. acc. O, worse than death. }	(Theodora.)	Handel.
Song. Angels, ever bright. }		
Concerto 5. (Grand.)		Handel.
Song. Confusa, abbandonata.		Bach.
Glee. O'er desert plains.		Wachrent.
Coronation Anthem. The King shall.		Handel.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in C		Mozart.
Air and Quartet. Fairest Isle.		Purcell.
Trio and Chorus. Fear no danger.	(Dido and Æneas.)	Purcell.
Glee. Mark'd you her eye?		Spofforth.
Duet. Ah! perdona. (La Clemenza di Tito.)		Mozart.
Air and Chorus. Come, if you dare.		Purcell.
Recit. acc. Eccomi sola. }		
Song. Gran Dio! }		Guglielmi.
Chorus. He rebuked. (Israel in Egypt.)		Handel
Song. Let the bright seraphim. }	(Samson.)	Handel.
Chorus. Let their celestial. }		

SEVENTH CONCERT.—Under the direction of the EARL of DERBY,
Wednesday, May 2d, 1827.

ACT I.

Overture and Requiem.		Jomelli.
Quar. and Chorus. Then round about.	(Samson.)	Handel.
Air and Chorus. Vengo a voi.		Guglielmi.
Selection from Acis and Galatea.		Handel.
Chorus. Flush'd with conquest.	(Alex. Balus.)	Handel.
Trio.		Handel and Martini.
Glee. If o'er the cruel tyrant Love.		Arne.
Chorus. O God! who in.	(Joseph.)	Handel.

ACT II.

Overture.	(Esther.)	Handel.
Duet and Chorus. Time has not thinn'd.		Jackson.
Recit. acc. Ah! perchè. }		
Air. Il caro ben. }	(Perseo.)	Sacchini.
Chorus. O Father! whose. }		
Trio and Cho. See the conquering. }	(Judas Macc.)	Handel.
Recit. O! let eternal. }		
Air. From mighty Kings.		
Song and Cho. Haste thee.	(L' Allegro.)	Handel.
Glee. A gen'rous friendship.		Webbe.
Chorus. When his loud voice.	(Jephthah.)	Handel.

A great deal has been said in various periodicals to induce the Noble Directors to bring forward a greater variety of pieces. It

EIGHTH CONCERT.—*Under the direction of the EARL of DARNLEY, Wednesday, May 9th, 1827.*

ACT I.

Overture.		
Recit. This day.	}	
Chorus. Awake the trumpet's.		
Chorus. O first-created beam.		(Samson.) Handel.
Song. Honour and arms.		
Cho. Fix'd in his everlasting.		
Recit. Again to earth.	(Judas Macc.)	
Duet. O lovely Peace.		Handel.
Glee. O happy fair.		Shield.
Air. Voi che sapete.	(Figaro.)	Mozart.
Concerto 11.	(Grand.)	Handel.
Air and Quartet. In my distress.		Marcello.
Chorus. Be thou exalted.		Marcello.

ACT II.

Overture.	(Figaro.)	Mozart.
Duet. La ci darem.	(Don Giovanni.)	Mozart.
Selection from Acis and Galatea.		Handel.
Chorus. Wretched lovers.		
Air. Must I my Acis.		
Recit. 'Tis done!		
Song. Heart the seat.		
Chorus. Galatea, dry thy tears.		
Song. Pious orgies.	(Judas Macc.)	Handel.
Quintet. Dominus a dextris.		Leo.
Chorus. Cum sancto.	(From a Service.)	Mozart.
Concerto 3.	(Op. 4th.)	Avison.
Glee. To Love I wake.		Webbe.
Chorus. The Lord our enemy.	(Esther.)	Handel.

NINTH CONCERT.—*Under the direction of the EARL of DARNLEY, Wednesday, May 16th. 1827.*

ACT I.

Overture.	(Rodelinda.)	Handel.
Selection from L'Allegro.		Handel.
Recit. acc. Hence, loathed Melancholy.		
Song. Come, thou Goddess.		
Recit. If I give thee.		
Song. Let me wander.		
Chorus. And young and old.		
Song. The glories of our birth and state.		
Frost Scene.	(King Arthur.)	Purcell.
Concerto 11.		Geminiani Corelli.
Recit. E Susanna.	(Figaro.)	
Aria. Dove sono.		Mozart.

appears however that there are difficulties surrounding the question which may not have been sufficiently weighed by the

Glee. Swiftly from the mountain's brow.		<i>Webbe.</i>
Quartet. Tacite ombre.	(<i>Il Cid.</i>)	<i>Sacchini.</i>
Chorus. Immortal Lord.	(<i>Deborah.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

ACT II.

Overture.	(<i>Berenice.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Duet. Come ti piace.	(<i>La Clemenza di Tito.</i>)	<i>Mozart.</i>
Glee. Deh! dove.		<i>Dr. Cooke.</i>
Song. Bacchus, ever fair.		
Chorus. Bacchus' blessings.		
Recit. The mighty master.	(<i>Alexander's Feast.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. The many.		
Concerto 4th.	(<i>Oboe.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Sestet. In braccio.	(<i>Justin.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Luther's Hymn.		<i>Handel.</i>

TENTH CONCERT.—Under the direction of the EARL of DERBY,
Wednesday, May 23d, 1827.

ACT I.

Overture.		
Chorus. O the pleasures.	(<i>Acis and Galatea.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. Ye verdant plains.		
Air. Hush, ye pretty.		
Double Chorus. Your harps.	(<i>Solomon.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Quartet and Chorus. Adeste fideles.		
Concerto.	(<i>Select Harmony.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Psalm. Thou art, Oh God!		
Recit. acc. In these blest scenes.		
Air. Hail, lovely virgin.	(<i>Joshua.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. Oh! Achsah.		
Duet. Our limpid streams.		
Glee. O snatch me swift.		<i>Callcott.</i>
Recit. acc. Sposa! Euridice!}	(<i>Orfeo.</i>)	<i>Gluck.</i>
Air. Che farò.		
Quartet and Chorus. Sing unto God.		<i>Croft.</i>

ACT II.

Overture.	(<i>Scipio.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Glee. O! Nanny.		<i>Carter.</i>
Recit. acc. Tranquillo.	(<i>Romeo e Giulietta.</i>)	<i>Guglielmi.</i>
Aria. Ombra adorata.		
Chorus. Fall'n is the foe.	(<i>Judas Macc.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Concerto 2.	(<i>Oboe.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. First and chief.	(<i>Il Penseroso.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Air. Sweet bird.		
Quartet. Prepare then.	(<i>Semele.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Lascia Amor.	<i>Orlando.</i>	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. Crown with festal pomp.	(<i>Hercules.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

objectors. The Concert of Antient Music is established to preserve not only the works of certain masters, but the style of

ELEVENTH CONCERT.—*Under the direction of the EARL of DARNLEY, for the EARL of FORTESQUE, Wednesday, May 30th, 1827.*

ACT I.

Overture.	(<i>Pastor Fido 2d.</i>)	Handel.
Music in Macbeth.		Locke.
Cantata. Alexis.		Pepusch.
Glee. Fair Flora decks.		Danby.
Scene from Tyrannic Love.		Purcell.
Concerto 2.		Corelli.
Psalm. To thee, O Lord.		Handel.
Quartet. According to thy.	(<i>Psalm 51.</i>)	Marcello.
Recit. Behold the nations.	(Deborah)	Handel.
Chorus. O Baal! monarch.		

ACT II.

Overture.	(<i>Otho.</i>)	Handel.
Song. If guiltless blood.	(<i>Susanna.</i>)	Handel.
Glee. Chi mai d' iniqua stella.		Bononcini.
Song. Non vi turbate.	(<i>Alceste.</i>)	Gluck.
Chorus. No more to Ammon's God.	(<i>Jephthah.</i>)	Handel.
Recit. acc. Non dubitar.	(Giulio Sabino.)	Sarti.
Song. Là tu vedrai.		
Concerto 2.	(<i>Opera 7th.</i>)	Martini.
Chorus. He gave them hailstones.	(Israel in Egypt.)	Handel.
Chorus. He sent a thick darkness.		
Chorus. He smote.		
Chorus. But as for his people.		
Chorus. He rebuked the Red Sea.		
Duet. The Lord is a man of war.		
Chorus. The Lord shall reign.		

TWELFTH CONCERT.—*Under the direction of his Grace the ARCH-BISHOP of YORK, for the EARL of FORTESQUE, Wednesday, June 6th, 1827.*

ACT I.

Overture.	(<i>Henry the Fourth.</i>)	Martini.
Psalm xviii.	(<i>St. Matthew's Tune.</i>)	Dr. Croft.
Chorus. Glory, praise, and adoration.		Mozart.
Sicilian hymn. O sanctissima!		
Trio, Song, and Chorus. Qui pacem.		Steffani.
Song. In infancy.	(<i>Artaxerxes.</i>)	Dr. Arne.
Concerto 6th.	(<i>Grand.</i>)	Handel.
Glee. Let not rage.		Dr. Arne.
Cantata. Nel chiuso centro.		Pergolesi.
Air, Verse, and Chorus. Rule Britannia.		Dr. Arne.

executing those compositions which have been handed down by tradition from the authors themselves. It should seem then that very much the same selections must be made from year to year or these two principles must be in a good measure relinquished. For in the first place it can hardly be required that the pieces pre-eminent in excellence should be replaced by others of lesser worth, and we think it would be difficult to shew, that the works of Handel for instance, voluminous as they are, would afford a diversity sufficiently extended yet equally sublime and beautiful with those which are now, we are content to admit, performed with a repetition that might under other circumstances be thought wearisome. If the performance of such *chef d'œuvres*, (of which be it recollected it is the specific object of these concerts to embalm the remembrance) be given up, and the compositions of a later age (e. g. of Haydn and Mozart) substituted, the utmost danger would attend the experiment; because it must be obvious that the style must also be changed as we approach our own times—and the tradition would gradually be lost. We doubt very much even now whether the manner is so perfect as in the days of Mrs. Bates or Mara, and sure we are that the complete recollection can only be kept alive by the course which has hitherto been pursued. The question then comes to this—is the style worth preserving at the expence of hearing the same things often repeated? The subscription list is the best answer, which certainly proves that hitherto the design and the execution have alike obtained the countenance of the highest and most polished audience the Metropolis had to boast before the establishment of the Royal Academic Concerts.

The Philharmonic Concerts commenced on the thirteenth of February. The design of these matchless concentrations of talent

ACT II.

Overture.	(Zauberflöte.)	Mozart.
Round. Wind, gentle evergreen.		Dr. Hayes.
Song. The glories of our birth.		
Chorus. See the proud chief.	(Deborah.)	Handel.
Duet. Verdi prati.	(Alcina.)	Handel.
Terzetto. Soave sia il vento.		Mozart.
Concerto 5th.	(Op. 2d.)	Martini.
Glee. 'Tis the last rose of summer.	(Irish Melody.)	
Song. Parto, ma tu ben mio.	(La Clemenza di Tito.)	Mozart.
Coronation Anthem. Zadok the priest.		Handel.

is now so perfectly understood, and their execution so thoroughly appreciated, that no variety of language can express more than has been repeatedly said concerning them. We might indeed insert their schemes* and dismiss them without comment, and yet

* **FIRST CONCERT, Monday, February 19, 1827.**

ACT I.

Sinfonia Eroica.	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Aria, Signor Zuchelli, "A rispettararmi apprenda," (Mosé in Egitto.)	<i>Rossini.</i>
Concerto Piano-forte, Mr. Schlesinger, (his first appearance at these Concerts.)	<i>Hummel.</i>
Scena, Miss Paton, "Si lo sento," (Faust.)	<i>Spohr.</i>
Overture, Der Freischütz.	<i>C. M. v. Weber.</i>

ACT II.

Sinfonia in C.	<i>Haydn.</i>
Scena, Mr. Braham, "Yes! even love," (Oberon.)	<i>C. M. v. Weber.</i>
Quartetto Brillante, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Mori, Oury, Moralt, and Lindley.	<i>Mayseder.</i>
Terzetto, Miss Paton, Mr. Braham, and Signor Zuchelli, "Cosa sento," (Le Nozze di Figaro.)	<i>Mozart.</i>
Overture Idomeneo.	<i>Mozart.</i>
Leader, Mr. Spagnoletti.—Conductor, Mr. Bishop.	

SECOND CONCERT, Monday, March 5, 1827.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in E flat.	<i>Mozart.</i>
Scena, Mr. Sapiro, "Ah! perfido."	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Fantasia, Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Willman.	<i>Buermann.</i>
Air, Signor Zuchelli, "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," (The Creation.)	<i>Haydn.</i>
Overture, Oberon.	<i>C. M. von Weber.</i>

ACT II.

Sinfonia, No. 5.	<i>Haydn.</i>
Aria, Miss Stephens, "Parto, ma tu ben mio," Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Willman, (La Clemenza di Tito.)	<i>Mozart.</i>
Concerto MS. Violin, Mr. Kiesewetter, (never per- formed in this country.)	<i>Maurer.</i>
Recit. and Air, "Oh! ruddier than the cherry," and Trio, "The flocks shall leave," Miss Stephens, Mr. Sapiro, and Signor Zuchelli, (Acis and Galatea.)	<i>Handel.</i>
Overture, Egmont.	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.—Conductor, Mr. Cramer.	

THIRD CONCERT, Monday, March 19, 1827.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, C minor.	<i>Beethoven.</i>
"Benedictus," Miss Stephens, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Phillips.	<i>Cherubini.</i>
Quintetto, two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello, Messrs. F. Cramer, Oury, Moralt, Lyon, and Lindley.	<i>Mozart.</i>

seem to fulfil all the purposes of their general outline. But we are unwilling that bodies of professors and amateurs, who cer-

Scena, "Qual nume," Mr. Braham, (Il Ritratto.)
Overture, Euryanthe.

Zingarelli.
C. M. von Weber.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in D.

Mozart.

Aria, "Deh, se piacer," Miss Stephens, (La Clemenza di Tito.)

Mozart.

Septetto, Piano-forte, Flute, Oboe, Corno, Viola, Violoncello, and Contra Basso, Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Nicholson, Ling, Platt, Moralt, Lindley, and Dragonetti.

Hummel.

Terzetto, "Mandina amabile," Miss Stephens, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Phillips.

Mozart.

Overture, Tamerlane.

Winter.

Leader, Mr. Kiesewetter.—Conductor, Sir G. Smart.

FOURTH CONCERT, Monday, April 2, 1827.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in B. flat.

Beethoven.

Duetto, "Ebbene, a te: ferisci;" Madame Caradori and Madame Cornega, (Semiramide.)

Rossini.

Duetto Concertante, two Violoncellos, Mr. Lindley and Mr. W. Lindley.

B. Romberg.

Terzetto, "Tremate, empi tremate," Madame Caradori, Signor Curioni, and Mr. Phillips.

Beethoven.

Overture, Anacreon.

Cherubini.

ACT II.

Sinfonia, (Jupiter.)

Mozart.

Scena, Sento mancarmi," Madame Caradori.

Crescentini.

Septetto, Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Contra Basso, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon, Messrs. Spagnoletti, Moralt, Lindley, Dragonetti, Willman, Platt, and Mackintosh.

Beethoven.

Quartetto, "Benedictus," Madame Caradori, Madame Cornega, Signor Curioni, and Mr. Phillips, (Requiem.)

Mozart.

Overture, Jessonda.

Spohr.

Leader, Mr. Mori.—Conductor, Mr. Attwood.

FIFTH CONCERT, Monday, April 23, 1827.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, No. 1.

Haydn.

Terzettino, "L'usato ardir," Madame Caradori, Madame Cornega, and Signor Galli, (Semiramide.)

Rossini.

Concerto Violin, Mr. Kiesewetter.

Mayseder.

Aria, Signor Galli, "Non piu andrai," (Le Nozze di Figaro.)

Goss.

Overture, MS.

ACT II.

Sinfonia, No. 7.

Beethoven.

Aria, Madame Caradori, "Ah! che forse."

Bonfichi.

Concerto Piano Forte in E flat, Mr. Moscheles.

Moscheles.

tainly assemble as much knowledge, taste, and enthusiasm for the art as can be found in the same number of persons in any country,

Quartetto, "L'Inverno," Madame Caradori, Madame Cornega, Mr. Begrez, and Signor Galli. *Gomis.*
 Jubilee Overture. *C. M. Von Weber.*
 Leader, Mr. Loder.—Conductor, Mr. Potter.

SIXTH CONCERT, Monday, May 7, 1827.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, G Minor. *Mozart.*
 Scena, Mr. Sapio, "Through the forests," (Der Freischutz.) *C. M. v. Weber.*
 Fantasia, Flute, MS. "Au clair de la Lune, Mr. Nicholson. *Nicholson.*
 Terzetto, "Se al volto," Miss Paton, Mr. Sapio, and Mr. Taylor. (La Clemenza di Tito.) *Mozart.*
 Overture, MS. (never performed.) *Schloesser.*

ACT II.

Sinfonia in D. *Beethoven.*
 Scena, Miss Paton, "Per pietà," (Cosi fan Tutti.) *Mozart.*
 Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Mori, Oury, Moralt, and W. Lindley. *Beethoven.*
 Duetto, "Crudel perchè," Miss Paton and Mr. Sapio, (Le Nozze de Figaro.) *Mozart.*
 Overture, Zaubrerflöte. *Mozart.*
 Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.—Conductor, Mr. Cramer.

SEVENTH CONCERT, May 21, 1827.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, No. 10, Grand. *Haydn.*
 Recit. and Air, Mr. Braham, "Deeper and deeper still." (Jephtha.) *Handel.*
 Concerto, Piano-forte, Mr. Lizst. *Hummel.*
 Terzetto, "Quel sembiante," Mad. Caradori, M. Begrez, and Signor Galli. (L'Inganno felice.) *Rossini.*
 Overture, Les deux Journées. *Cherubini.*

ACT II.

Sinfonia. Pastorale. *Beethoven.*
 Duetto, M. Begrez and Signor Galli, "Claudio, Claudio." (Elisa e Claudio.) *Mercadante.*
 Concertino, Violin, M. de Beriot. *De Beriot.*
 Scena, Mad. Caradori. *Guglielmi.*
 Overture, Zaira. *Winter.*
 Leader, Mr. Kiesewetter.—Conductor, Mr. Bishop.

EIGHTH CONCERT, Monday, June 4, 1827.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, No. 8. *Beethoven.*
 Terzetto, Madame Caradori, Madame Stockhausen, and Signor Curioni, "Pria di partir," (Idomeneo.) *Mozart.*

should have the smallest ground for supposing that we can suffer the transactions of such a society (for the Philharmonic is in point of fact the academy for the display of the practical advances made in science and in art) to pass by us without attracting our especial regard. Though then nothing remains for us beyond bringing into a little more prominent notice the general features of the season, we shall execute this pleasing labour in the spirit of plain demonstration, conscious that all who were present will have felt the various excellences we point out with no less gratification.

Beethoven's *sinfonia eroica* was chosen on the first night as a respectful memorial of the national loss in the death of the Duke of York. To this intent it might perhaps have better terminated with the funeral march.

Mr. Schlesinger, who played a concerto, was the pupil of Mr. Ries, and he is a very brilliant and elegant pianist.

The second concert was distinguished by Mr. Willman's fantasia and Mr. Kieseewetter's concerto. Amongst the most perfect performances which we are accustomed to reckon upon are those exquisite and delicate obligato accompaniments which we are sure to hear often during the season from Mr. W. and amongst our unlooked-for delights are the little bits which now and then present to us unexpectedly the same instrument, for many of the sweetest traits of melody are assigned to the clarinet by the modern composers. We cannot therefore express our regret at the predominance Mr. W. seems to have enjoyed in this concert, for we enjoyed it also, and we must in justice repeat that in point of taste, tone, and finish, we hear nothing that in our estimation exceeds his beautiful expression.

In delicacy, fancy, brilliancy, and mastery of difficulties, Mr.

Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Kieseewetter, Oury, Moralt, and Lindley.

Scena, Madame Stockhausen, "Chi' io perdessi."

Overture, "Der Beherrscher der Geister."

Mozart.

Sapienza.

C. M. von Weber.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in D.

Aria, Signor Curioni, "Chi sa dir" (La Schiava in Bagdad).

Concerto, Piano-forte, Mr. W. Beale.

Scena, Madame Caradori, "Grazie ti rendo."

Overture, *Fidelio*.

Mozart.

Pacini.

Cramer.

Federici.

Beethoven.

Leader, Mr. Mori.—Conductor, Sir G. Smart.

Kiesewetter still retains his supremacy. All these were displayed in the concerto he played in the evening.

Mrs. Anderson's execution in Hummel's septetto was the prominent circumstance in the third concert, for the talents of the other instrumentalists are at once as common to the judicious Reader as they are rare in the individuals.

The fourth concert was remarkable rather for its general excellence than for the superiority of any of its parts.

At the fifth, a M. S. overture by Mr. Goss was performed, and with great effect. Mr. G. is well studied in harmony, and possesses fine fancy, and a considerable knowledge of the powers of an orchestra. On this evening Mr. Kiesewetter and Mr. Moscheles each played a concerto; the latter was a powerful composition, not less powerfully executed. The more we hear this pianist the richer it appears to us his talent grows. The brilliancy and certainty of his touch, his fine conception, and his knowledge of what he can always perform, keeps the mind perpetually on the stretch, yet never disappoints expectation.—“Que veux tu sonate?” could never have been asked even by the dullest hearer of Mr. Moscheles.

Mr. Nicholson's fantasia is all that requires our notice on the succeeding evening. It was as bold as wonderful, and as beautiful as any of his former efforts.

On the seventh night Messrs. Lizt and De Beriot played. The former, it seems to be universally acknowledged, has more than realized the anticipations that his early progress gave, and in the last two years he has made such prodigious advances as to outgo all expectation. Nothing that has been done during the season excited more applause than his playing. M. De Beriot had recently suffered some slight hurt in one of his hands, and was compelled to play a piece comparatively easy in its execution, instead of a concerto he had prepared. The style of his performance is to us perfectly exquisite—so smooth, so polished, so touching, so expressive, yet pure and sufficiently brilliant. His we cannot help believing to be the true manner of the instrument.

The instrumental piece which was most enjoyed in the eighth and last night, was Weber's overture to *The Ruler of the Spirits*, a composition of an extraordinary cast, and indicating the romantic vein of its lamented author. The same wild sublimity reigns in

this that gave the attraction to *Der Freischutz* and *Oberon*, but it has more of the magic of fiery and imaginative combination than either of its predecessors, though not so various or so captivating, or so full of contrivance as the former. We have however heard no instrumental piece since *Der Freischutz* that awoke so new and strange an interest.

Mr. W. Beale played Mr. Cramer's concerto with the smooth delicacy of his eminent master.

We have postponed to mention the vocal music, in order to bring it under the same focus. It has long been objected to this concert, that the directors are not sufficiently attentive to this department. It is at once amusing and instructive to watch the labours of critics to bring about an ideal perfection, concerning which however scarcely any two of us can agree. The Antient Concerts are accused of adhering too much to the same selections and to old excellence—the Royal Academy Concerts were last year charged with deficiency of taste in choosing the flimsy productions of modern weakness and imitation. The indictment against the Philharmonic embraces both these points, and avers that sometimes they fall too readily into one extreme and sometimes into the other. The truth we suspect to be—that the task of selection is far more difficult than is readily imagined. Numerous as are the beautiful compositions of all the antient schools, the best have been exhausted—yet he who should determine to replace them, must do so at the hazard of taking those of a second or even inferior class—to which singers will not and perhaps ought not very willingly to assent. The connoisseur who frequents the concerts of London, and who in his own chamber employs himself in the study which had made him a connoisseur, is acted upon by habits and feelings not common to the general class of auditors. What is hacknied to his ears, is often either entirely new to the ears of those less conversant with music, or endeared by recollections of which his sense of refinement is not susceptible. In truth the fault is not so much in the direction as in the frequency of concerts. Were much more novelty indispensable, we do not hesitate to declare our belief, that if the singers could accomplish the perpetual change for which they necessarily must be called upon, they could do so only at the imminent hazard of risking the perfection of style and execution they now attain.

The vocal pieces performed at the Philharmonic are undoubtedly few, and ought therefore to be very choice—but even at the Philharmonic, the directors cannot always choose. This season it appears to us the selections have been superior to former years, yet they have embraced both the old and the new. Signor Zuchelli was placed before the audience both as an Italian and English singer—more than one of the *beauties* of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber have been brought forward. Old Handel has appeared in his might, while the moderns have been represented by Zingarelli, principally by Rossini, by Spohr, Gomis, and in the last resort by Frederici, Sapineza, and Pacini. There is no need to defend the choice of pieces from the first-named masters—Zingarelli's air was written expressly for Mr. Braham, and has been long esteemed by him one of his choicest *chevaux de bataille*. Miss Paton's execution of the song from *Faust* is by common consent admitted to be an extraordinary effort of art. From Rossini there was nothing that could be justly condemned, and the quartett of Gomis was amongst the most quaint, lively, and interesting things we ever heard, combining air and imagery with much science; the errors of the last night, if errors they were, shall stand by us unproved. The directors will pardon us for making a defence which to them may probably seem uncalled for, but there is a growing opinion engendered by some few instances probably of relaxed attention to this department, and we would willingly lend our aid to prevent its fixing into a prejudice.

On the whole the concerts of this year, though distinguished by quite as much solid excellence, had scarcely the same diversity, either as to compositions or performers, as those of the year preceding. By this remark we do not however intend "to hint a fault"—we merely state a fact.

In our last volume* we gave such an account of the rise of the Royal Academy Concerts as may spare us the necessity of going further into their origin. They were this year revived under the direction of nearly the same committee, and under the conduct of Sir George Smart. The list of subscribers we regret to say is not so numerous as last year—a circumstance the more to be regretted, because it was justly hoped that from this source

might be derived a valuable portion of the funds necessary to the support of the institution from which they emanate. These concerts embraced amusement and the patronage of an establishment with which, we do not hesitate to pronounce, the honour of the country, insofar as the art is concerned, is materially identified, and sure we are that the performances this year have merited by their structure and superiority the public aid in the fullest sense. While the Antient Concert aims at the conservation of a particular style—the Philharmonic at the improvement of instrumental music, and at the introduction of compositions and artists of eminent distinction, the committee of the Royal Academy, in their orchestra, have endeavoured to combine all these objects, and they have succeeded to a degree which has not perhaps been before paralleled, at the same time that they desire to create a school in which the rising talent of the country may be cherished, while it receives the united advantages of a general and a musical education upon a national foundation. Such objects, of a benefit so universal, ought not to need the amplest assistance, especially while there is opulence enough in the country to patronize talent of every class and from every clime.

Upon inspection of the schemes* it will be directly perceptible,

* FIRST CONCERT, *Monday, March 12, 1827.*

PART I.

Funeral Anthem on the Death of H. R. H. the Duke of York ;
composed expressly for this occasion by Wm. Crotch,
Mus. Doc. Professor of Music in the University of Oxford,
and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music in London,
"The joy of our heart is ceased."

Quartetto, Madame Caradori Allan, Mr. Terrail, Signor
Begrez, and Mr. Phillips, "Benedictus," and Chorus,
"Hosanna in excelsis!" (Requiem.)

Mozart.

Recit. Mr. Braham, "Deeper and deeper;" }
and Air, "Waft her, Angels." } (Jephtha.)

Handel.

Recit. and Air, Miss Stephens, "Farewell." }

Maurer.

Concerto, Violin, Mr. Kiesewetter.

Air, Miss Paton, "Gratias agimus." Clarionet Obligato,
Mr. Willnan.

Guglielmi.

Scene from the Creation.

Haydn.

Recitative, accompanied, Mr. Braham, "In splendour bright."

Grand Chorus, "The heavens are telling."

PART II.

Grand Sinfonia, No. 8.

Haydn.

Recit. ed Aria, Mad. Caradori Allan, "Deh! parlate" (Il
Sacrificio d' Abramo.)

Cimarosa.

that in respect to composition, the series has comprehended solid excellence with great diversity of manner, and in the performers

- Terzetto, Miss Paton, Signor Begrez, and Sig. Zuchelli,
 "Quel sembiante." (L'Inganno Felice.) *Rossini.*
 Aria, Signor Zuchelli, "Ah! se destarti in seno." (Pietro di
 Paragone.) *Rossini.*
 Recitativo, Miss Paton and Sig. Zuchelli; and Sestetto,
 Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Paton, Miss Watson, Signor
 Begrez, Mr. Phillips, and Signor Zuchelli, "Sola, Sola."
 (Il Don Giovanni.) *Mozart.*
 Overture to Prometheus. *Beethoven.*
 Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.—Conductor, Sir George Smart.

SECOND CONCERT, March 26, 1827.

PART I.

- Grand Sinfonia in C. *Beethoven.*
 Quartetto, Miss Bellchambers, Mr. W. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan,
 and Mr. Phillips, "O quam tristis." (From a Stabat Mater.) *Winter.*
 Anthem (composed expressly for, and performed at, the Coro-
 nation of his Majesty.) *Attwood.*
 Notturmo for two Oboes, two Clarinets, two Bassoons, and two
 Horns, Messrs. Ling, Cooke, Willman, Powell, Mackintosh,
 Tully, Platt, and Schuncke. *Mozart.*
 Duetto, Miss Fanny Ayton and Signor Curioni, "Ricciardo!
 che veggo." (Ricciardo e Zoraide.) *Rossini.*
 Recit. ed Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, "Il mio cor." *Cimarosa.*
 Grand Chorus and Fugue, "Cum sancto spiritu." (From a
 Service.) *Mozart.*

PART II.

- Overture to Euryanthe. *C. M. von Weber.*
 Scena ed Aria, Miss Paton, "Si, lo sento." (Faust.) *Spohr.*
 Duetto, Miss Paton and Signor de Begnis, "Far calzette."
 (La Sciocca per Astuzia.) *Mosca.*
 Scena ed Aria, Miss Fanny Ayton, "Ah! se poco è il duol."
 (Con Coro.) *Pacini.*
 Quintetto, Mad. Caradori Allan, Sig. Curioni, Mr. Phillips,
 Mr. A. Sapiro, and Sig. de Begnis, "Don Basilio," and "Buona
 sera." (Il Barbiere di Siviglia.) *Rossini.*
 Overture in D. *B. Romberg.*
 Leader, Mr. Spagnoletti.—Conductor, Sir George Smart.

THIRD CONCERT, Monday, April 30, 1827.

PART I.

- Grand Sinfonia. (Eroica.) *Beethoven.*
 To end with the Marcia Funebre, as a Tribute of Respect to
 the Memory of the Composer.
 Sestetto, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bellchambers, Mr.
 Vaughan, Mr. A. Sapiro, Mr. E. Spagnoletti, and Signor
 De Begnis, "Riconosci in questo amplesso." (Figaro.) *Mozart.*

the greatest variety of personal talent, while those who have attended, know that no other concert has ever approached so

- Quintetto (MS.) "Rosabelle," Miss Wilkinson, Miss Watson, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. A. Sapia. (The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.) *Horsley, M. B.*
 Terzetto, Madame Caradori Allan, Signor Galli, and Signor De Begnis, "O Nume benefico." (*La Gazza Ladra.*) *Rossini.*
 Concerto Violin, Master Mawkes (Pupil of the Royal Academy of Music.) *Mayseder.*
 Aria, Miss Stephens, "Parto." (*La Clemenza di Tito.*) *Mozart.*
 Sestetto, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Wilkinson, Signor Begrez, Signor Galli, Mr. A. Sapia, and Signor De Begnis, "E palese il tradamento." (*Matilda di Shabran.*) *Rossini.*

PART II.

- Overture to *Der Freischutz.* *C. M. von Weber.*
 Aria, Signor Galli, "Gia d'insolito adore." (*L' Italiana in Algeri.*) *Rossini.*
 Recitativo ed Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, "Ah! come rapida." (*Il Crociato.*) *Meyerbeer.*
 Duetto, Signor Begrez and Signor Galli, "Parlar, spiegar non posso." (*Mosè in Egitto.*) *Rossini.*
 Finale to the First Act of *Così fan Tutte*, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Bellchambers, Signor Curioni, Mr. A. Sapia, and Signor De Begnis. *Mozart.*
 Overture to *Anacreon.* *Cherubini.*
 Leader, Mr. Mori.—Conductor, Sir G. Smart.

FOURTH CONCERT, May 14, 1827.

PART I.

- Grand Sinfonia in E flat. *Mozart.*
 Septetto, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Childe, Miss Watson, Signor Begrez, Mr. E. Seguin, Mr. A. Sapia, and Signor De Begnis, "Oh come mai quest'anima." (*Bellezza e Cuor di Ferro.*) *Rossini.*
 Scena ed Aria, Mr. Sapia, "Ah! perfido." *Beethoven.*
 Aria, Madame Stockhausen, "Ch'io perdesse la mia pace." (*L' Audacia Fortunata.*) *Sapientza.*
 Coucertino Violino, (Sur un Motif de Rossini.) Monsieur de Beriot. *De Beriot.*
 Duetto, Madame Pasta and Signor De Begnis, "Non temer mio bel Cadetto." *Mercadante.*
 Finale to the First Act of *Figaro*, Madame Pasta, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Bellchambers, Signor Begrez, Mr. A. Sapia, Mr. E. Seguin, Mr. E. Spagnoletti, and Signor De Begnis. *Mozart.*

PART II.

- New Overture (MS.) C. Lucas. (Pupil of the Royal Academy of Music.)
 Aria, (MS.) Madame Pasta, (con coro) "Il braccie mie conquise." *Nicolini.*

nearly the supremacy of the Philharmonic in the performance of instrumental pieces. We particularly rejoice in this, because it

- Quintet, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Watson, Mr. Sapia, Mr. A. Sapia, and Mr. E. Seguin. "Blow, gentle gales," *Bishop.*
 New Rondo, (MS.) Signor De Begnis, "J'ai de l'argent;" *Castelli.*
 arranged expressly for Signor De Begnis by
 Duetto, Madame Stockhausen and Signor Begrez. "Amor *Rossini.*
 possente nome." (Armida.)
 Il Carnovale, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Bellechambers, Miss *Rossini.*
 Childe, Miss Watson, Mr. Sapia, Signor Begrez, Mr. A. *Kurpinski.*
 Sapia, and Signor De Begnis.
 Overture, (Ruins of Babylon.) First performance in this country.

Leader, Mr. Kiesewetter.—Conductor, Sir G. Smart.

FIFTH CONCERT, Monday, May 28, 1827.

PART I.

- Grand Sinfonia, in C minor *Beethoven.*
 Duetto, Signor Curioni and Signor Galli, "All' idea." (Il *Rossini.*
 Barbieri di Siviglia.)
 Recitativo ed Aria, Madame Pasta, "Berenice ove sei." *Jomelli.*
 (Lucio Vero.)
 Recitativo e Quartetto, Miss Stephens, Miss Watson, Signor *Mozart.*
 Curioni, Signor Galli, e Coro, "O voto tremendo."
 (Idomeneo.)
 Duetto, Madame Pasta and Signor Curioni, "Il tua destino *Nasolini.*
 ingrata." (Mitridate.)
 Motet, "O God, when thou appearest." The Solo parts by *Mozart.*
 Miss Stephens, Miss Childe, Mr. E. Spagnoletti, and Mr. *Mozart.*
 A. Sapia.

PART II.

- Overture to the Zauberflöte. *Mozart.*
 Scena ed Aria (first time of performance in this country), *Mozart.*
 Madame Pasta, "Tuoni a sinistra il Cielo," con Coro.
 Harp Obligato, Mr. Nielson. (Niobe.) *Pacini.*
 Quartet, Miss Stephens, Miss Watson, Mr. E. Spagnoletti, Mr. *Handel.*
 E. Seguin, and Chorus, "Cheer her, O Baal!" (Athalia.) *Nicholson.*
 Fantasia (MS.) Flute, Mr. Nicholson, "Au clair de la lune,"
 Recit. and Air, Miss Stephens, "With verdure clad." *Haydn.*
 (Oration.)
 Chorus, "The arm of the Lord is upon them." From a *Haydn.*
 Motet, adapted for the Oratorio of Judah, by Mr. *Goss.*
 Gardiner.)
 New Overture (MS.). First time of performance.

Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.—Conductor, Sir G. Smart.

SIXTH CONCERT, Monday, June 11th,

PART I.

- Grand Symphony (Jupiter.) *Mozart.*
 Air, "O Lord have mercy," Miss Wilkinson. *Pergolesi.*

demonstrates the absence of all that invidious feeling, which it has been very industriously circulated by the enemies of the Academy, did once exist. The higher branches of the profession, who have duly considered the respectability the establishment promises to give to its members, must we are persuaded be friendly to it, while all ideas of hostility ought to be banished by the character of the committee, whose only object can be, the honour of the country, the advancement of science, and the exaltation of professors. But to the concerts—the vocal department has demonstrated not less liberality than judgment. There was room however for a little more English, without flying in the face of fashion, and we can but think a little national partiality is demanded from such an institution. If we be asked how this is to be done better than by presenting the best models?—we say—encourage English composers.

Of the general acquirements of the pupils of the Academy this is not the place to speak at large. We may however say, that many of them, both vocal and instrumental, very creditably supported the character of the Academy and of their own industry and talent. A very long time is required to cultivate even the finest natural abilities to that superior degree of excellence that shall confer distinction—but there are instances even of the demonstration of such a pitch of attainment. Mawkes, the pupil of Signor

Recit. e Terzetto, "Pria di partir," (Idomeneo,) Madame Stockhausen, Miss Wilkinson, and Mr. Sapio.	Mozart.
Aria, "Palpita, incerto," (Otello) Madame Pasta.	Rossini.
Septuor, Instrumental.	Beethoven.
Duetto, con Coro, "Se tu m'ami." (Aureliano), Madame Pasta and Miss Wilkinson.	Rossini.
Finale to 1st Act of <i>Il Turco in Italia</i> .	Rossini.

PART II.

Overture, (<i>Egmont</i> .)	Beethoven.
Cavatina, "Lungi dal caro bene," (Sposa Fedele), Madame Pasta.	Pacini.
Sestetto, "Che terribile momento!" (Una in bene, Una in male.)	Paer.
Recit. ed Aria, "Non so d'onde viene," (<i>L'Olimpiade</i>), Mr. Sapio.	Cimarosa.
Scena, Aria, e Coro, "Nacqui all'affanno," (<i>La Cenerentola</i>), Madame Stockhausen.	Rossini.
Te Deum.	Haydn.
Jubilee Overture.	C. M. von Weber.
Leader, Mr. Spagnoletti.—Conductor, Sir G. Smart.	

Spagnoletti, played his concerto not alone with extraordinarily facile execution, but with a solidity of style alike honourable to himself and his master. In this point, the very foundation of good taste, it appeared to our judgment he outshone the little Italian Sivori, whose appearance at Madame Pasta's benefit we have already mentioned. The composition of Lucas is another striking indication of the advancement made at the Academy, for when, we may safely enquire, when has such orchestral writing been produced before a polished metropolitan audience with such success from the hand of so young a composer? The concerts certainly improved in their progression, and the schemes will shew the earnest desire of the committee to engage all the talent both English and Foreign, while the skill, experience, and tact of the conductor contributed, in no slight measure, to heighten the execution. Should the concerts be continued, as we trust they will, the effects cannot fail to be felt upon the subscription.

Having thus recorded the details and endeavoured to draw a general outline of the merits of the permanent concerts, we may turn to the benefits. These have been so numerous, as the sub-joined list* will shew, that it is impossible to go minutely into

* March 29	Dr. Crotch (Palestine)	June.. 4	Mrs. Hammond.
April . 5	Miss Hinkesman.	M. 5	Madame Cornega.
M. 26	City of London School, at St. Bride's Church.	M. 6	Mr. P. Cianchettini.
	27 Mr. Lindley.	M. 7	M. De Beriot.
May .. 3	Mr. Peile.	7	Mr. and Misses Dunn.
M. 4	Master Minasi.	8	Signors T. Rovedino and Liverati.
	4 Mr. Greatorex.	M. 8	Mr. Bochsa.
10	Mr. Nicholson.	M. 9	Master Litz.
11	Mr. F. Cramer.	12	Mr. Lovendal.
18	Mr. Neate.	M. 13	Miss I. Paton.
18	Mr. Sedlatzek.	14	Mr. Huerta.
16	Mr. C. Taylor.	15	Mr. Moscheles.
18	Mr. Vaughan.	M. 18	Signor G. Lanza.
18	Mrs. Anderson.	18	Mr. Kiesewetter.
22	Misses Gautherot.	June.. 20	Sig. De Begnis.
23	Mr. J. B. Cramer.	M. 22	M. Labarre and Poig- nié.
23	Mr. Begrez.	25	Sig. Spagnoletti.
25	Mr. Mori.	July.. 6	Mess. Righi & Negri.
26	Mad. Castelli.	11	Madame Brizzi.
M. 30	Mr. Wigley.	16	Master Sivori.
June . 2	Royal Society of Mu- sicians' dinner.	16	Mad. Duport.

* M. is prefixed to morning concerts.

these particulars. These and the private music occupy so vast a portion of the time and attention of the singers, that they contribute more than any other cause perhaps to that uniformity in selection against which so much complaint is laid. The principal vocalists must, if practicable, be had for all. It is necessary only to state this fact, to render it perfectly clear, that much diversity is impossible. The physical powers sink under the performance, where one, two, and even three concerts must be attended during the morning and evening, and upon those who are engaged at the Theatres the labour is much more severe. So manifold and multiplied indeed are these casual calls, that there is scarcely a concert but some that are announced are unavoidably absent. This not only opens the door to caprice, but to the annunciation of persons who have never been even asked to attend, and constantly to disorder and disarrangement. Upon this subject the subjoined letter from a correspondent, which reached us too late to appear in another place, may spare us further observation.

SINGERS AT BENEFIT CONCERTS.

To the Editor of the Quarterly Musical Review.

SIR—That the system of musical benefit performances is now carried to a ridiculous excess among us no one can deny. Go into the music shops during the “pretty spring time,” and you are distracted by the sight of numberless bills, announcing Mr. This, Master That, or Miss Tother’s “morning” or “evening concerts;” and if you take the trouble to enquire after many of the parties thus obtruding themselves on the public notice—among whom is a crowd of Signors and Signoras, Monsieurs and Mesdames, you find your enquiries vain, or have the satisfaction of discovering that their pretensions to patronage are in an inverse ratio to their presumption. There are, however, professors of singular merit, who with great reason make an annual claim on their friends; and when performers of such talent as Cramer, Mori, and Moscheles invite us, it is with pleasure we attend them.

Being in London when Moscheles’ last concert was given, I made a point of going to it, and circumstances which then occurred are the cause of my now addressing you.

When a musician of Mr. M.’s celebrity makes arrangements for a concert, it is fair to presume that he not only engages persons of the first eminence to assist him, but also does his best to insure their *punctual* attendance. Now, Sir, giving Mr. Moscheles credit for this precaution—without which he would have failed in respect to the public—I beg to call your attention to the very extraordinary order in which the pieces com-

It must not be forgotten that the Ancient Concerts occupy the Wednesday in every week—the Philharmonic and Royal Academy the Mondays—the Opera Tuesdays and Saturdays, and sometimes the Thursdays.

posing his concert were performed. This will be seen by a glance at the figures on the left side of the following bill: these figures, which shew the order of the performance that *actually* took place, were marked by a friend on whose accuracy I can rely.

PART I.

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|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1.—Overture to Oberon. | <i>C. M. von Weber.</i> —1 |
| 4.—Duetto, Madame STOCKHAUSEN and Mr. BEGREZ,
"Amor! possente nome."—(Armida.) | <i>Rossini.</i> —2 |
| 3.—First Movement of a new Concerto (MS.), Grand
Piano Forté, Mr. MOSCHELES. | <i>Moscheles.</i> —3 |
| 9.—Duetto Buffo, Signor DE BEGNIS and Signor GALLI,
"Se siato in corpo avete." | <i>Cimarosa.</i> —4 |
| 8.—Scena ad Aria, Madame STOCKHAUSEN. Flute
Obligato, Mr. NICHOLSON. | <i>Sapienza.</i> —5 |
| 6.—Fantasia, Violoncello (as performed at his last
Benefit Concert), Mr. LINDLEY. | <i>Lindley.</i> —6 |
| 2.—Ballad (MS.) Mr. PHILLIPS, "The Maid of Lan-
wellyn." | 7 |
| 7.—New Comic Song, Signor DE BEGNIS, "Eh vada
a dormire." (First time of performance.) | 8 |
| 10.—Grand Concertante Duet for two Piano Fortes,
Messrs. J. B. CRAMER and MOSCHELES. | |
| | <i>J. B. Cramer and Moscheles.</i> —9 |
| Duetto, Madame VESTRIS and Signor CURIONI,
"Ah se dei mali miei." | <i>Rossini.</i> —10 |

PART II.

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|--|-----------------------|
| 11.—Overture to Fidelio. | <i>Beethoven.</i> —11 |
| 5.—Cavatina, Signor CURIONI. | <i>Carafa.</i> —12 |
| 12.—The Recollections of Ireland, Fantasia, Grand
Piano Forte, with full Orchestral Accompani-
ments, Mr. MOSCHELES. | <i>Moscheles.</i> —13 |
| Song, Madame VESTRIS, "In infancy." | <i>Arne.</i> —14 |
| 14.—Fantasia, Violin, Monsieur DE BERIOT (Premier
Violon de leurs Majestés les Rois de France et
des Pays-Bas). | <i>De Beriot.</i> —15 |
| 13.—Song, Mr. VAUGHAN, "Gentle airs." Violoncello
Obligato, Mr. W. LINDLEY. | <i>Handel.</i> —16 |
| 15.—Extemporaneous Performance on the Piano Forte,
Mr. MOSCHELES. | 17 |
| A new Scotch Song, Madame VESTRIS, "Homage
to Charlie." (Written expressly for her.) | <i>A. Lcc.</i> —18 |
| 16.—Instrumental Finale. | <i>Haydn.</i> —19 |

Leader, Mr. F. CRAMER.

Conductor, Sir GEORGE SMART.

Mr. MOSCHELES is sorry to state, that both Madame CARADORI ALLAN and Mr. SAPIO are unavoidably prevented from singing this Evening. Signor CURIONI has kindly consented to take Mr. SAPIO's part in the Duet with Madame VESTRIS.

It would be difficult to describe the confusion which was occasioned in the minds of a great majority of those present by these unexpected mutations. To be sure Mr. Phillips, who should have sung at No. 7, was not

mistaken for Mad. Stockhausen, when he sang at No. 2; nor did any one conceive, when that lady and Monsieur Begrez mounted the orchestra at No. 4, that he was going to hear Signors Galli and De Begnis, who laid the whole audience under infinite obligations by singing at No. 9. Notwithstanding this, the question "what will be done next?" was perpetually asked, and I really lost all my patience in the din which it created.

You will observe that no figures are put against those pieces which were to have been sung by Madame Vestris—the reason is, she did not attend. Towards the conclusion of the concert, Sir G. Smart, who conducted, came forward, and stated that Madame Vestris was prevented from appearing "by a severe hoarsness:" she played, however, at the Haymarket Theatre on the same evening, and, according to the newspapers, was encored in "both her songs." I must whisper in your ear, Mr. Editor, that there were many who had dismal forebodings, when they looked forward to those interesting productions "In infancy" and "Homage to Charlie," and who were not a little relieved by the "severe hoarseness."

But may we not say of the other singers, (Messrs. Phillips and Vaughan excepted) that the extremely irregular manner in which they make their appearance was a great affront to the audience? True it is that at the present day, those highly favoured persons charge so enormously for their service, that, unless the major part of them condescend to perform gratis,* an instrumentalist, even of the high merit of Moscheles, is in danger of being a considerable loser by his "benefit."

Still I maintain, Sir, that when singers have given their promise to attend, and when the concert bill has been made out with their privacy and approbation, they are no longer pledged to an individual, but to the public—that public by whom they are fostered, and often too lavishly remunerated. When therefore from insolence, caprice, or idleness, they absent themselves, and throw into confusion that which was designed for our entertainment, they are deserving of reprobation; and a little of that chastisement which John Bull inflicts in our National Theatres, even on his favorites when they offend, would occasionally be of infinite service in our Concert-rooms. If our audiences, however, be too polite to interfere, or if they have a dread of visiting those, whose names happen to end in *alli*, *oni*, or *ini*, with any marks of their disapprobation, they must always expect to suffer from the neglect and inconvenience which I have now brought under your notice.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your most obedient humble servant,

C. B. A.

Cambridge, June 25, 1827.

We may perhaps add a little to our Correspondent's just observations. It is quite obvious that benefit concerts are far too frequent, and this their frequency entails much loss on the artist—dishonours the art by the very slovenly manner in which things never rehearsed are necessarily done—it perplexes the higher branches of the profession, and jumbles together all classes and degrees. Thus those who really deserve the public patron-

* I have heard, however, that Madame Vestris was regularly engaged by Mr. Moscheles.

age are justled out of a part of their rights and a valuable part, whilst pretenders of all sorts, musical and unmusical, who think to raise supplies by music and *by connection*, resort to the expedient of benefit concerts. This it may be thought will be an evil that will cure itself, but there is still more reason to fear the contagion of example operating upon those whose need is stronger than their principle. The evil consequences light by far too often upon the meritorious artist.

The private concerts have again given place this season more than formerly to balls. Fashion and the desire of change have something to do in these substitutions, but something also belongs to the expence of such parties. Not to have the very first artists is to degrade, and the charge for the attendance of the very first artists is proportionate to the demand for their services. Here again the desire of excess operates against the enjoyment of true pleasure, and thus the interests and the feelings of many excellent professors are sacrificed to the celebrity of one. Be this however as it may, private concerts have been fewer this year than for many preceding.

When we come to sum up the results of the transactions of the year, we find we can only refer to the conclusions* we drew at the close of the preceding season, for there is scarcely a single point of difference. No artists new to the country have either arrived from abroad or sprung up amongst ourselves† of sufficient authority to change in any degree the style or the manner of performance. No compositions of peculiar grandeur or popularity have appeared, and indeed, if in any thing, it is in this particular that the pause in the progression is most visible. The art is certainly more and more cultivated in every class of society, and it now solaces the brief moments of leisure amongst the indus-

* See vol. 8, page 178, *et seq.*

† The most promising theatrical appearance of the year was that of Miss Cawse, at Covent Garden. Miss Goward added much to her fame in *Dorcas*, and is rising fast as an actress and singer. We ought not perhaps to have omitted the music to the new pantomime by Mr. Woodarch, which was far better than is usual to such entertainments. Since the direction has been committed to Sir George Smart—the entr'act music has been of a higher cast—some of the finest movements of Haydn's, Mozart's, and Beethoven's symphonies have been introduced. At the oratorios (on the last night) Miss Grant, a pupil of Mr. Crivelli, at the Royal Academy, sung Mozart's "*Parto ma tu ben mio*," with such effect, that an enthusiastic encore followed.

trious classes (in large towns especially) scarcely less than it fills or amuses the greater void of time in more elevated society. If the public exhibitions seem less attended, which from the division of audiences and the frequency of concerts would strike the superficial observer to be the case, the private practice of the art is daily and hourly increasing, and, considered in the light of domestic gratifications, music now contends with literature.—There can be no question that taste is infinitely diversified, and it must also we presume be improved, though we certainly wish that English music were more and Italian less the care of fashion. But while the cause is obvious—namely, the voluptuous excitement and the impassionate energy of Italian expression, when compared with the structure of our English compositions and the colder manner of our execution—it is not so easy to propose a means of averting the effect. Such a means indeed lies plainly enough in making English compositions equally touching, and English singing equal to the Italian in force, fire, and feeling.—This however will never be done, we venture to prophecy, until we have a legitimate opera. All the power of the Italians, whether composers or singers, centres in their lyric theatres, and is from thence projected to make its way through all the circles of music. This must be taken to be sufficiently demonstrative of the fact. Our own composers know it by bitter experience, for the finest of their works make but a wretchedly slow progress towards a general reception unless they be sung on the stage. In a word the theatre gives the most immediate, most universal publicity—the music of the theatre is heightened by the passion and by the illusion of the scene, and therefore must be more deeply and more extensively impressed than music can be under any other circumstances. Hence too it is that the oratorios approach most nearly to theatrical representations in the popularity they confer.

The English glee is now nearly excluded, more perhaps than our songs, by the Italian finales and other concerted pieces. Of all the injustice done to native talent, this we consider to be the greatest and most inexcusable, for if in any department we are not only original but pre-eminently excellent, it is in this branch of writing. Our glees have not, it is true, the gabble of the Italian finales, nor their confusion, but they have all the clear-

ness, beauty, and effect that fine harmony, flowing melody, legitimate animation, and varied expression can bestow, and much as we admire *some* of the Italian concerted pieces, we cannot think them at all comparable to English glees, if considered as orchestral compositions and as adapted to the natural and wholesome taste of our own countrymen. We are glad to find that the Catch Club has again offered premiums for the best compositions in this species.

One affection of the mind has grown out of the rapid progression of music, which has always appeared to us to be as dangerous to art as it is found to be in its common acceptance to society, and this is—the desire for excess. All our musical exhibitions contain too much—too many pieces, too many singers, too much accompaniment. The consequences are first a contempt of every concert that does not comprehend far more than can be enjoyed, and lastly the languor that universally attends over-excitation of the faculties. Music thus becomes inordinately expensive and fatiguing. The worth of the amusement is not valued according to the enjoyment it confers, but according to the lustre of names and authorities—feeling, which ought to be the measure of our happiness, is abused and silenced, and an affectation of *virtù* is assumed, to the utter extinction of natural and *happy* sensation. Nobody will condescend to enjoy less than the extremest luxuries of the art, and even these they will not appear to enjoy; and thus lasting pleasure, because moderate pleasure, is voted to be no pleasure at all. In the mean time we witness the same results that we see are produced by “high civilization” upon the world at large—a lazy, insipid apathy that freezes all the springs of healthy action, and refines into listless and languid indifference all those sensations which were imparted, like the spontaneous activity of infancy, to increase by their exercise the delights of our faculties when vigorously (but not excessively) engaged and employed. If then we cannot stop this tendency of the mind, increased too as it now is by the prevalence of similar habits and indulgencies on all sides and upon all subjects, we may yet do some good in pointing out to those who are entering upon their gay career, the dangers that surround preternatural excitement, and thus too we shall hope to benefit art and artists, by inculcating a wiser direction of the enthusiasm we by no means

wish to abate, and the truth, that they will in the end enjoy the most, who can be content to enjoy no more at once than the senses can partake without satiety. Thus increase of appetite will grow by what it feeds upon, and mind and body be trained by prudent yet strong exercise, to the most complete gratification and the most perfect endowment.

Musical Reminiscences of an Old Amateur, chiefly respecting the Italian Opera in England, for fifty years, from 1773 to 1823. The Second Edition, continued to the present time. London. W. Clarke.

This little volume is avowedly the production of the Earl of Mount Edgumbe. It was printed three or four years ago for private circulation, and is now published with some additions. The general style is that of plain, modest, unambitious narrative, yet with so much decision as indicates the self-reliance drawn from well-directed musical studies, long experience and strong observation, a comparison of judgments with persons of authority or science, and above all a sincere love of truth. The collection of fifty years thus compacted cannot fail to contain much that is interesting.

Our Noble Author is, as might be anticipated, "*Laudator temporis acti*"—but while he frankly avows his contempt of modern music, he gives the world a fair account of the formation of his own principles of taste. His narrative is in the following words:

"I accordingly began these Reminiscences, thereby yielding a good deal to my own inclination, as the recollections I have been obliged to call back have afforded me no small gratification, having been passionately fond of music while music was really good, and having lived in what I consider as one of its most flourishing periods. So great a change has taken place within a few years, that I can no longer receive from it any pleasure approaching to that which I used to experience. The remembrance of the past is therefore infinitely more agreeable than the enjoyment of the present, and I derive the highest gratification music can yet afford me from hearing again, or barely recalling to mind what formerly gave me such unqualified delight. This pleasure can no longer be expected from professors, at least the Italian; but many English amateurs retain like myself the love for the good old style, and for the compositions of those excellent masters which modern caprice has thrown aside as obsolete, but which must ever be considered by real judges as superior to the fantastical and trifling frippery of the modern school. My remarks will no doubt appear very *old-fashioned*, and it is natural they should be so; but if it were possible to suppose they should be read fifty years hence, I think it very probable they would then be considered to be founded in truth and justice; as the present fanciful style seems to be such as must speedily pass away, and be replaced by one more true to nature, more resembling at least, if not quite reverting to, that simpler kind which must invariably please all who are susceptible of feeling the genuine, unsophisticated expression of really fine music."

There was a time when we entertained very much the same

notions Lord Mount Edgcumbe avows. But constant attention to music, and a comparison of our own opinions with those of others, have satisfied us that taste must always vary with the progression of knowledge. The world remembers that even in the age of Palestrina, music in parts was very nearly excluded from the service of the church, on account of "the light manner in which the Mass had been set and composed," and intermediately we find the tasteful Abate Metastasio censuring in the following terms, the manner of his day :

"The singers of the present times wholly forget, that their business is to imitate the speech of men, with numbers and harmony: on the contrary, they believe themselves more perfect, in proportion as their performance is remote from human nature. Their models are Nightingales, Flageolets, Crickets, and Grasshoppers; not the personages they represent, or their affections. When they have played their Symphony with the throat, they believe they have fulfilled all the duties of their art. Hence the audience keep their hearts in the most perfect tranquillity, and expect the performers merely to tickle their ears."

Again, says the poet of the lyric drama :

"Airs which are stiled *bravura*, of which you condemn the too frequent use, constitute the whole force of our music, which is trying to detach itself from poetry. In such airs, no attention is paid to character, situation, feeling, sense, or reason; and merely ostentatious of its own power of imitating violins and nightingales, it has only been able to communicate that pleasure which arises from surprise; and of acquiring the same applause which is justly bestowed on a rope-dancer or a tumbler, who is able, by tricks and dexterity, to surpass common expectation. Modern music, proud of such success, has daringly rebelled against poetry; and neglecting true expression, and regarding all attention to words, as a downright slavery, has indulged herself, in spite of common sense, in every kind of caprice and extravagance; making the theatre no longer resound with any other applause than that of these *arie di bravura*; with the vain inundation of which, she has hastened her own disgrace—after having, by her mad rebellion, first occasioned that of the miserably lacerated, disfigured, and ruined drama. Pleasures which are unable to gratify the mind or touch the heart, are of short duration—for though men corporally suffer themselves to be easily captivated by unsuspected mechanical sensations, they do not for ever renounce their reasoning faculties. In short, this vicious taste is at present indulged to such an intolerable excess, that I shall either soon consent that this fugitive servant shall be placed anew under a tutoress, who can so well embellish her, or else, entirely separating music from dramatic poetry, let poetry content herself with her own native melody, such as good poets never fail to furnish; and let the other be employed in turning the various voices of a chorus, in regulating the harmony of a concert, or guiding the steps of a dance, but without ever again putting on the buskin."

These passages were written, the first in 1755, the last in 1765, and in 1796 Dr. Burney, the scientific editor of Metastasio's life and correspondence, added the following note :

"If (I cannot help repeating) thirty years ago Metastasio was tired and dis-

gusted with the abuse of *execution*, commonly called *bravura*, in vocal music, what would he say now? The evil has certainly had a most rapid increase since this letter was written; for now scarce any other excellence (as some think it) is aspired at, but *rapidity*, and splitting notes into halves. Indeed, the *diatonic* scale is in danger of being as entirely lost, and its existence disputed (particularly in pieces for keyed-instruments) as the *Enharmonic genus* of the ancient Greeks. Even time or rhythm, the $\tau\acute{o} \tau\acute{\alpha}\nu$ of the Greeks, and all sense of regular and exact measure, seem in equal danger from the excessive use of the modern refinement, called *RALENTANDO*."

These comments were made by the most accomplished critics concerning the very music (and the best almost at the very time) which Lord Mount Edgcombe praises so highly. Here then we have evidence enough to convince the enquirer, that taste belongs to no particular age, and if more proof be wanting, we may again recur to the letters of the poetical Abate, who, in one addressed to Signor L. Mattei, concerning the music of the antients, says—

"Music is the object of a particular sense; and the senses, either from their natural variations, or those which different habits occasions, change their taste, not only every century, but every season. A banquet dressed at present by the receipt of *Apicius*, would disgust the strongest stomachs. The so much boasted *Bacchi cura*, *Falernus ager*, in the opinion of modern palates, would now produce a wine only fit for galley-slaves. Bitter nauseous coffee, worse than poison itself, according to Redi, is become a most delightful beverage to all the inhabitants of the globe; and who knows whether at last he did not grow fond of it himself. The airs which so enchanted our forefathers, are now become coarse, disgusting, and insupportable lullabies, to modern ears. What then shall we call the perfection of music, subject as it is to the decisions of taste, which is itself every moment changing? and whence shall I take a certain model from which to determine, whether I judge from sound principles or the delirium of taste!"

However heretical our opinions may be, we must therefore endeavour to solve the problem by the acknowledged fact, that the first ages of art are distinguished by simplicity and force, and that in the progression of time ornamental parts are continually superadded, and of these every current age complains as direful innovations. The truth is, that the severe taste of Lord Mount Edgcombe was acquired during a period when music addressed itself to the purer and more sublime affections. Now she aims at exciting voluptuous sensation, and the probable clue to his Lordship's continued and may we not say exclusive adhesion to the former and we are ready to allow the better style, is to be found in the subsequent admission. His Lordship says—

"For the last twenty years I have ceased to take the same interest in it, and have been but an occasional, even a rare visitor of the theatre: for several seasons I scarcely entered its doors. As the good singers disappeared, and

remained unreplaced, as the style of the compositions changed, and as their execution deviated more and more from what I had been accustomed to in the *golden age* of the opera, my curiosity diminished with my pleasure, and though both have latterly been occasionally revived, yet I never expect to hear again what I have done, or any new music, or new singers that will make me amends for those which are gone."

Our early predilections still retain much of their power over our own judgments, and the more so because we believe them to be founded more on the true principles of expression than on our primitive associations; but nevertheless we are free to confess that we have taken some of the contagion of the modern times, and have been enlivened and even animated by the sprightly melodies of modern composers, when the grave flow of the smooth but comparatively sombre airs of a previous age, have seemed heavier than they were wont to do before we had accustomed ourselves to the stimulus of the vivacious and seductive themes to which we have alluded. And so ends our digression concerning taste.

Lord Mount Edgumbe's narrative begins pretty nearly where Dr. Burney's history left off, and supplies from a better authority than any the world at present possesses, a continuation of the transactions of the opera down to the present time. Good taste, sound judgment in the plainest and most unambitious language, we repeat are the characteristics of his Lordship's pages.

Some of the most curious parts are the records of the masters of the great school of the soprani, now trembling towards extinction. For the sake of humanity this cannot be a subject of regret, but many of the most eminent professors and conosciuti seem to agree, that on the score of science, it is much to be lamented. For say they, music was the sole hope, the sole employment, the sole means of exaltation, the sole pleasure of these individuals. They were sensitive to a much higher degree than any other class of human beings, and for all these reasons they carried the polish of the art to much more exalted perfection. Every candid judge must we fear admit the truth of this representation to have been justified by the opportunity of judging afforded in the performance of Signor Velluti, whose fine taste and exquisite feeling, though conveyed by a failing organ, unquestionably surpassed that of any singer, male or female, whom it was ever our lot to hear. The remaining few of the generation who ad-

mired Pacchierotti all declare that he was the greatest singer England had seen since Farinelli, and thus it is our noble author describes his attainments:—

“Pacchierotti’s voice was an extensive soprano, full and sweet in the highest degree; his powers of execution were great, but he had far too good taste and too good sense to make a display of them where it would have been misapplied, confining it to one bravura song (*aria di agilità*) in each opera, conscious that the chief delight of singing, and his own supreme excellence, lay in touching expression, and exquisite pathos. Yet he was so thorough a musician that nothing came amiss to him; every style was to him equally easy, and he could sing, at first sight, all songs of the most opposite characters, not merely with the facility and correctness which a complete knowledge of music must give, but entering at once into the views of the composer, and giving them all the spirit and expression he has designed. Such was his genius in his embellishments and cadences, that their variety was inexhaustible. He could not sing a song twice in exactly the same way; yet never did he introduce an ornament that was not judicious and appropriate to the composition. His shake, then considered as an indispensable requisite, without which no one could be esteemed a perfect singer, was the very best that could be heard in every form in which that grace can be executed: whether taken from above or below, between whole or semi-tones, fast or slow, it was always open, equal, and distinct, giving the greatest brilliancy to his cadences, and often introduced into his passages with the happiest effect.* As an actor, with many disadvantages of person, for he was tall and awkward in his figure, and his features were plain, he was nevertheless forcible and impressive: for he felt warmly, had excellent judgment, and was an enthusiast in his profession. His recitative was inimitably fine, so that even those who did not understand the language could not fail to comprehend, from his countenance, voice, and action, every sentiment he expressed. As a concert singer, and particularly in private society, he shone almost more than on the stage; for he sung with greater spirit in a small circle of friends, and was more gratified with their applause, than in a public concert room, or crowded theatre. I was in the habit of so hearing him most frequently, and having been intimately acquainted with him for many years, am enabled to speak thus minutely of his performance. On such occasions he would give way to his fancy, and seem almost inspired; and I have often seen his auditors, even those the least musical, moved to tears while he was singing. Possessing a very large collection of music, he could give an infinite variety of songs by every master of reputation. I have more than once heard him sing a cantata of Haydn’s, called *Arianna a Naxos*, composed for a single voice with only a piano-forte accompaniment, and that was played by Haydn himself: it is needless to say the performance was perfect. To this detail of his merits and peculiar qualities as a singer, I must add that he was a worthy, good man, modest and diffident even to a fault; for it was to an excess that at times checked his exertions, and made him dissatisfied with himself,

* This, perhaps the most beautiful of graces, is now entirely lost in Italy: not one singer of that country so much as attempts it. From the English it still is heard, and often in great perfection.

We may venture to add to Lord M.’s note, that the shake has lately again appeared. Velluti used it, and Pasta often introduces it. Their shake is however more rapid, and less “open, equal, and distinct,” than that of English professors.

when he had given the greatest delight to his hearers. He was unassuming in his manners, grateful and attached to all his numerous friends and patrons."

It is curious to perceive the candour with which Lord M. makes admissions calculated to strengthen our notice that "taste must always vary with the progression of knowledge," and we take it as the most convincing proof of his Lordship's love of truth. Of this we find the following instance, which we cannot deny ourselves the advantage, and him the justice of quoting.

"The buona figliuola was revived very many years after by Catalani; but the taste was so changed, that the old music, rather quaint and odd, it must be confessed, to modern ears, was no longer relished, and did not succeed."

Every body knows the *furore* with which the opera he speaks of was received on its production. *Il Matrimonio segreto* of Cimarosa was even a more universal favourite, and its reproduction within the last few months on the continent has been attended with similar manifestations of disappointment, even where it has been the most ably got up. We know not whether the decline of art had commenced in Italy, or whether the excellence of Italians has been overrated, or whether the improved cultivation of art in our country has enabled English amateurs to look with diminished veneration upon the state of music in Italy, but certain it is that our author agrees with most of the later travellers in estimating the musical exhibitions of that country much lower than the world has been accustomed to consider them. "Upon the whole," says Lord M.

"I was surprised at hearing so little very good in that country, and still more so at the extreme badness of much which I have passed over unnoticed. At the small towns, such as Nice, Trieste, and others, there were operas, if indeed they deserved that name, for the singers were little better than those of the streets, and would not have been tolerated for a moment in England. But the passion for music cannot be so great in that land of song as we are apt to suppose: for on inquiring in any town if the opera was good, I was uniformly answered, Oh! sì; bellissimi balli! and indeed in general the dances are more thought of, and attended to in greater *silence*, than the opera itself, in which, if there is one, or at most two good performers, and as many good songs, it is quite sufficient, and the rest may be as bad as possible without giving any offence. Yet the ballets are long and wearisome in the extreme, absolute tragedies in pantomime (I saw Romeo and Juliet danced); and nothing is to me so delightful as a really good opera."

His Lordship's account of Madame Mara differs in one essential particular from those who have spoken of this celebrated person, namely in denying that she was herself inspired by the feeling she was so successful in imparting to others. This goes against the

maxim of the Roman orator, "*si vis me flere, primum flendum est tibi*," and upon this general ground we should be inclined to doubt the justice of Lord M.'s interpretation. It is thus he speaks of her:—

"Mara's talents as a singer (for she was no actress and had a bad person for the stage) were of the very first order. Her voice clear, sweet, distinct, was sufficiently powerful, though rather thin, and its agility and flexibility rendered her a most excellent bravura singer, in which style she was unrivalled; and though she succeeded so well in some of Handel's most solemn and pathetic songs, yet while it was impossible to find fault, still there appeared to be a want of that feeling in herself, which, nevertheless, she could communicate to her hearers. Her performance in this opera was perfect, and gave entire satisfaction."

"*Rubinelli*.—This excellent singer (who has been named before) possessed a contralto voice of fine quality, but limited compass. It was full, round, firm, and steady in slow movements, but had little agility, nor did he attempt to do more than he could execute perfectly. His style was the true cantabile, in which few could excel him: his taste was admirable and his science great; his figure tall and commanding, his manner and action solemn and dignified. In short, he must be reckoned, if not the first, yet of the first class of fine singers.

"*Marchesi*, whose fame had long reached this country, and who had been extolled to such a degree that impatience and expectation was raised to the highest pitch; and on the first night of his appearance the theatre was not only crowded to the utmost in every part, but on the rising of the curtain, the stage was so full of spectators that it was some time before order and silence could be obtained, and with some difficulty that Marchesi, who was to open the opera, could make his way before the audience. Marchesi was at this time a very well-looking young man, of good figure, and graceful deportment. His acting was spirited and expressive: his vocal powers were very great, his voice of extensive compass, but a little inclined to be thick. His execution was very considerable, and he was rather too fond of displaying it, nor was his cantabile singing equal to his bravura. In recitative, and scenes of energy and passion he was incomparable, and had he been less lavish of ornaments, which were not always appropriate, and had possessed a more pure and simple taste, his performance would have been faultless: it was always striking, animated, and effective. He chose for his debut Sarti's beautiful opera of *Giulio Sabino*, in which all the songs of the principal character, and they are many and various, are of the very finest description. But I was a little disappointed at Marchesi's execution of them, for they were all familiar to me, as I had repeatedly heard Pacchierotti sing them in private, and I missed his tender expression, particularly in the last pathetic scene, and lamented that their simplicity should be injured, as it was, by an over-flowery style. The comparison made me like Marchesi less than I had done at Mantua, or than I did in other subsequent operas here."

In comparing the three soprani, "the three finest that Italy ever produced," the noble Lord comes to the following conclusion.

"I should say that *Rubinelli* was the most simple, *Marchesi* the most brilliant, *Pacchierotti* the most touching singer. The style of the first was chaste and dignified; that of the second florid and spirited; while the third,

combining all styles, and joining to exuberance of fancy the purest taste and most correct judgment, united every excellence, could by his variety please all descriptions of hearers, and give unqualified delight to every true lover of really good music.*

Of all singers Banti appears to have been the greatest favourite with our author, and it is thus he describes her:—

“We are now come to an interesting period in operatical history, the arrival of Banti, whom I must ever consider as far the most delightful singer I ever heard. She had begun the world as a *cantante di piazza*, and as such having attracted notice by her fine voice, she had been taken from her humble calling, taught, and brought out as a singer in concerts, first at Paris, and then in England, as before mentioned, at the Pantheon, under the name of Giorgi. But though she had the best masters, she was an idle scholar, and never would apply to the drudgery of her profession: but in her, genius supplied the place of science, and the most correct ear, with the most exquisite taste, enabled her to sing with more effect, more expression, and more apparent knowledge of her art, than many much better professors. She never was a good musician, nor could sing at sight with ease; but having once learnt a song, and made herself mistress of its character, she threw into all she sung more pathos and true feeling than any of her competitors. Her natural powers were of the finest description: her voice sweet and beautiful throughout, had not a fault in any part of its unusually extensive compass. Its lower notes, which reached below ordinary sopranos, were rich and mellow; the middle full and powerful, and the very high totally devoid of shrillness: the whole was even and regular, one of those rich *voci di petto*, which can alone completely please and satisfy the ear. In her youth it extended to the highest pitch, and was capable of such agility that she practised and excelled most in the bravura style, in which she had no superior; but losing a few of her upper notes, and acquiring a taste for the cantabile, she gave herself up almost entirely to the latter, in which she had no equal.”

One of the most interesting parts of the book is the section (vi) which embraces the characters of Billington, Grassini, Catalani, and Braham, singers of our own times; and, in justice to Lord Mount Edgumbe, we shall make extracts from his opinion concerning these great artists, in order that his truth with respect to those which are gone by, may be judged by a reference to what he has said concerning those who have either been recently or are continually heard.

“*Mrs. Billington at Covent Garden.*—Her voice, though sweet and flexible, was not of that full nature which formed the charm of Banti’s, but was rather a *voce di testa*, and in its very high tones resembled a flute or flageolet. Its agility was very great, and every thing she sung was executed in the neatest manner, and with the utmost precision. Her knowledge of music enabled her

* Of these three celebrated singers Marchesi alone survives: Rubini died long since in the prime of life, and Pacchierotti a few years ago at Padua, where he had settled and lived in easy circumstances to an advanced age.”

to give great variety to her embellishments, which, as her taste was good, were always judicious.

"With all these great and undisputed excellences something yet was wanting, for she possessed not the feeling to give touching expression, even when she sung with the utmost delicacy and consummate skill. Her face was handsome, and her countenance full of good humour, but it was incapable of change, and she was no actress. I therefore missed Banti extremely during her whole first season, and did not admire her as much as the public at large, nor as I afterwards did when I became more fully acquainted with her merits, which, strange to say, I began to appreciate more highly from the very circumstance which rather lowered her favour, and she rose in my estimation from the comparison which tended rather to sink her in that of the public.

"The event to which I allude was the arrival of Grassini, who was engaged for the next season as first woman alternately with Mrs. Billington. This very handsome woman was in every thing the direct contrary of her rival. With a beautiful form, and a grace peculiarly her own, she was an excellent actress, and her style of singing was exclusively the cantabile, which became heavy *à la longue*; and bordered a little on the monotonous: for her voice, which it was said had been a high soprano, was by some accident reduced to a low and confined contralto. She had entirely lost all its upper tones, and possessed little more than one octave of good natural notes; if she attempted to go higher, she produced only a shriek, quite unnatural, and almost painful to the ear. Her first appearance was in *La Vergine del Sole*, an opera of Mayer's, well suited to her peculiar talents: but her success was not very decisive as a singer, though her acting and her beauty could not fail of exciting high admiration. So equivocal was her reception, that when her benefit was to take place she did not dare encounter it alone, but called in Mrs. Billington to her aid, and she, ever willing to oblige, readily consented to appear with her. The opera composed for the occasion by Winter was *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, in which Mrs. Billington acted Ceres, and Grassini Proserpine. And now the tide of favour suddenly turned; the performance of the latter carried all the applause, and her graceful figure, her fine expression of face, together with the sweet manner in which she sung several easy simple airs, stamped her at once the reigning favorite. Her deep tones were undoubtedly fine, and had a particularly good effect when joined with the brilliant voice of Mrs. Billington; but though, from its great success, this opera was frequently repeated, they never sang together in any other. Grassini having attained the summit of the ladder, kicked down the steps by which she had risen, and henceforth stood alone. Not only was she rapturously applauded in public, but she was taken up by the first society, *fêtée*, caressed, and introduced as a regular guest in most of the fashionable assemblies.

"As I before observed, it was the comparison of these two rival performers that discovered to me the great superiority of Mrs. Billington as a musician and as a singer. But as every one has eyes, and but few musical ears, the superior beauty was the most generally admired, and no doubt the deaf would have been charmed with Grassini,* while the blind must have been delighted with Mrs. Billington.

* Madame G. is living at Paris, and retains nearly all her personal charms, though her voice is much impaired and her manner totally unfitted for the music of the day, which she sings in private, though she never appears in public.—Ed.

Though it seems needless to say much of so well known a performer, yet it is impossible to pass over a singer of Braham's reputation without some remark. All must acknowledge that his voice is of the finest quality, of great power, and occasionally, sweetness. It is equally certain that he has great knowledge of music, and *can* sing extremely well. It is therefore the more to be regretted that he should ever do otherwise, that he should ever quit the natural register of his voice by raising it to an unpleasant falsetto, or force it by too violent exertion: that he should depart from a good style and correct taste, which he knows and can follow as well as any man, to adopt at times, the over-florid and frittered Italian manner; at others to fall into the coarseness and vulgarity of the English. The fact is, that he can be two distinct singers according to the audience before whom he performs, and that to gain applause he condescends to sing as ill at the play-house as he has done well at the opera. His compositions have the same variety, and he can equally write a popular noisy song for the one, or its very opposite for the other. A duetto of his introduced into the opera of *Gli Orazi*, sung by himself and Grassini, had great beauty, and was in excellent taste.*

"After three years of divided reign, both retired; Mrs. Billington, though in full possession of all her powers, quitting the stage entirely, and Grassini, feeling her extreme high favour a little on the decline, wisely returning to Italy.

"The great, the far-famed Catalani supplied the place of both, and for many years reigned alone, for she would bear no rival, nor any singer sufficiently good to divide the applause. Of this celebrated performer it is well known that her voice is of a most uncommon quality, and capable of exertions almost supernatural. Her throat seems endued (as has been remarked by medical men) with a power of expansion, and muscular motion by no means usual, and when she throws out all her voice to the utmost, it has a volume and strength that are quite surprising, while its agility in divisions, running up and down the scale in semitones, and its compass in jumping over two octaves at once, are equally astonishing. It were to be wished she was less lavish in the display of these wonderful powers, and sought to please more than to surprise; but her taste is vicious, her excessive love of ornament spoiling every simple air, and her greatest delight (indeed her chief merit) being in songs of a bold and spirited character, where much is left to her discretion (or indiscretion) without being confined by the accompaniment, but in which she can indulge in ad libitum passages with a luxuriance and redundancy no other singer ever possessed, or if possessing ever practised, and which she carries to a fantastical excess. She is fond of singing variations on some known simple air, and latterly has pushed this taste to the very height of absurdity by singing, even without words, variations composed for the fiddle. This is absolute nonsense, a lamentable misapplication of that finest of instruments, the human voice, and of the delightful faculty of song. Whenever I hear such an outrageous display of execution, either vocal or instrumental, I never fail to recollect, and cordially join in the opinion of a late noble states-

* "Braham has done material injury to English singing by producing a host of imitators. What is in itself not good, but may be endured from a fine performer, becomes insufferable in bad imitation. Catalani has done less mischief, only because her powers are *unique* and her astonishing execution unattainable. Many men endeavour to rival Braham; no woman can aspire to being a Catalani."

man, more famous for his wit than for love of music, who, hearing a remark on the extreme *difficulty* of some performance, observed, that he wished it was *impossible*.*

"From what has been said it may readily be conceived that Catalani has a bad choice in music, and that she prefers the compositions of inferior masters, written expressly for herself, to the more regular of better composers.

"Latterly she assumed also the place of first buffa, and succeeded equally well in that line. Indeed she gave me more pleasure in the comic than the serious opera, as she sung with greater simplicity and ease. In both, her acting was excellent; in the one majestic, forcible, and expressive; in the other natural, playful, and genteel. Her face and figure were suited to both; for she is very handsome, with a countenance peculiarly fine on the stage, and capable of great variety of expression. Though the outline of her features is decidedly tragic, (almost Siddonian,) yet she can relax them into the most charming smile, and assume the character not merely of gaiety, but even of *niaiserie*, and of arch simplicity; so that her versatile powers fit her for every style. With all her faults therefore (and no great singer ever had so many) she must be reckoned a very fine performer, and if the natural powers with which she is so highly gifted were guided by sound taste and judgment, she might have been a perfect one.

"Since she left our stage she has never trod any other, except at Paris, where she opened a small theatre under her own management—but the undertaking was not successful, and it is singular that the most famous singer and actress of her time has remained so long without any theatrical engagement.—But her inordinate terms make it impossible for any manager to incur so great an expense, and she has found it more agreeable to her taste, and probably more advantageous to her interest, to travel throughout nearly the whole of Europe, giving concerts, at which she is generally the only vocal performer. She has made one such visit to England, and may in all probability make more, as she retains a partiality for this country, where she has been more extravagantly admired and paid than in any other. She has had the least success in her own, where she has sung but little, and where her talents are appreciated at their just value. As in what has been said she may have appeared in rather an unamiable light, it is but justice to add, that off the stage there is not an unamiable trait in her character. She is an excellent woman, and in every relation of private life her conduct is irreproachable."

It certainly increases not only the interest, but augments and concentrates our knowledge of singers long gone by, to class and compare them. This our author has done in his usual plain and concentrated manner.

"But first I would take a short retrospective view of the two last periods, and bring into comparison with each other the five great female singers of whom I have spoken so much at length individually.

* "This *bon mot* has generally been given to Dr. Johnson, but I have reason to know it was said by the noble Lord alluded to, of whom a similar one is recorded confirming his distate for music. Being asked why he did not subscribe to the Ancient Concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it that his brother the Bishop of W***** did, "Oh," replied his Lordship, "if I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too."

"They may be divided into two classes, of which Madame Mara and Mrs. Billington form the first; and they were in most respects so similar, that the same observations will apply equally to both. Both were excellent musicians, thoroughly skilled in their profession: both had voices of uncommon sweetness and agility, particularly suited to the bravura style, and executed to perfection, and with good taste, every thing they sung. But neither was an Italian, and consequently both were deficient in recitative: neither had much feeling; both were deficient in theatrical talents, and they were absolutely null as actresses; therefore they were more calculated to give pleasure in the concert-room than on the stage.

"The other three on the contrary had great and distinguished dramatic talents, and seemed born for the theatrical profession. They were all likewise but indifferently skilled in music, supplying by genius what they wanted in science, and thereby producing the greatest and most striking effects on the stage: these are their points of resemblance. Their distinctive differences, I should say were these; Grassini was all grace, Catalani all fire, Banti all feeling; and by a singular coincidence, forming almost exact counterparts of the three great singers before compared together, the first may be said to have borne a strong resemblance in her style to Rubinelli, the second to Marchesi, and the third to have united in a high degree all the varied excellences of Pacchierotti."

Lord Mount Edgumbe's observations upon the changes in the structure of the opera itself are amongst the most important records his book contains. He remarks the more general conversion of the serious and comic operas (formerly distinct classes) into a melancholic mixture of both, thus destroying almost altogether the great style, and the substitution of concerted pieces for regular airs. This his Lordship attributes in a degree to "the acknowledged decline of singing." We doubt the justice of the inference, and rather incline to the belief that the want of voices from the disuse of the soprani (a custom we still however cannot regret) and the different style of composition, have had a reciprocal action in producing this undesirable change. Our author expresses his surprize that Mozart should have written two of his best operas for a base. While we admit the validity of his objections to making the base the principal, we are to remark that Haydn did the same in his oratorio of *The Creation*, where *Raphael* and *Adam*, both bases, have the finest parts committed to them. We beg to point out, that this was the æra when the change was made in the style of base singing, and when the heavy mechanical divisions, requiring only volume of voice, were exchanged, not only for a lighter, but more just and beautiful manner of expression. Mozart continued in the theatre what Haydn had affected in the church, and this very circum-

stance constituted one of the most remarkable features in the musical progression of the time. But we certainly join Lord Mount Edgecombe in his protest against the usurpation of the tenor part by the base, at the same time that we admit the improvement by which the base is made not only more capable but far more agreeable. In duets, the distance between the base and soprano leaves, it is true, a considerable vacuum in the harmony—but in this, as in all other cases, we must judge by effects, and the composers of the former as well as of this age have been eminently successful in combining them. The rage for concerted pieces (finales) has been carried much too far, since granting the fullest praise to such complications, it will scarcely be maintained, even by their greatest admirers, that in expression—in that species of expression which is most natural and most touching, the passion a single voice is capable of conveying—it will scarcely be maintained, we conceive, that such pieces are at all comparable to solos. The truth is, as our author states, that such pieces are far too numerous and too noisy. The perfection of an opera seems to our apprehension to consist in the variety as well as of the grandeur of the effects, and this can only be attained by a just distribution of parts. Lord Mount Edgecombe's opinions upon this point are well worth the attention both of composers and of auditors.

Madame Fodor does not occupy the place in his Lordship's estimation to which the world has thought her entitled—but to Mad. Camporese he does full justice. We are happy to find the opinions we have recorded concerning this well bred, well educated, and superior woman, so completely confirmed. She was, both in accomplishment and in character, in fact in every sense, an ornament to the profession. Madame Ronzi is also highly but truly described by his Lordship. He rapidly passes over the events of the last seasons, of which ill health has prevented his being a continual auditor, but we cannot omit to support our own testimony by his, with regard to one who has divided the public sentiment, and who we cannot but consider has been treated with unmerited neglect. Nothing can be more just than those parts of the narrative concerning which we are able to form a judgment. We have not the means of comparing Velluti with his great predecessors and therefore he stands higher in our judgment in some

points than in that of Lord M. Certain we are that no singer of our time has ever moved our affections so strongly, nor ever satisfied our judgment so completely in the intellectual branches of the art.

"I have now to record an event which excited great curiosity in the musical world, and for a time was of considerable advantage to the theatre, closing its season with great éclat. This was the arrival of a male *soprano* singer, the only one left on the Italian stage, who has for many years, perhaps only from having no rival in his line, been looked upon as the best singer of his country. He came to this with strong and numerous recommendations, but under no engagement for the Opera, and he had been here some time before the manager dared to produce so novel and extraordinary a performer. No singer of this description had appeared here for a quarter of a century, so that the greater part of those who formerly were delighted with Pacchierotti, Marchesi, &c. were now no more, and a generation had sprung up who had never heard a voice of the sort, and were strongly prejudiced against it. His first reception at concerts was far from favorable, the scurrilous abuse lavished upon him before he was heard, cruel and illiberal; and it was not till after long deliberation, much persuasion and assurances of support that the manager ventured to engage him for the remainder of the season. Even then, such was the popular prejudice and general cry raised against him, that unusual precautions were deemed necessary to secure a somewhat partial audience, and prevent his being driven from the stage on his first entry upon it, which seemed to be a pre-determined measure. At length, the first appearance of Signor Velluti was announced to take place, on an unusual night, for *his own benefit*, granted him, it was said, on account of the great trouble he had taken, (to use a theatrical phrase) in *getting up* the new opera; which indeed was true, for as he had a perfect knowledge of the stage, he entirely directed all the performances in which he took a part. As he had brought me a letter of introduction from a friend at Florence, and my curiosity was a good deal raised from the representation given to me of his talents, I was induced once more to enter a theatre, and was present on that occasion. At the moment when he was expected to appear, the most profound silence reigned in one of the most crowded audiences I ever saw, broken on his advancing by loud applauses of encouragement. The first note he uttered gave a shock of surprise, almost of disgust, to inexperienced ears, but his performance was listened to with attention and great applause throughout, with but few *audible* expressions of disapprobation speedily suppressed. The opera he had chosen for his début was *Il Crociato in Egitto*, by a German composer named Mayerbeer, till then totally unknown in this country. The music was quite of the new school, but not copied from its founder Rossini: it was original, odd, flighty, and might even be termed *fantastic*, but at times beautiful; here and there most delightful melodies and harmonies occurred, but it was unequal. Solos were as rare as in all the modern operas, but the numerous concerted pieces much shorter and far less noisy than Rossini's, consisting chiefly of duets and terzettos with but few chorusses, and no overwhelming accompaniments. Indeed Mayerbeer has rather gone into the contrary extreme, the instrumental parts being frequently so slight as to be almost meagre, while he has sought to produce new and striking effects from the voices alone. The first woman's part was filled by Caradori, the only singer left who could undertake it, Pasta's engagement having terminated, and her performance gave great satisfaction. Though from want of power she is not to be ranked in the first line of prima

donnas, it may truly be said she is *without a fault*. Her voice is sweet, but not strong, her knowledge of music very great, her taste and style excellent, full of delicacy and expression. In a room she is a perfect singer. Her genteel and particularly modest manner, combined with a very agreeable person and countenance, render her a pleasing and interesting, though not a surprising performer. The young Garcia also appeared to advantage in this opera.

"To speak more minutely of Velluti. This singer is no longer young, and his voice is in decay. It seems to have had considerable compass, but has failed (which is extraordinary) in its middle tones, many of which are harsh and grating to the ear. Some of his upper notes are still exquisitely sweet, and he frequently dwells on, swells, and diminishes them with delightful effect. His lower notes too are full and mellow, and he displays considerable art in descending from the one to the other by passages ingeniously contrived to avoid those which he knows to be defective. His manner is florid without extravagance, his embellishments (many of which were new to me) tasteful and neatly executed. His general style is the *grazioso*, with infinite delicacy and a great deal of expression, but never rising to the grand, simple, and dignified *cantabile* of the old school, still less to the least approach towards the *bravura*. He evidently has no other, therefore there is a great want of variety in his performance, as well as a total deficiency of force and spirit. Of the great singers mentioned before, he most resembles Pacchierotti, in one only, and that the lowest of his styles, but cannot be compared to him in excellence. He is also somewhat like him in figure, but far better looking; in his youth he was reckoned remarkably handsome. On the whole, there is much to approve and admire in his performance, and I can readily believe that in his prime he was not unworthy of the reputation he has attained in Italy. Even here, under so many disadvantages, he produced considerable effect, and overcame much of the prejudice raised against him. To the old he brought back some pleasing recollections; others, to whom his voice was new, became reconciled to it, and sensible of his merits, whilst many declared that to the last his tones gave them more pain than pleasure. However, either from curiosity or real admiration, he drew crowded audiences, and no opera but the *Crociato* was performed to the end of the season."

Our readers will be not less desirous to know the Noble Critic's opinion of Madame Pasta. Here too we have the pleasure to have his Lordship's coinciding evidence of the justice of our estimate.

"I was enabled to form this judgment and comparison by having, at an earlier period of the season been present at Pasta's benefit, and witnessed her performance of Meyer's celebrated opera of *Medea*. Having heard her once before at a private concert, with, I own, less pleasure than I had anticipated, I had much curiosity to see her on the stage, and there she fully answered my highest expectations. In a small room her voice was too loud and sometimes harsh, her manner too forcible and vehement; but in the theatre all blemishes disappeared; she is really a first-rate performer both as singer and actress, and that by mere dint of talent without any very pre-eminent natural qualifications; for, though a pretty woman, her figure is short and not graceful; and her voice, though powerful and extensive, is not of the very finest quality, nor free from defects. No part could be more calculated to display her powers than that of *Medea*, which affords opportunities for the deepest pathos, and the most energetic passion. In both she was eminently successful, and her performance

both surprized and delighted me. None since Banti's had equalled it, and perhaps she even excelled her great predecessor as an actress, though in quality and sweetness of voice she infinitely falls short of her."

There is one chapter of the work before us, on English singers, which we have overleaped, and in truth it contains but little, yet perhaps that little embraces nearly all the leading traits of our national school, if such we can be said to possess. The most curious particular is, that Lord M. places Mrs. Bates, (Miss Harrop) above Mara. We never heard any singer of Handel at all comparable to the latter, and it seems to us that with her departed all the fire, feeling, and dignity which are the essential qualifications necessary to a perfect performance of his works. There is indeed a traditional manner handed down apparently from his own times to ours, and Mrs Wm. Knyvett, (late Miss Travis) is almost the sole depository. The fire is all but extinct, and though it burns it does not blaze. We have asked ourselves the question a million of times, and we are still unsatisfied—was our early impression of Mara the result of youth and novelty, or was it the intrinsic style and force of excellence? When we heard her last and most wretched exhibition, it seemed to us impossible she could ever have been the dignified singer we had previously esteemed her. Lord Mount Edgumbe says she wanted feeling, while he admits she moved the affections of others. It is certain that after listening to voices of great power, and to such energy as is exerted by Braham and Catalani, (however exaggerated we may sometimes think the manner) we are rarely to be moved by less force, except indeed it be by the purest simplicity. Thus we have been trained on to conceptions of superior magnificence—to an imagined possibility which may after all deceive us, and be no more than Mad. de Stael's definition of the beau idéal—"La vraie idée de l'impossible," and we return to our original requisition as to the comparative state of our feeling and acquaintance with art, at the early and at the present period of our judgment, and are able to draw no conclusion that is to our mind satisfactory.

The remainder of the volume is filled with a comparison of the former and the present state of the opera management, and with exceedingly sensible observations—now and then a little exclusive perhaps—but still very just and pertinent in the main. The opera does not give to the subscribers and the public a fair

equivalent for the sum paid, whether it be considered *per se*, or in relation to other establishments of the same nature.

We have made long extracts from this very amusing work, which we recommend to the perusal of those who wish for authentic records and judicious criticisms in the plainest, most unaffected language. So complete indeed is our accordance with his Lordship's principles of taste, that we feel persuaded the very slight differences which occur in the course of our article would have been obliterated, had the indisposition which has kept him from continuing his attendance upon the opera, allowed him the means of wider comparison of former recollections with present times. In the hope that this misfortune has in a measure subsided, which the latter pages of the volume allow us to indulge, we take leave of Lord Mount Edgumbe, with cordial acknowledgments for the pleasure and information derived from his plain and sensible records and opinions.

Rondo brillant pour le Piano Forte, par H. Herz ;

Brilliant Variations on an Austrian Waltz, for the Piano Forte, by
C. Czerney ;

On mighty Pens, as a Rondo for the Piano Forte, by C. Czerney.
All by Cocks and Co.

La Tendresse, Rondo grazioso pour le Piano Forte, par C.
Czerney ;

Deux petites Polónaises, pour le Piano Forte, par J. P. Pixis.
Both by Wessel and Stoddart.

Les charmes de Vienne, a Brilliant Rondo for the Piano Forte, in
which is introduced Haydn's " God preserve the Emperor," by
J. P. Pixis. Boosey and Co.

It is evident that Mr. Herz's talent lies in execution, and particularly in execution of a light and sparkling kind, which, from its peculiar style and from being kept very much to the highest part of the instrument, requires great delicacy and springiness of touch. This style is not of the class most to be admired ; its characteristics are lightness, facility, and elegance, which are meagre substi-

tutes for solidity, fire, and feeling. To these attributes Mr. H. seldom rises, and therefore he excites no more intense emotions than those of pleasure and astonishment, for astonishment must indeed be awakened at such passages as these.



But this is merely mechanical, and although execution is a necessary, nay a principal resource of art, yet it should never usurp so completely the first place in the mind of the composer as to induce him to sacrifice intellectual to technical power. Although this is too much the case in the rondo before us, yet it is at the same time impossible for the unprejudiced observer not to be pleased with the immense variety of passages it contains, and the perfect command of the instrument it displays, as well as the extreme delicacy and elegance of the subjects and the treatment, the whole way through. Mr. Herz is of the Moscheles school, but he goes to extremes, and he appears not yet to possess those resources the practised and skilful artist will gather for himself in his progress from the rich stores of those master minds that have preceded him, and by which his own works will be imperceptibly strengthened. His own powers, both of head and hand, are evidently

extraordinary, but they may, and we doubt not will be, still greater hereafter.

Mr. Czerney's variations are on a most beautiful subject, of which they are well worthy. They contain a good deal of execution without extravagance, and are much in the style of Beethoven, without his originality, but at the same time free from his eccentricity.

On mighty Pens is a lesson of a simpler kind, but quite as worthy of notice. The composer, with the truth of feeling which belongs to the genuine artist, has selected the softer and more expressive portions of the song for his subjects, and these he has treated with corresponding taste and judgment. The enthusiast would admire his "*Charmes de Baden*," but refinement, elegance, and feeling would find gratification in this bagatelle. We indeed consider the lesson as a proof of the varied talents of the artist who can thus manifest his power in the higher branches of his art, and yet, without stooping, present us with its delicate airs in equal perfection. Still further does Mr. C. prove that this is his intention in "*La Tendresse*," of which the entire effect is produced by expression, and expression alone. There is not a single passage of execution in the whole lesson, and yet it is the most difficult of the three we have mentioned, because it must be played more by the mind than by the fingers. It is therefore for the few. The subject is this :





Its fault is, that it is deficient in contrast and variety, and for the sentiments it expresses has not sufficient intensity. It wants those "murmuring, dying" sounds

That fall as soft as snow in the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly.

Nevertheless it is a beautiful lesson.

Mr. Pixis's "*Deux Polonaises*" are very spirited, and possess more originality than usually appertains to such compositions; but of his *Charmes de Vienne* we are grieved to be obliged to speak with some allowance, for in spite of many defects, it shows such decided marks of the genius of its author, that we can only regret that genius does not always follow the dictates of good taste:

Les Charmes de Vienne is a lesson composed on three subjects, Haydn's hymn of "*God preserve the Emperor*" a passage from a composition of Beethoven's, and the concluding passage of Mozart's overture to the *Zauberflöte*. The first circumstance that strikes us is the incongruity of these materials, which are of totally opposite expression and character, for although contrast is desirable, a strict analogy between the parts of a composition should always be maintained; the next is the manifest impropriety of introducing a sacred air into a movement marked *Allegretto Scherzando*. Although then this lesson has great merit, shall we risk being thought hypercritical if we say that we feel far greater pleasure in works that are the entire production of such a genius as that of Mr. Pixis, than in those which are formed like the present upon the conceptions of another mind, however fine those conceptions may be? But although we dislike the principles on which it is composed, we cannot refuse to recommend it as a lesson, for it has many beauties.

Divertimento for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.) on the Glee "We be three poor Mariners" and "Now is the month of Maying," by J. A. Rawlings.

La Fête Civile, a Divertissement for the Piano Forte, by Philip Knapton.

The Meeeen, an Irish Melody, arranged with Variations for the Piano Forte, by J. Valentine.

Operatic Divertissement for the Piano Forte, on Rossini's La mia Spada and Dal tuo stellato soglio, by A. Bennett, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

A Third Military Divertimento on "March over the Border," by J. A. Moralt.

All by S. Chappell.

Funeral March for the Piano Forte, composed on the Death of Beethoven, by W. Carnaby, Mus. Doc. Cantab. Clementi and Co.

The lessons contained in this list are all by composers known to the public, and are all good of their kind. Mr. Rawlings still continues with the taste which we have frequently had occasion to remark, to arrange standard works, yet we think this last displays a little mannerism, an error too general among those who write much, but is not the less irksome to the player, but the more so, because it is to be avoided by care. "*La Fête civile*" consists of a few short and pretty movements in waltz time, and a spirited finale. Mr. Valentine's variations have solid qualities to recommend them. Mr. V.'s lessons are amongst the best for beginners that we ever meet with.

Mr. Bennett's and Mr. Moralt's are both spirited lessons; the former contains good practice.

Nothing is more honourable than such memorials of respect as living talent delights to yield to departed genius and worth. Dr. Carnaby's march is expressive, particularly the introduction, which is appropriately in the style of the lamented composer, whose loss it commemorates.

Divertimento for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) on the Scena and Romance "Lo conosco," by Pio Cianchettini. Clementi and Co.

Fantasia for the Piano Forte, on the Duet "Non palpitar mia Vita," from Medea, by Pio Cianchettini. Willis and Co.

Fifth Melange on Airs from Don Giovanni, for the Piano Forte, by Camille Pleyel. Cocks and Co.

Kinloch, a Favourite Scotch Air, arranged for the Piano Forte by Charles Neate. S. Chappell.

Tri Chant O Bunnau, a Favorite Welsh Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte, by Charles Neate. Cocks and Co.

Signor Velluti's name is so intimately connected with the romance of *Tebaldo ed Isolina*, and he made it so completely his own, that we should tremble for its effect in any other hands, especially in those of an instrumentalist. Mr. Cianchettini however possesses a fiery imagination, and this his peculiar talent has assisted him materially in the present instance by enabling him to colour with vivid lights all the varied turns of feeling that appertain to his subject;* and his taste and knowledge of effect have guarded him against either attempting too much, or resting content with too little. He has transferred it into a characteristic and beautiful lesson, although it can only, from the nature of its subject, be felt and understood by persons of sensibility, and who are acquainted with the romance.

The subject of the fantasia being more capable of instrumental effect, forms a more attractive lesson, though it does not display the genius of its companion; but it is arranged with the greatest taste, and is evidently the result of a perfect understanding of the composer from whom the subject is taken, which is the grand requisite in such works.

Mr. Pleyel's melange is showy; its principal themes are "*Vedrai carino*," "*Ah taci ingiusto core*," and "*Batti batti*," which are arranged with brilliancy and effect.

Mr. Neate's are both lessons of a peculiar, and of a high class,

* See Musical Review, vol. 8, page 199.

His style is not of the present day. His taste has not been corrupted by the rage for execution and ornament. His lesson therefore is quiet, pure, graceful, and flowing. The arrangement of "*Kinloch*," which the composer had the honour of performing before his Majesty, is of the same description. It is in perfect character, and is distinguished by great simplicity and feeling. The Welsh air (of which we insert the first strain as a temptation to our readers) is charming.



Nor is its treatment less so. The introduction strikes us particularly, and the whole is very elegant and attractive.

Lays and Legends of the Rhine. The Poetry by J. R. Planché, the Music by Henry R. Bishop, Professor of Harmony and Composition at the Royal Academy of Music. Vol. 2. London. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

We had very lately the pleasure to introduce a first volume of this work, and having at the same time given a brief account of those bards of whose lays Mr. Planché's are a continuation, nothing remains for us but to proceed to the contents of this second part, which the success of the former has induced the author to produce.

We have again eight legends—1. *Genoëvra*—2. *The Ladies' Tournament*—3. *The Last Words of Roland*—4. *Sir Siegfried and the Linden-Worm*—5. *The Chapel of the Stromberg*—6. *Count Gebhard's Lay*—7. *The Hoch-kreuz*—8. *L'Envoy (with the Rhine-wine Song.)* This volume differs from its predecessor, insofar that the elegant author has in some of these pieces restricted himself more to the imitation of an ancient style, and thus, we can but think, has abridged his own powers. They consist of solo and dialogue, and they embrace the variety and contrast of pathos and humour—of the one *Sir Roland* is a specimen, and *Sir Siegfried* of the other—which last is set in three parts. *The Chapel of the Stromberg* is a dialogue, with the dramatic introduction of an even-song in duet, and a conclusion in four parts. In order to demonstrate that Mr. Planché succeeds best when he indulges his own vein, we refer to *Count Gebhard's Lay*, which seems to us to possess, in the last thought, the characteristic delicacy of our author's style. But the last piece (*L'Envoy*) with which he, in the manner of the elder bards, dismisses his book, contains so much of true poetry, that we shall, we are sure, find pardon for citing it entire.

COLOGNE! COLOGNE! Thy walls are won!
Farewell my bark—be hush'd my song:
My voyage is o'er—my task is done—
Too pleasant both to last me long!

Adieu, thou noble Rhine! adieu
Thy scenes for ever rich and new:

Thy cheerful towns, thy Gothic piles,
 Thy rude ravines, thy verdant isles;
 Thy golden hills with garlands bound,
 Thy giant crags with castles crown'd !
 I have seen thee by morning's early light,
 I have seen thee by evening grey ;
 With the crimson blush of sunset bright,
 And lit by the moon's pale ray ;
 Shrouded in mist and darken'd by storm,
 With the countless tints of autumn warm ;
 In every hue that can o'er thee fall ;
 And lovely !—lovely thou art in all !

The Rhine !—that little word will be
 For aye a spell of power to me,
 And conjure up, in care's despite,
 A thousand visions of delight !
 The Rhine !—O, where beneath the sun
 Doth that fair river's rival run ?
 Where dawns the day upon a stream
 Can in such changeeful beauty shine,
 Outstripping Fancy's wildest dream,
 Like yon green, glancing, glorious Rhine.

Born where blooms the Alpine rose,
 Cradled in the Boden-see,
 Forth the infant river flows,
 Leaping on in childish glee.
 Coming to a riper age,
 He crowns his rocky cup with wine,
 And makes a gallant pilgrimage
 To many a ruin'd tower and shrine.
 Strong and swift, and wild and brave,
 On he speeds with crested wave ;
 And spurning aught like check or stay,
 Fights and foams along his way,
 O'er crag and shoal, until his flood
 Boils like manhood's hasty blood.

Older, broader, deeper grown,
 All romantic follies flown,
 Now the laden Beurtschiff sails
 Slowly o'er his sober tide,
 Which wanders on through fertile vales,
 And looks like Peace by Plenty's side.

Joy, and strife, and labor past,
 In his grave he sinks at last !
 Not the common river's tomb—
 Not the ocean's mighty womb :
 Into earth he melts away,
 Like that very thing of clay,

Man—whose brief and chequer'd course
He hath copied from his source !
Farewell thou " Father Rhine ! " as they
Who dwell beside thee fondly say.
May thy delicious valleys long
Echo the sweet and grateful song,
Which ever round the goblet rose—
And well thy minstrel's lay may close.

Mr. Bishop has been scarcely as successful in his music as in the former volume. Though, as it seems to us, he has taken more pains and aimed at higher objects. It is this very circumstance which, by making his melodies less simple and the general construction more quaint (probably with a view to originality) has rendered them less interesting. *Sir Roland* is imaginative and striking, and the duet *Ave Maria* is elegant and beautiful, with great intensity of feeling. The verses from *L'Envoy* also are gracefully set, and the *Rhine-wine Song* is a German melody of strength and animation.

The embellishments exceed even the great promise of the first volume, and we have seldom seen views so well chosen or so well executed in the lithographic manner. They invite the lovers of the picturesque, far more than the most glowing descriptions we have ever read, to visit the Rhine—and now " while the dog-atar rages," they look so calm and so cool, the landscapes are so vivid yet so romantic, the waters so smooth and the whole expanse so charming, that if they cannot make us forget the comforts of our own land, they teach us to desire at least to look upon the loftier beauties of such a country.

A Set of Glees, written and composed by Thomas Moore, Esq.
London. Power.

The reputation such a man as Mr. Moore enjoys, has a two-fold operation upon the judgment formed of any new work from the same hand. We sit down to the examination with an eagerness of expectation proportioned to our former pleasures, and we are consequently but too apt to exaggerate the merits or to feel the

defects of a composition from which we had previously anticipated nothing but delight of the highest kind. In looking through this little book, which Mr. Moore announces with the modesty that seldom fails to accompany genius, we have experienced both these sensations, for some of the collection (though it consists of no more than seven pieces) are quite equal to the general felicity of his conceptions, and some, we can but consider, sink a good deal below that lofty height of inspiration.

Our first disappointment might easily have been obviated, for it proceeds from the discrepancy between the title and the performance. The term "Glee" has we are aware been given to almost every species of composition for voices in more than two parts, but we cannot assent to such universal allowance. Whether the glee be regarded in its origin or in its legitimate progression, it demands "a chasteness and severity of style which," as has been elsewhere observed,* "is quite characteristic, and which is entirely destroyed by any passage of a dramatic cast." Whatever the subject, however airy its treatment, this solidity, this intrinsic dignity of manner, appears to our judgement to be a *sine quâ non*. We cannot therefore admit that pieces whose construction is so exceedingly light and simple as those before us, reach the character of the glee. Indeed we want some such title as is equivalent to the Italian *Terzetto*, or rather *Terzettino*, to convey their proper merits, for our language has no diminutives that we can employ to such a purpose. Such compositions as Mr. Moore has here put forth, may (and do) possess elegance, animation, effect, and even great beauty, but they only claim kindred with the glee by the single tie and very distant relationship, that they are written in parts.

There are in this little book seven pieces, all of them differing in subject and raising various emotions. The first is "*The Meeting of Ships*," a simple and sweet description of such an event. These epithets will express its range and scope as well as its musical merits.

"*Hip, hip, hurrah*" is a convivial part song of much spirit. We have before remarked Mr. Moore's felicity in reproducing very common thoughts, & this affords a striking example of this faculty.

* See Musical Magazine and Review, vol. 3, page 472.

"*Hush, hush*" appears to us a mere *contetto*, very feebly and insufficiently expressed. The music however is far better than the words.

"*The parting before the battle*" has been often done, and we think better done, though there is something of superior pretension about it. We remember a little trio (of Hooke's, we believe,) constructed nearly upon the same thoughts, and with happier though not so lofty an effect. It began, so far as our recollection serves us, "*Adieu, adieu, adieu,*" and there were alternate stanzas for the men and the women.

"*The Watchman*" is a playful mixture of sentiment and humour. Two lovers are making their sad good nights, while the hoarse guardian of the night bawls progressively his "past twelve" till "past three," when they discover it is *indeed* time to say "good night." The contrast reminds us of the old catch "*Give me the dear delights of love.*"

"*Say where shall we dance*" is sportive and graceful. The different measures are well introduced—the guaracca, the waltz, and the polonaise—the germ of this may be found without much seeking, in his own *Evenings in Greece* and even before—for the author of *Hartford Bridge* has done the same thing but in a different way. The description however is not less perfect.

Of balls the pride,
Thus Miss I have eyed
The minuet pace
With blushing face,
But e'er the night
Has taken flight,
I've seen her ramping,
Tearing, tramping
Along the room in a country dance,
Figuring in with bold advance,
Now setting and fleering,
Now crossing and leering,
And when that's completed,
Before she'll be seated,
A mad Scotch Reel she must prance.

We mean not however to disparage Mr. Moore's flowing and graceful poetry by this comparison. We admire it for both these attributes.

The next and last, "*The Evening Gun,*" appears to us to be

written most in the poet's vein. We shall give our readers the opportunity of determining how far we are right.

Rememb'rest thou that fading sun,
The last I saw with thee,
When loud we heard the evening gun
Peal o'er the twilight sea?
Borne, the sounds appeared to sweep,
Far o'er the verge of day;
Till into realms beyond the deep
They seem'd to die away.
Oft when the toils of day are done,
In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear the evening gun
Peal o'er the stormy sea.
Borne, and while o'er billows curl'd,
The distant sounds decay,
I weep and wish from this rough world,
Like them to die away.

Such are the contents of Mr. Moore's book. There is however one point which we ought not to omit to notice. These pieces have that peculiar adaptation to the powers and (commonly) to the aims of amateur singers that fit them so admirably for the drawing room, whither his name alone will assuredly bear them.

Collection of Exercises for the Voice, together with a Preliminary Discourse by Crescentini. London. Boosey and Co.

This is a republication of "*Raccolta di Esercizii*," with an English translation of the *Discorso Preliminare*, one of the most useful works for young singers that has lately been given to us, by this great instructor. The exercises (twenty in number) are intended "to give the greatest flexibility possible to the student's voice, in order that he may overcome certain difficulties which the diversified nature of singing presents, be instructed in several modes of singing, and in the various embellishments which are not altogether common, and acquire a proper respiration and distinct articulation." Although it is not to be supposed that these qualities are absolutely to be attained without the assistance of a master, yet by careful practice and attention, the zealous student

may derive great improvement in the defective points of his style by reading over the observations and using the exercises of M. Crescentini. If there is one subject more than another that ought most frequently and urgently to be impressed upon the minds of young pupils intending to form a proper style in vocal art, it is the *expression*, which is the life and soul of effect in this difficult department, and we recommend the observations of the author of the present work on that particular point. He says "music betrays both the mind and heart of its professors, and therefore a sensitive feeling heart, a penetrating mind, and a proper understanding, is necessary to deliver a composition which treats either of religion or love, or is either lively, expressive of agitation, or in any manner animated. Without this, not only is the proper accent or colouring wanting, but the singer even runs the risk of producing that disagreeable sensation, which in all arts, but particularly in singing, is insupportable." We heartily wish all those persons who bring up their children to the study of music, with the view of placing them in the profession, could be taught to know that the greatest injury done to any art is the constant influx of persons by nature denied the means of becoming eminent. In the present rage for every species of extravagance, perhaps it is the more necessary to insist upon the observance of true and varied expression in the rising singers. There are twelve excellent rules, bearing more or less on this point, in the discourse, from whence we have made two short extracts; they are so sensible, and so clearly expressed, particularly as regards the necessary art of taking the breath properly (Rule 11th) that even the youngest student with common sense might be made to understand their meaning and object. Mr. Crescentini has not used the old mode of vocalizing upon the syllables *do, re, mi, &c.** The exercises are mostly in the *sostenuto* style; more is given to the "*portando la voce*" or carriage of the voice, and smooth varied expression, than to astonishing passages of execution, although there is enough of the latter quality to introduce the student to a higher walk. Upon the whole we can safely recommend this book of vocal studies to those who have passed the rudimental

* "Vocalizing is the singing all the notes, without words, *only* with the vowel A."—See note 1st page *Preliminary Discourse*.

course of instruction, and wish to prepare themselves for proficiency. There are one or two mistakes, which of course must be errors in the printing—for instance, Rule the 2d, “chidings and menaces” are never expressed in the same way as “prayers and menaces”—it should be “prayers and *entreaties*.”

“*In van tuoi pregi ostenti,*” *Cavatina e Duetto, Nella Grand Opera Niobe, del Sig. Pacini, eseguito dalle Sig. Pasta and Unger.* London. Grua, Ricordi, and Co. 76, Regent’s Quadrant.

This is a difficult duet, not of the very highest class in its style, but sufficiently good to be wrought up, and in the hands of two such singers must be effective. The opera from whence it is taken has made a great sensation at Naples. The subject is not an easy one for any composer to do ample justice to, and from what we have seen of the pieces in it we do not think at all to be compared with his “*L’Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii*,” which is one of the finest of modern serious operas.

A Fourth Trio for the Piano Forte, Violin, and Violoncello, by Fred. Kalkbrenner.

Notturmo for the Piano Forte and Flute, or Violin, by Fred. Kalkbrenner.

Rondo Parisien pour le Piano Forte, Dedie à Fred. Kalkbrenner, par son élève Camille Molke.

Danish Song with Variations for the Piano Forte, by Ferdinand Ries.

All by Goulding and Co.

Second Rondeau Brilliant, with Motivo espressivo for the Piano Forte, by C. Potter.

These compositions, all by masters of similar schools, branches as it were sprung from the same root, yet differing nearly as

much as the leaf, the flower, and the fruit of the same tree,* are each almost as beautiful in their own particular style. Mr. Kalkbrenner ranks with the first writers of the regular concerto, and though it is evident that he both understands the piano forte better and naturally in such a composition places it above the other instruments, yet it is not less clear that he is a good judge of the best effects to be drawn from each, and that he is fully aware of the necessity of a judicious equalization.

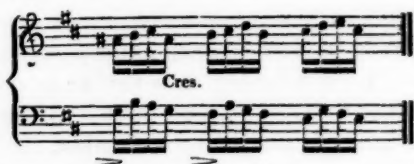
Thus in this trio we hear and appreciate with ease the fullness and strength of the piano forte, as well as its powers of contrast and expression, the brilliancy and spirit of the violin, and the rich tones of the violoncello, while the union of all is equally well arranged. As a composition it nobly upholds the superiority of its author. It is divided into an allegro in D. major, a minuet in D minor, a trio and andante in B flat major, and a rondo in the original key D. In the opening movement the first thing that strikes is the felicitous combination of the energy and solidity imbibed by Mr. K. from his knowledge of good masters, with the originality of design and elegance of expression which flow from the natural resources of his own mind. The vigour and animation which breathes through the whole, renders it highly exciting, although it contains but one passage of peculiar force or originality; such construction however displays so completely the courage of the composer in difficulties of execution, that we shall insert it.



Mr. K. has previously manifested to our apprehension a little bad taste in the arrangement, or rather *disarrangement* of a suffi-

* We refer particularly to Kalkbrenner, Ries, and Potter.

ciently common passage, that is the more apparent because it stands alone in its inferiority.



This continues for three bars. Was it necessary, for the sake of any novelty, to distract the ear by discords, when concords could have been so easily substituted? We should say no.

The usual order of the symphonies and concertos, on the model of which this lesson is formed, is here disturbed by the minuet and trio being introduced *before* the *andante*. It is excessively quaint and original, and deserves the highest praise. The subject of the *andante* is smooth and beautiful. It contains a delightful conversation between the instruments, but the subject is hardly made sufficiently prominent.

The *rondo* is sportive and energetic by turns, it is full of excellent contrasts both in modulation and character, and has a great deal of execution for the piano forte.

The chief merit of the trio lies in the first movement; it is however an additional proof that Mr. K. still adheres with a fidelity that does honour to his taste, to those fine models on which he has formed his own style—viz. the old masters—and also of the versatility of his talent, which stands equally his friend on small and great occasions, in composing for his own or for other instruments.

The *notturmo* is not so attractive as the trio; it is more in the present style of composition, with a great deal of execution. It requires moreover the intense feeling that but few are endowed with, and a thorough understanding of the composer's style, to make it *tell*. It is dedicated to Mr. Nicholson, but there is scarcely sufficient scope for the expression in which Mr. N. stands so pre-eminent to adapt it particularly to his performance.

The *rondo*, by the pupil of Mr. Kalkbrenner, gives abundant proof of the attention with which the scholar has studied his master. It is a little too much in the present style of excessive

execution, but this redundancy is the natural effect of the untried freshness of youthful genius, and will we doubt not be pruned by the severe but just hand of ripening judgment.

Mr. Ries' two lessons are in the style of his lamented master, Beethoven, and if they do not possess the originality and fervour of the model, they are free from that eccentricity which but too often detracts from the merit of that great composer, especially in those little things which require the lighter graces of art to render them attractive. The subjects are both very beautiful, and the lessons are written even in a more expressive style than is usual with Mr. Ries.*

The variations aim at the production of powerful effects by simple means. In a word these are very beautiful lessons, though easy of execution.

Mr. Potter has imbibed much of the general style of Beethoven, without becoming his imitator. His present *rondo* is very much of the same character as his first (dedicated to Mrs. Miles); perhaps on the whole there is a little too much similarity of construction, but the subject of that before us is more expressive. It is a lesson capable of great effect, from the bold and prominent lights and shadows in which it abounds, and from the vigorous style. The minor movement, commencing at page 13, is most excellent for practice, as well as being a very spirited passage.

The Auricula, Theme with Variations for the Piano Forte, on Rossini's Air from Semiramide, "Qual mesto gemito," by F. Lanza.
A Second Melange on favorite Airs for the Piano Forte, by J. Calkin.
Dunque Io son, arranged for the Piano Forte by A. Meves.
Ombra adorata, arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano Forte, by G. Kiallmark.

Divertimento for the Violoncello and Piano Forte, composed by B. Romberg, and arranged by F. W. Crouch.

All by S. Chappell.

The first on this list is we suppose intended as a companion to the *Lily*, a lesson by Mr. Lanza, on "*Oh Cara Memoria*," which

* It is reported that Mr. Ries is about to produce an opera, which is very superior.

we mentioned in our last number. The subject of the present is very beautiful, and we doubt not it will obtain favour in the eyes of the fair students to whom, by its elegance, it is peculiarly adapted.

Mr. Calkin's *melange* is one of very pretty little morceaux, and is an agreeable lesson for beginners.

Mr. Meves has not succeeded quite so well as usual, his subjects might have been more successfully expanded, yet his divertimento is very pleasing. The same may be said of Mr. Kiallmark's arrangement of "*Ombra adorata*," although under its present form we should be inclined to forget that Madame Pasta ever had even sung it.

Mr. Crouch has published many of these divertimentos, but he still continues to render them elegant and attractive, and his uniformly happy choice of subjects in which there is full scope for the display of the beautiful cantabile style of which his own instrument is so capable, evinces his good taste and discernment.

Imitto all' Amore, Arietta, composed by Perrucchini.

La Preghiera, Arietta, composed by Perucchini.

Lo Sguardo, Arietta, composed by Perucchini.

La Lontananza, Arietta, composed by Perucchini.

Lo Sguardo ed il sospiro, Arietta, composed by Perucchini.

La Notte, Arietta, composed by Perucchini.

All by Birchall and Co.

We have before noticed* one collection of these beautiful and interesting publications, which are scarcely of sufficient consequence to require any analysis, and are yet by far too good to be passed over without distinct notice. Perucchini may not improperly be termed the *Moore* of Italy, for his compositions are of the same character with those of our own bard, and display in the words the same species, though not perhaps the same degree of exquisite imagery and sensibility, whilst the music has all the voluptuousness of Italian feeling, with all the grace and beauty of Italian style. As a whole, the present collection however is

* See vol. 8, page 106.

not so good as the last ; it savours a little of sameness, though that sameness is beautiful. It is more evident too how much the composer has adopted, either purposely or involuntarily, Velluti's style of ornament, at the same time showing it in its real character, that of softness and tenderness, and proving how perfectly it is fitted to the expression of these feelings.

Fantasia for the Piano Forte, from Il Barbiere di Seviglia.
London. Chappell.

Ditto, comprising Favourite Airs from Rossini's La Gazza Ladra.
Ditto from Mose in Egitto. London. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

The Favourite Air of Le Petit Tambour, introduced into a Divertimento for the Piano Forte. London. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

Ditto of "Cease your funning." London. Latour.

Select Airs from La Vestale (two books) arranged for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.) London. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

Ditto from Maometto. London. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

Select Airs from Winter's celebrated Opera Das Waterbrochene Opferfest, or Le Sacrifice interrompu, arranged for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.) in four books.

The same, as Duets for two Performers on the Piano Forte (in four books.) London. Paine and Hopkins.

Overture to La Schiava in Bagdad, composed by Pacini, arranged for the Piano Forte. London. Goulding, D'Almaine, & Co.

All by J. F. Burrowes.

We have brought all these pieces together for two purposes. The first is to give our young friends a list of very pleasing, light, and not difficult lessons—and the next to show the indefatigable industry of their ingenious author and compiler, and thus to lend the clue to that facility and tact which Mr. Burrowes displays in

the class of writing to which he devotes himself. The secret lies—and a most valuable one it is—to young professors especially—the secret lies in unwearied attention and consequent incessant practice. By these two qualities Mr. Burrowes keeps his name and works constantly in new successions before the public, and by the same process that he grows into favour, he learns daily better how to deserve it. The pieces before us we repeat are all light and pleasing, and within the compass of most performers—they serve at once to amuse, improve, and to fix the most popular and best airs of the modern foreign school in the mind. In the fantasias (somewhat too high a title perhaps for such compilations) the various themes are connected by original passages that lead well from one to the other, and this seems to be the chief aim at novelty of construction.

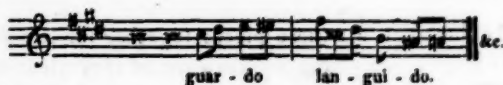
O Dafni! oh di quest' anima!

Care selve, piaggie amate.

Io lo so che il bel sembianze.

Composed by Ersilia Cianchettini. London. Chappell.

These ariettes are (we believe) first productions, but obviously proceeding from a mind of no common class, for they are at once original and elegant. They have much of the smooth flow of the Italian melodies of an earlier time, not however unmixed with tasteful traits of modern structure and modern ornament. The last, to which a recitative is prefixed, has not a little of the poetry of music. Their chief characteristics are however delicacy and feeling. From the intensity of the latter quality we are persuaded arises the only fault which our constitutional sourness and our technical asperity can find. This is, the introduction of passages too chromatic to be easily and *safely* vocal—such for instance as this:—



Sensibility loves such gliding through semitones, and they are often beautifully expressive—nor do we deny that these *may* be

so. We think however the experiment is carried a trifle too far, which is the constant error of superior science. Did we not think highly of these graceful and expressive little songs, we should not have said as much, but Miss Cianchettini deserves all the advantage that may be wrought by discussion. While therefore we give high and well merited praise to her first efforts, we submit a very slight objection to her consideration. One of the compositions of Perruchini, noticed in our other article, is upon the same words that Miss C. has chosen. (*O Dafni*) His air is simpler and smoother, but to our apprehension by no means so deeply imbued with tenderness and expression as the melody of our fair authoress.

Pretty Maid of Dieppe—Ballad by Thomas H. Bayley, Esq.
London. Power.

The Farewell of the Portuguese Maiden to her Brother, on his joining the National Army—The Words written to a Foreign Melody by W. Ball. London. Chappell.

The Rainbow—composed by W. Carnaby, Muc. Doc. Cantab.
London. Chappell.

I turn from pleasure's witching tone, composed by Thos. Forbes Walmisley. London. Chappell.

From a heap of English vocal pieces, songs, ballads, and cavatins, almost as high as we can sit and look over, we have been able to select only these which we esteem worth introducing to the reader. How publishers can be prevailed upon to print such insipid trash we cannot imagine, for unless people go to the shops and take new songs because they are new, we are perfectly certain that no one, who is capable of exercising the slightest judgment, will ever purchase a single copy. But perhaps it may be in music as in medicine, concerning which we have heard the following anecdote:—A celebrated physician was seized with a disorder, which he knew to be incurable. He happened however to cast his eyes on an advertisement put forth by a quack who lived in the most frequented part of Holborn, which promised speedy and certain restoration. The physician repaired to the empiric,

announced his name, and candidly told him his belief of the impossibility of cure. "Sir," said the quack, "you have been very open with me, and I will return your frankness. Pray come to this window—you see the thousands that are passing. How many in that crowd do you conceive are as perfectly aware of the facts attending your disease as yourself?" "Not one probably," was the reply. "Then, Sir," rejoined the questioner—"my remedy is for such as they, not for such as you."

But to these songs which may be recommended. The first word of the title of the first will express its merits—it is just pretty—and the second rises a little above it.

Dr. Carnaby's and Mr. Walmisley's compositions are of a much higher class, and should have been called canzonets, for they possess the melody, the poetry, and the variety which constitute the attributes of that species of song, with its peculiarity of construction. Dr. Carnaby has a bold and expressive piece of modulation from A (in which key the song is written) to C that is very effective, and the whole is very *capable*.

Mr. Walmisley's is pure and flowing melody informed by sense and sensibility.

Original Songs, written and adapted to German Melodies by F. C. H. London. For the Author, by Chappell and Keating and Brown.

We are indebted to the collectors and preservers of the airs of various nations, for almost the choicest songs modern times have produced. The general mass of specimens has been published with no regard to classification of any sort. The author of this little work has, on the contrary, wrought upon two principles—first, on national uniformity as to the melodies, and secondly, with the higher purpose of giving them to the world, adapted to lines which to the imagery of poetical diction add the nobler charm of moral purity. His subjects are *the Seasons*, and their beautiful and glorious appearances—*morning* and *evening*, and moral themes, and physical objects of intellectual delight. The whole

breathe the freshness, vigour, and chearfulness which arise from the contemplation of nature in that happy, truly social and serene temper, that wisheth good and happiness to all mankind. The following specimen will convey a competent idea of the manner in which the author has accomplished his intentions.

Have ye seen the ivy cling,
Round old branches playing?
Have ye torn that faithful thing,
From the boughs decaying?
Has it not soon found again
Other stems to cherish,
Leaving not, like faithless men,
Feeble age to perish?

Have ye seen it fondly climb
O'er old ruins trailing,
Where the pride of ancient time
Totter'd, weak and failing?
O how then it lov'd to spread
Robes around the ruin;
Sheltering where its hoary head,
Time was fast pursuing!

As the crumbling wall it bound,
Wreaths of green leaves twining,
All the shatter'd fragments round,
Fast to earth declining;
Still it rose in beauty's bloom,
Grace and strength acquiring,
Waving o'er the mouldering tomb,
And to heav'n aspiring.

Let that creeping ivy be—
(Fair and fond protection)—
Silent monitor to me,
Type of true affection;
May I learn from that frail thing,
Yet while time is given,
On earth's ruin so to cling,
As to mount to heaven!

The melodies, of which the poetry is born, are distinguished, it will readily be supposed, by the same characteristics—and they are simple, chearful, flowing, and expressive. What may equally recommend them, is that they are in point of compass and construction, in the general, such as anybody may sing, and very cheap, there being twenty-four songs for eight shillings. The form is portable, yet perfectly legible. One suggestion we must make at the close

is, that such collections as these must furnish the materials for discovering, if the discovery can be made at all, what are the properties that render national music so peculiar.

Souvenir d'Irlande, a Fantasia on Robin Adair, for the Harp, composed by N. C. Bochsa.

La Petite Babiole, a Rondo for the Harp, on Oh quante Lagrime, by N. C. Bochsa.

Portfeuille de Pieces d'un genre brillant et d'autres differens styles pour la Harpe, par F. C. Meyer.

French Air, arranged with Variations for the Harp, by P. J. Meyer.

La Ranz des Vaches, arranged for the Harp, by V. Krump-holtz.

Aussitot que la lumiere, a French Air, arranged with Variations for the Harp, by H. Horn.

Rousseau's Dream, arranged with Variations for the Harp, by H. Horn.

Chorus of Virgins from Winter's Interrupted Sacrifice, arranged with Variations for the Harp, by S. Dussek.

All by S. Chappell.

Time and space allow us only to select a few pieces from the numerous list of harp music that lies before us, but these are all worth regard, and ascend in a gradual scale of difficulty. Mr. Bochsa has, with his usual felicity, produced in the fantasia, a hacknied subject in a new and pleasing form. It is a lesson full of brilliancy and effect, the second and third variations are particularly original, and No. 5 is in his natural style of servid fancy.

The *rondo* has neither as much pretension nor merit; it is elegant, and though it contains no novelty, the air is so happily interwoven with agreeable passages, and is relieved by such graceful variety, that it cannot fail to be admired.

Mr. Meyer's "*Porte feuille*" is we presume intended to contain several numbers, the present being marked No. 1. This lesson is "*D'un genre brillant*;" it is a very excellent piece for the prac-

tice of the style in which it is written, and is greatly to be recommended to students for this quality, whilst with more advanced performers its intrinsic merits will render it a favourite.

Mr. P. Meyer's air with variations is distinguished by considerable originality. The subject itself is very spirited, and the variations *have* great variety. No. 2, with the subject interrupted in the base, is very good, and the boldness and energy of No. 3, composed of octaves, produce an excellent effect. The *andante* contains three or four passages of peculiar taste and originality, and the lesson is concluded by three pages of great brilliancy. On the whole this composition derives its chief attraction from its judicious arrangement and effective contrasts. The ear is never fatigued, and it may justly be considered as superior.

The next on our list is one of those easy productions that please principally from the intrinsic charm of melody. It is composed on a wild and quaint but beautiful strain (the *Ranz des Vaches*) intermingled with some graceful waltz movements, and is an elegant composition.

Mr. Horn's are easy lessons for less advanced pupils. They have the usual complement of triplets, arpeggios, and octaves, and the subjects are finally transformed into marches. On the whole they are very pretty lessons.

The same may be said of the arrangement of Winter's quartet, which is of about the same standard as to difficulty.



God is light ; Hymn, composed by C. Anley. London. (For the Composer.) Power.

A pure and solemn composition, which we recommend not alone for its own merits, but because the author has subjoined a notice, that "the profits will be exclusively appropriated to a charitable purpose."

Studies for the Piano Forte, as finishing Lessons for advanced Performers, consisting of 24 characteristic Compositions, in the different Major and Minor Keys, fingered and elucidated, with Notes explanatory of the Author's design, and the proper mode of executing each Lesson; by J. Moscheles. Op. 70. London. S. Chappell and J. B. Cramer & Co.

The chief difficulty which embarrasses the approach of the diligent student to the practice of art, lies in the almost impossibility of conveying by words those infinitely diversified gradations of technical execution which seem to defy the powers of verbal description. The arbitrary characters which have been invented, as well as the terms which are continually introduced, have not hitherto brought us very much nearer to the desired knowledge, because they too want the precision—the delicate precision—which is indispensable to complete attainment. But the more these aids are multiplied, the more likely they are to become generally comprehensible, and especially when connected with the practice and instruction of a master who, like Mr. Moscheles, is admitted to have gone as far as any one towards perfect facility and varied expression. We are quite prepared to allow, and we think every body must accord with us who have heard the master himself play over these instructions, that no words can give the minute lights and shades which seem to animate his performance. Having however recorded not only the method by which he has arrived at excellence, but the maxims which that excellence has enabled him to form, he will spread a traditional interpretation of his rules, wherever his teaching extends, and thus a technical acquaintance with the true meaning will gradually be diffused to a constantly increasing circle. The peculiar recommendation of the book is, and herein we think it differs from its predecessors, that it aims at the inculcation of the highest polish, by words as well as examples.

Mr. Moscheles has resided in this country (with occasional and brief absences) about six years. He has now been long and often enough before the whole British public to secure the perfect knowledge of his talents both as a composer and player, and if

his publications have not been quite so numerous as those of his cotemporaries of the same rank in art, the public exhibitions of his talents have been more frequent than those of most other piano-forte players, and his teaching has been equally extensive. These are the circumstances which fit him peculiarly for the task he has undertaken.

The styles or schools of the piano forte are at this moment very various, and distinguished by the most opposite characteristics—more so perhaps at the present time, because in the natural progress of art, fresh and superior masters are continually appearing, and it is the attribute of great minds to form their own course, rather than to follow in the steps of others, although they gather strength from various models,* assimilating and expanding the beauties of great masters. Perhaps if we trace the course by which the author has attained eminence, the schools in which he has studied, we may discover the causes of his own proper qualities. Mr. Moscheles, after learning the very rudiments of his art, first studied under Frederic Dyonisius Weber, the learned director of the conservatory of Prague. In his fourteenth year he was consigned to the care of Albrechtsberger, by whose instructions he was enabled to build up the strong foundations of his science, whilst at the same time the softer and more attractive graces of the Italian school were engrafted on this solid stem by the elegant Salieri. With these advantages were combined an introduction to the personal acquaintance and contemplation of all who are great in art, which real talent always commands, and the encouragement which genius, and especially musical genius, is certain of receiving from the enthusiastic Germans. Mr. M. is one amongst the very few instances of precocious talent ripening into a maturity that has fulfilled the promises of his youth.

We consider our author to be the founder and head of a distinct school, the characteristics of which are amply displayed in his "Studies;" and by a comparison with the great players, who are cotemporary with him, his style both as a composer and player,

* Beethoven nobly acknowledged Clementi as his model in piano-forte music, and Clementi himself says that he formed his style by listening to fine singers.

will be found to differ from theirs in almost every particular. Kalkbrenner is distinguished by force and richness, Cramer by his exquisite smoothness and grace: in Mr. M. these qualities are combined with the most excessive delicacy and playfulness, and immense power of contrast. These are his great qualities, but he has many of smaller note. The plan adopted by Mr. M. is clearly and briefly explained in his preface.

The Studies are preceded by a few remarks on the most important topics—*touch*, *accent*, and *time*. They are short but decided, and with regard to *touch*, which is Mr. Moscheles' forte, and indeed is the universal means by which the grand end, fine expression, is compassed, the directions display not only a thorough and complete knowledge of the beautiful colouring, the lights and shadows that result from the severest attention to this particular, but also the clearness of Mr. M.'s ideas, and the minuteness with which he has considered the subject. We may indeed shorten our comments by observing, that we know of no instruction book where the rules are more tersely yet more perspicuously given. Each study is headed by a short explanation of its particular character. The first is for equality of touch, and is of a light and brilliant species of execution; the second is for the practice of full chords in every position. This idea, though not perfectly original, is treated so very judiciously as to render it most useful. Kalkbrenner's 14th Studio is somewhat upon the same plan, but Mr. Moscheles' chief aim is to secure a full and proper extension of the chords, which is very generally neglected at the expence of half the richness and brilliancy of a composition. The use of the third finger in chords is here too, especially inculcated, and thus the study embraces two most important points. The practice of the chromatic scale is the object of No. 3, together with the exercise of the fourth finger by the introduction of double notes. This study is most ably managed; it begins in a comparatively easy style—by degrees its difficulties increase, and are distributed equally between both hands, and though all the passages are of the same construction, they are not monotonously so; but it is in No. 4 that Mr. Moscheles discovers marks of his own style. It is for the practice of arpeggios, but in a very peculiar manner. Every one who has heard Mr. Moscheles play will remember the effect he produces in this species of passage. The smoothness,

the rapidity, and alternate fire and delicacy with which his hand skims, as it were, over the surface of the notes from either extremity of the instrument to the other; this is the secret of his own technical skill. Extreme elasticity of finger is the chief requisite for the attainment of this species of execution, and to such elasticity as is only to be acquired by immense practice, established too upon a just comprehension of the principle. In No. 5 the melody is taken by the third and fourth finger of the right hand, the others playing an accompaniment. This study is not only useful in initiating the student in a style now very much in vogue, but it likewise affords excellent practice for the weakest fingers. Equality of strength in the fingers is a chief reason for the exquisite smoothness and power of Mr. M.'s own performance, and it appears to have been one of his principal objects to adapt his studies as much as possible to this purpose. The character of the study under examination is deep and impassioned, and it offers great scope to the powers of varied expression. No. 6 discovers another of its author's peculiarities of style—extreme playfulness. To our apprehension no one has the power of imparting this quality to his performance so much as Mr. M. and here he has given excellent means for acquiring the lightness of touch that it requires. No. 7, a fine piece in the ancient style, is calculated to give energy and decision of touch, and is good for the practice of the shake. No. 8 is dedicated to the practice of interrupted octave passages, and the acquirement of the alternate stiff and loose wrist. On this subject there are many different opinions; Mr. Kalkbrenner, whose forte lies in octave passages, is in favour of the loose wrist. In particular passages, where the octave is used with brilliant, spirited, and energetic expression, it gives power and facility, and such is the manner in which it is generally introduced by Mr. K. But Mr. Moscheles employs the octave with more varied expression than most other masters; with him it belongs both to the sublime and to the beautiful, and accordingly he approves of the loose wrist only in *legato* passages, where ease and gracefulness are required; but in *staccato* passages, or passages of force, he prefers the stiff. This is a very nice and a very judicious distinction, for in thus expressing opposite characters by opposite means, the most perfect division is preserved; it is moreover evident that the loose wrist gives a degree of uncertainty to

the touch, which in passages of delicacy, playfulness, or distinctness would be inconvenient. No. 9 is in the legato style, and is for extension of the fingers. No. 10 is entirely for the shake, and is in the ancient style, giving excellent practice to the left hand. From this we extract the following passage as indicative of the style of the whole:—



No. 11 is a magnificent exercise for the extension of the hand, and passing the thumbs *under* the fingers thus—



And No. 12 is for the cultivation of a light and elastic touch.

We have thus concluded a short analysis of this most valuable work, which is fully worthy of its author. At the present time an elementary book on the Piano Forte is no longer what it used to be. Works* are already published on the rudiments of the art which cannot be surpassed, and Mr. Moscheles has aimed at the highest department. He has undoubtedly carried his researches into the powers and capabilities of his instrument so far as to include much novelty. It presents the outlines of those beautiful materials, which, when warmed by the Promethean heat of the master's mind, produce such fine creations. Mr. M. regards his instrument with the enthusiasm of an artist, and perhaps his ideas of its powers go a little too far, when he says in his preface, "that he conceives its capabilities to be without limit;" but it is this very enthusiasm which has

* Clementi's Instructions and Appendix, and his *Gradus ad Parnassum*, are supreme.

borne him up, and although we cannot assent to so wide a proposition, we are ready to allow that much has been done in the progression of years to demonstrate powers before unthought of. But whoever has heard such masters as himself and his great cotemporaries can hardly hope that more can be added than to combine their various excellences. Mind may certainly be employed so variously as to baffle conjecture concerning its powers. The piano forte enjoys more extended means than most others, and in that sense may be thought to be the most intellectual instrument. It has not the tone of corded or of wind instruments, but its powers are more multiplied. It is in this light, we think, that Mr. Moscheles regards it, for it is as such that he has treated it in his Studies—they are chiefly addressed to the mind of the student. To be completely understood we repeat they must be heard from the master himself—but wanting such opportunity, the attentive student can scarcely fail to derive immense advantage from the written record.

ARRANGEMENTS.

Beauties of Caledonia, for the Flute and Piano Forte, with embellishments, by Raphael Dressler.

The favourite Airs, from *Il Crociato in Egitto*, with appropriate embellishments, by R. Dressler. Both by Cocks and Co.

Although these works are too simple to require a separate notice, they are considerably better than mere arrangements—they are ornamented with good taste, and are besides published in such a convenient form (all the numbers being printed separately) that they recommend themselves. The selection of the airs likewise in the first work are such as evince Mr. D.'s judgment and taste in his choice. They consist of the most beautiful and lively melodies of Scotland, such as can never cease to be admired whilst national feelings continue to have any power.

Beethoven's Grand Battle Symphony, arranged for the Harp and Piano Forte, with Accompaniments (*ad lib.*) for Flute and Violoncello, by N. C. Bochsa.

Les Belles Fleurs, for the Flute and Piano Forte, by Sola and Bruguier. No. 11. Birchall and Co.

Guglielmi's Quartett, from Debora and Sisera, arranged for

two performers on the Piano Forte, by Pio Cianchettini. Both by S. Chappell.

Boieldieu's Overture to the Caliph of Bagdad, arranged for the Piano Forte, with accompaniments for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, by F. N. Hummel.

This arrangement is as good as the high name affixed to it would ensure it to be.

No. 3, of twelve Grand Concertos, composed about the year 1737, by Handel; adapted for the Organ or Piano Forte, by Wm. Crotch, Mus. Doc.

The Overture and Chorusses in Handel's Oratorio of Joseph, adapted for the Organ or Piano Forte, by Wm. Crotch, Mus. Doc. Both by Birchall and Co.

The Musical Souvenir, or New Year's Gift for Children, by Evelina Hullmandel. To be had of the author, 51, Great Marlborough-street, and of the principal publishers.

This invention is one of peculiar merit, and we bring it to the notice of our readers, with the certainty of its being duly appreciated when sufficiently known. It is a contrivance for teaching young children the rudiments of music in the simplest form, and consists of a square box, containing divisions, in which are printed, on small pieces of card, the treble and base notes, the separate denominations of notes, the rests, the subdivisions of time, and the distances, and the signatures of the major and minor keys. These are accompanied by two delineations of the key board—the one plain, the other marked with the names of each note, and the tones and semitones—a book of useful exercises, and another containing instructions for the use of the whole. The elegance and convenience of the whole is greatly to be admired. We never saw any thing of the kind so well got up before. It is evident that if the instructor be possessed of sufficient knowledge the child both receives and retains verbal instruction better than any other, from the superior ease and simplicity with which it can be communicated, but instruction is always a difficult task, and there are many who have not the requisite acquaintance with music at such perfect command as to be able to convey intelligibly to a child without some assistance, and for such is the present work most eminently calculated. Every necessary instruction is given with the greatest simplicity, so that a person ignorant of music might without fear become the tutor of the youthful student. The explanations contain not only the rudiments of the theoretical part of the business, but also most useful hints for the position of the hand, the performances of the different kinds of passages, and the proper understanding of the various marks used in music, and the exercises are very good. The work does the greatest credit to its ingenious authoress, both as to the knowledge of her profession, and as to the clearness and soundness of her principles as an instructress.

DR. HODGES on the IMPROVEMENT of ORGANS.

No. 3.

PEDAL PIPES.

CAUSE and effect will ever be correlative and proportional. That the aggregate gravity and intensity of sound shall invariably depend upon the quantity of matter and force employed to elicit it, seems to be a fundamental law of nature. In those productions of *man* which are concerned only with things inanimate, it holds with a pertinacious inflexibility which has baffled the plausible schemes of those projectors who have sought to produce sounds at once deep and forcible from comparatively diminutive materials—in other words, great effects from inadequate causes.

In attempting to procure deep notes from small instruments, we invariably lessen the strength of the product. The mechanical law, that what is gained in power is lost in time, and vice versa, has its analogy in music. With us, what is gained in depth is lost in intensity. Thus, if a string or wire be strained until it produce a given note, and then be relaxed until it yield a note an octave more grave, the same degree of force being employed in both cases, it will be found that the intensity or loudness is sensibly diminished in the latter case. The ratio of diminution cannot at present be determined; as, for want of a *phonometer*, or instrument for measuring the intensity of sounds, the subject is insusceptible of that degree of accuracy, in noting experiments, which has been applied in other branches of natural philosophy. The rule affects all artificial methods of eliciting sound, whether pneumatic, hydraulic, or vibratory.

Probably it may obtain universally, in things *animate* as well as inanimate. Here, however, a cause comes into action, the principle and operation of which will ever elude our most laborious researches—LIFE.

In the whole range of animal economy, I know not a point, the consideration of which is better calculated to excite and maintain in the breasts of *musicians* a sentiment of pious gratitude to the

"Giver of all good," than the structure of that wonderful machine, the human *larynx*, with its attendant apparatus. The God of nature (with reverence be it spoken) has been anxious to demonstrate his love of music. Else, whence this beautiful and complicated "mechanism expressly adapted to the modulation of sound?"* Else, whence those delicate contrivances, whereby so many of the feathered tribes are enabled to delight themselves and their companions, and make the vault of heaven resound with their joyous melodies? Else, whence, in the most highly-wrought of sublunary creatures, man, that exquisite and evidently-designed arrangement and collocation of cartilaginous and muscular substances, by means of which is communicated to him the power, not only to produce an infinite number of sounds,† but so to modify and alter each particular sound as to command an almost infinite variety in the modes of expressing every separate note? Be it remembered that this musical grant was, on the part of our benevolent Creator, perfectly gratuitous and uncalled for. It was not necessary to the well-being of the inhabitants of the groves, that they should be endowed with the faculty of expressing their happiness in musical intervals. It was not necessary to the comfortable subsistence of man, that he should be able to *sing*. For the animal creation, a cry of want or distress, and another of pleasure or satisfaction, would appear to be all that their necessities demanded. Man, being gifted with the faculty of articulating words, needed not even so much: for *his* wants, a monotony of intonation would have abundantly sufficed. But God, in his infinite goodness, granted the boon; himself instructed the warbling choir, and indelibly implanted in their species the rudiments of song, and, having fixed the irrevocable laws of harmony, diffused them through the universe. In man, the co-existence of the faculty of speaking with that of singing, and the obviously *designed* co-operation of the two, even were all other instances of what we may venture to call superfluous beneficence utterly unknown, would amply testify the kindness of the Creator, in thus providing not only for the necessities but for the delight of his creatures.

* Dr. Paley.

† The infinite divisibility of musical intervals is as capable of demonstration as that of matter. This, however, is a subject upon which I must not at present enlarge.

But why this singular boon?—why this corresponding general pervasion of harmonic principles?—why has the God of Nature stamped a musical impress upon so many of what we are accustomed to consider his most finished works?—why was he at the trouble of conferring upon man the power of connecting words with ideas, and melodious sounds with words?—and why did he adapt the atmospheric medium to the transmission of the combined result?—why, in a word, did he institute the science of music?

Was it merely that it might minister to the gratification of the idle and the gay?—was it that it might augment the luxurious enjoyments of the dissolute voluptuary, and pamper the appetite of his diseased imagination during the restless intervals of more active indulgence?—was it that it might become the vehicle of ribaldry and obscenity, the channel through which a torrent of moral filth might inundate the public mind, involving alike, in its foul contamination, “all ranks and conditions of men?”—was it that it might afford an advantageous introduction to the privacy of the domestic circle, for the accomplishment of the villainous purposes of the designing knave or scientific seducer? I trow not. It was, rather, that it might be employed, first and principally, in the worship of Him who gave it; and secondly, for the innocent purposes of rational recreation.

Music has been much degraded, and musicians have much degraded themselves by their association with circumstances and

* This is a point well worthy of what our forefathers would have denominated *painful* investigation. The theory of acoustics, which resolves sounds into the pulsations or undulations of the air, or other media, is beset with innumerable difficulties, not the least of which is that which arises from the possible co-existence of a multitude of sounds not at all related to each other, and which consequently, by this theory, must be propagated by so many distinct undulations or pulsations, by no means isochronous or proportional, in the same medium and at the same time. But when to this is taken into account the diversity of vowel-sounds, (omitting all mention of other varieties, arising from different animals or instruments, and the individuals of each class, all of which have their distinguishing peculiarities,) the difficulty is increased ten thousand fold. It is much to be regretted that this huge stumbling-block should have been permitted to remain for so many ages at the very threshold of our science, yet there seems but little hope of its speedy removal. That the vibratory or tremulous motions of bodies produce corresponding undulations or pulsations in the atmosphere, which in their turn occasion in us the perception of what we call sound, is a dogma handed down by philosophers from generation to generation, and generally admitted, without hesitation or inquiry, as infallible and eternal truth.

characters with which they have no necessary or proper connexion. This it is which probably has induced some "who profess and call themselves *Christians*" to despise the science, scorn its professors, and deprecate its use in religious assemblies. Out upon such Christians! Let them assemble by themselves if they please, and conduct their devotions as they list; but let them not "come into the great congregation" to snarl at that which (however sometimes unfortunately abused) "is now," "as it was in the beginning," "and ever shall be," by the fiat of the Omnipotent.

That God delights in music, "all nature cries aloud through all her works," and numerous passages of his revealed will corroborate the allegation. In the question of the propriety of the use of music in holy offices, no stress can be laid upon any distinction between vocal and instrumental; for (to use Dr. Paley's words) "the larynx"—"is a musical instrument;" and when a rational agent is employed in the worship of his Maker, whether, "by relaxing or tightening the tendinous bands at the extremity of his wind-pipe," and by the assistance of his lungs, which are "to animal utterance what the bellows are to the organ," he perform upon the instrument *within* him; or whether he make use of an instrument *without* him; or whether, to augment the effect, he play upon both at the same time, the animus remaining the same, it cannot be conceived that the modes are so essentially different as that one of them shall be praiseworthy and another amount to a misdemeanor little short of high treason against the Majesty of Heaven."* "The melody of the heart" may accompany one as well as the other; and if it have not invariably done so, its absence must be attributed rather to our common frailty than to the nature of the employment. Self-display is too apt to influence, more or less, every man occupying a public station, and perhaps even the sacred orator is seldom unconscious of its influence. This is urged, not as an excuse for the peccant musician, but with a view

* That this may not appear overcoloured, I relate an anecdote.—A few years ago, after much deliberation among the leaders of a congregation wherein the liberal party prevailed, an organ was erected in a dissenting chapel in this city. A short time afterwards, at one of the usual prayer-meetings, one of the mouths of the assembly, in the course of his petitions, turning himself towards the object of his abhorrence and pointing at the organ, with great vehemence of voice and gesture ejaculated—"Lord! pull that *DAGON* down!" I could relate more, but one such instance is enough for one city.

to the exercise of a greater degree of charity towards him than he has hitherto usually obtained.

As a professed church musician, I may anticipate a pardon from the public for intruding so much of the natural theology of music into this essay. Presuming upon this indulgence I cannot resist the temptation to enter into it yet a little farther.

The construction of the larynx is a point which an organ-builder might study with great advantage. A musical instrument more perfect in its intonation, and more delicate in its voicing (yet capable of amazing increments of force), does not exist. But its greatest peculiarity remains to be mentioned. All the notes of the human voice are formed by an apparatus, whose greatest range does not exceed *two inches*. If to this, six inches be added for the longitudinal extent of the mouth, the whole of the *speaking part* will not be longer than *eight inches*.* Yet the Omni-

* I must confess that I entertain a doubt whether the human mouth *do*, in the production of the sound, answer the same purpose as the superior part of the tube of an organ-pipe, or, as regards acuteness and gravity, be in any way conducive to the modification of the sounds produced in the throat. Were this so, the partial closing of the orifice of each would have the same effect upon one as it has upon the other. Apply your hand to the top of an organ-pipe when in action, so as to cover half the area of the cone or cylinder, and the sound will be very sensibly softer and *flatter* than before; transfer the experiment to the human pipe, the result will be that the sound is simply softened, remaining in pitch unaltered. Were it ordered otherwise, the partial opening and closing the lips, and the motions of the tongue, which are necessary to articulation, would render it *impossible to sing in tune*, unless the performer were limited to the iteration of a single syllable, or at most to the enunciation of such a series of similar syllables as would not require a change in the position of the mouth or tongue. If this view of the subject be correct, how ought our admiration to be increased, at the musical miracles of this part of our frame? For indeed it is a miracle to produce notes so deep and loud by an apparatus occupying the space of only two or three inches. Truly we are "fearfully and wonderfully made."

I once heard a learned physician assert, that the depth and fulness of a man's voice depended not only upon the construction of his chest and wind pipe, but also upon his *bulk and stature*; wherefore he humorously contended that little men have small weak voices, and vice versa; and that the lowest note of each would be found to be about that of an *organ-pipe of the length of the man*. This was one way of clearing up a difficulty. But, besides the notorious fact that the voices of men do not bear an invariable proportion to their respective altitudes, and that, if they did, it is obvious that most of the parts of the human body are no more capable of resonance than a pack of wool, both which positions, for argument sake, he was obliged to controvert, he was at last driven jocosely to maintain that when an individual suffers the amputation of a leg, but more certainly if of two legs, he loses thereby part of the compass of his voice!

Hear this, ye managers and conductors of choral societies! Ye have before

potent Maker of this small instrument has so ordered it, that it is capable of producing a sound in many instances equal in gravity and intensity to that of an open-diapason pipe of *eight feet* in length, and in most others equivalent to one of *five feet*.^{*} From this it takes its range upwards to the extent of two and sometimes of three octaves, upon the act of volition adjusting itself instantaneously to the intonation of any intermediate note, with a precision and facility utterly unattainable by any artificial contrivance. Its delicate minuteness of motion is said to be occasionally so exquisitely nice as not to exceed the thousandth part of an inch, and yet is completely under the dominion of the will.

The productions of art are at best but humble imitations of those of nature, to which, the more nearly they approximate, the more perfect they become. In some musical instruments this approximation is much more apparent than in others, e. g. in the flute, hautboy, bassoon, and various other wind instruments, which resemble the *natural* instrument in one circumstance—viz. that each respectively produces many successive notes from the same tube, and those notes either loud or soft. In the organ, on the contrary, every separate note in the scale has its separate pipe in each stop. Hence its unwieldy bulk; but hence also its power of harmonious combination. Neither of the instruments just mentioned, unless by a kind of legerdemain, is capable of eliciting even two sounds simultaneously; and the human voice is similarly restricted.† On the organ, however, were it desirable, all the

heard how certain frigates have been cut down to make sloops of war; so, in like manner, upon the hypothesis just mentioned, ye may possibly manufacture first-rate *altos* by cutting down (or, as some of them may perhaps be inclined to think, "cutting up") a few indifferent tenors!

* It would be very wrong to compare it with a stopped pipe, in which half the length would suffice, seeing that the larynx is open at both ends: and even if the comparison were fair, this would remove but a moiety of the difficulty of reconciling the phenomenon with the common law stated at the commencement of this essay, leaving the other half as inexplicable as before. Neither would it be right to institute a comparison between the machinery of the human voice and that of a *reed-pipe*; for although a reed without a pipe, or with a very contracted one, may be made to yield a deep note, it is ever deficient in pervading *power*, and in such cases becomes inaudible at a comparatively short distance.

† Some eminent flute-players have been able to produce an effect resembling that of two distinct instruments; and the late Mr. Wm. Stock, an eminent musical amateur, of Bristol, to whose memory I am happy to have this opportunity of paying my humble tribute of respect, possessed the singular faculty of

notes of the scale might be brought into action at once; and, for the purpose of harmony, its grand excellence, this complexity must be suffered to remain, at least in the superior part of the instrument. In the treble of an organ a few hundred pipes, more or less, make a comparatively trifling difference in either bulk or cost;* but as we descend, the size of the pipes increases in geometrical progression; so that, on approaching the bottom of the scale, a single pipe becomes an object of considerable importance, as regards both its magnitude and the expense which it occasions.†

It fortunately happens, however, that the ear will not tolerate, in this part of the scale, any combination of sounds short of the octave. A third or a fifth, in the extreme base of an organ, is not only at no time necessary, but is positively unpleasant. Why

singing two parts at the same time. It scarcely need be remarked that one of his voices only was natural, and the other ventriloquistical, with which however he managed to make an accompaniment. Such rare exceptions disturb not the rule. Mr. Stock also, in performing upon the organ, could, with one hand, make a good double shake in sixths; an attainment seldom reached even by professional organists.

* The mode in which, not merely individuals, but parish vestries and other bodies of men, are sometimes deceived into a notion of the comparatively immense power and consequent intrinsic value of an instrument, by a simple statement of the number of pipes it contains, to be properly reprobated, needs but to be pointed out. "Our organ," says one, "has fifteen hundred pipes, and costs but 800*l.* whereas that in your church contains but nine hundred and seventy, and costs nearly half as much again." "Very true," another may perhaps with truth reply, "and is worth just twice as much." There is many an organ to be found in our parish churches, containing possibly two, three, or even four hundred metal pipes each, the whole of which, if melted up together, would be barely sufficient to make one good pedal-pipe of thirty-two feet. The weight of metal employed, though not an infallible, would be a much safer criterion whereby to judge an instrument than the mere number of pipes.

† This circumstance has led many builders to omit one or more of the chromatic notes of the base, even in the very contracted scale of a chamber organ, and that since what are technically called *short octaves* were exploded; and this exclusion is not only an annoyance to the scientific performer, but a decided imperfection in the instrument. It is not unusual to meet with organs of this description, whose lowest note is commonly GG, without either pipe or key for GG \sharp . Yet they are generally described in specifications and advertisements as having a compass "from GG to F," as it may be, or some other note, in alt, all mention of the omission being carefully avoided. How should we think ourselves treated, if we purchased a book as complete, and on perusal discovered that a sheet, containing one of the most important chapters of the work, was missing? And what should we think of the seller, did we subsequently discover that he was in the habit of putting up books for sale in that imperfect manner?

we should thus arrive at the bounds of harmony, before we reach the limits of the scale, is not our present purpose to inquire. The fact, however, may be turned to good account.

In this part of the Organ we may imitate Nature, *by making one tube serve for the production of several notes*; and this improvement constitutes the proper subject of the present essay. It is not probable but that an idea at once so simple, so obvious and so practicable, has occurred to many a speculative mind; but if so, that it has not been brought into use, certainly borders on the marvellous. There are innumerable instances, especially in organs for private use, in which pedal-pipes were not introduced merely because they occupy so much room; and in all these instances the objection would have been completely done away by adopting the plan now suggested. There may be, and frequently is, space enough for one or two pipes, when it would be utterly impossible to insert two *dozen*.

It was hinted, in the preceding essay, that a first-rate organ should contain at least two octaves of good pedal-pipes. Now if these are real double-diapasons, the smallest pipe will measure eight feet and the largest thirty-two feet in length. In this kingdom the largest seldom exceeds sixteen feet; there being very few indeed in which we have attained to *twenty* feet, and I believe one only of the construction of a pipe of *twenty-four* feet. Indeed, waiving the consideration of *cost*, how rarely does it happen, especially in parochial churches, that space enough can be afforded for five-and-twenty enormous pipes! But, upon the plan now proposed, *two* pipes, or at most *four*, would be abundantly sufficient to produce all the effect usually obtained from a quarter of a hundred, excepting only in the fisticuff style of performing, and in the common organ-trick of *making thunder*.

It will be perfectly unnecessary to give a plan of the movement. The principle is that of the *flute*. In one of the sides of the pipe certain apertures are cut, near which pallets or stoppers are affixed, so as to cover and close them tightly. These pallets are respectively made to open upon the depression of their corresponding pedals, and shut by means of springs or balance weights, the pedals being released. In this there is of course a double action, the wind-pallet or air-valve being to be opened at the same time that the tuning-pallet is adjusted, which would be too

heavy for the fingers, but which is scarcely sensible to the feet. My experiments have been restricted to *wooden* pipes, which I presume will always be found best adapted to the purpose, although there would be no impossibility or very serious difficulty in applying the plan to pipes made of metal. It is now nearly three years since the idea first occurred to my mind, and more than two, since, in consequence of some expressions which dropped from me, an organ builder, to whom I had applied for some small pipes to experiment upon, tried it upon a moderately large scale. The experiments were attended with complete success. Mr. Smith (the organ builder alluded to) caused a 16-foot pipe to produce C, C#, D and D#. It was placed in the organ of St. Mary Redcliffe church, in this city, and connected with the pedals of that magnificent instrument; and thus much may be affirmed concerning its effect, that a person uninformed of the contrivance would not otherwise discover that the notes were produced from the same pipe, than by putting down two or three pedals at once. I have been anxious to try it upon a pipe of 32 feet, or one of yet larger dimensions (if the scale of audible music extend so low), but am fearful that no opportunity will be quickly afforded me, and can only look forward to the pleasure of learning that it has been elsewhere achieved.

It remains for me to notice a few objections to which the scheme is liable.

First—It may be advanced that hereby the proper *scale* of *proportion* of the pipes would be disturbed, and that consequently there would be an inequality in the sounds produced.

To this I can only reply that it is very true, but not fatal. For the same objection applies to flutes, violins, clarionets, bassoons, and in short, all other instruments capable of producing more than one sound from the same string or tube. It may be remarked also, that an inequality in the extreme base would not be so perceptible as in a superior part; and lastly, it is very probable that the inequality objected to may be obviated by an adjustment of the *wind* to the note required.

Next it may be urged, that the additional mechanism will be so considerable as to prevent its recommendation on the score of economy, and so complex as to be frequently in need of repairs.

All this is possible enough, if manufacturers choose to set their

faces against it. At first, it is far from improbable that the very novelty of the undertaking will cause a degree of expense which will not attend subsequent attempts. Workmen cannot easily be put out of their way, and made to adopt new modes of action. Let them, however, once be brought to manufacture the article proposed, with the facility and dispatch with which they go through their customary evolutions, and I contend that there would be a saving of *more than half* of the usual expense of pedal pipes. This, if true, disposes of the second part of the objection as well as the first, for no man or body of men would grudge a few trifling occasional repairs, having economised so considerably in the original cost.

Lastly—It will meet with opposition, as every thing supposed to be new does, from some quarter or other, on the ground of its novelty. “It is an innovation.”

A man who had some repute for wisdom once wrote as follows : “The thing which hath been, it is that which shall be ; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, ‘see, this is new ?’ it hath been already of old time which was before us.” Eccl. ch. i. v. 9 and 10. How appropriate this is to the present subject, I think I cannot better shew, than by another quotation.

In Dr. Busby’s Dictionary of Music, under the head *Panarmonion*, you will find the following :—“A wind instrument used by the ancient Greeks, which, as far as we are able to collect from Plato, and the Commentaries of Proclus on that illustrious author, consisted of an assemblage of pipes, and resembled in some degree the modern organ. It is particularly worthy of notice, that every hole of these pipes, or *imitations of pipes*, as Proclus expressly calls them, was capable of emitting *three* different sounds, and in some instances, *more* than three. It follows that they must have been of a construction utterly unknown to modern instrument-makers, as it was to those of the time of the learned commentator, who flourished in the fifth century.”

From which it would appear that, after all, the construction of pipes upon the foregoing principle, is but a revival of what “hath been already of old time which was before us.”

E. H.

Cloisters, Bristol, May, 1827.

P.S. [In reply to T. W. L. vol. 9, p. 8.] "As it is but fair that every man should enjoy the reputation he has justly acquired," I must continue to ascribe the invention of the composition pedals to Mr. Flight, *who undoubtedly claims it as his own*, and who is a gentleman that may be presumed incapable of risking his high character upon a falsehood. I will not however be drawn into a controversy upon this subject, in which I am clearly in no wise farther interested, but shall leave to the parties concerned the decision of their respective claims to priority, only observing that if T. W. L. can establish his assertion, it will follow that there were *two inventions* of the same thing, a circumstance, I believe, not altogether unprecedented in the annals of mechanism.

E. H.

Sept. 1827.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE late successful revival of "*Arthur and Emmeline*," at the English Opera House, has induced me to call your attention to another fine masque which has been unaccountably neglected by the musical world. I allude to the "*Alfred*" of the admirable Dr. Arne; a piece which needs only to be heard in order to become as great a favourite with the public as "*Comus*" itself.

Arne's music is less scientific than that of his predecessor Purcell, but it is far better calculated to please a mixed audience.—Contrasted with the refinement of the present day, Purcell's most elegant ideas seem uncouth, and many are disgusted at his coarseness and barbarism, who can neither feel his passion, nor relish his science. Yet Purcell is indeed a Colossus in music. He resembles one of those Phidian remains whose polish has been effaced by the hand of time; the common eye sees only the ruggedness of

the surface, but to the artist they are models of symmetry and grandeur.

Mallet's *Alfred* was set by Burney; where Dr. Arne got his plot I cannot tell. The words of the songs are derived from various sources, and it is probably owing to defect of plan that the masque itself fell into disuse. However, the music is infinitely too good to be lost, and if you could bring it into notice through the medium of your valuable pages, you would deserve the thanks of your numerous readers.

The melodies of Arne in *Alfred* flow on in a full, clear, and even current. The modulations though varied are never forced, they seem to arise spontaneously from the turns of the sentiment. The harmonical contrivance is not very elaborate. The score at first view exhibits a degree of simplicity approaching almost to baldness. But the plainest and most trifling air in the piece impresses you with the immediate conviction that you never heard any thing like it. There is nothing absolutely new, as respects modulation and contrivance, in the air "*If those who live in shepherd's bow'r,*" and yet it affects one with all the charm of novelty, and you could not hear it once without wishing to hear it again and again.

If you, Sir, or any of your correspondents would inform me through the medium of the *Quarterly Musical Review* where Arne got the dialogue of his *Alfred*, it would oblige

Your very obedient servant,

A CONSTANT READER.

Norwich, July 16, 1827.

ON THE LIBERALITY AND LOVE OF ART DISPLAYED BY
SOME OF OUR LEADING VOCALISTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I Remember to have read with great interest, some years ago, the remarks and arguments of your correspondent, "An Observer," on "the present state of English music and the English musician." Even at this time I can distinctly recollect my indignation at the coldness which he described as being felt towards both, by the high and privileged classes, and my sorrow that our present race of composers, among whom are some of sterling merit, should be overlooked by those who ought to be the foremost to encourage them.

But your correspondent, who really appeared to be a candid sort of person, did give us to understand that no small blame was attributable to the British professors themselves; to their want of union, and of that disinterested love for their art, which is frequently displayed by the members of other professions.

Now, Sir, a report has reached me, which I can hardly credit, but which, if true, will completely justify the reproach of "An Observer;" it is this—that many of our popular singers demand and receive premiums of ten, fifteen, and even twenty guineas for singing a new song!

Can such things be? Is it thus that they who are so extravagantly paid for their performances, on almost all occasions, shew their gratitude? Is this their method of improving the musical art in England—and, if it be, is there one composer of the least talent or spirit who will stoop to adopt it? Impossible:—and henceforth we may expect to fall into the hands of puffing publishers, and hashers-up of common place, and to be perpetually doomed to endure the trash and vulgarity with which we have been for some time afflicted.

But I hope that the whole will turn out to be an "invention of the enemy;" a paltry attempt on the part of "some maliciously disposed person or persons" to lower the characters of several of our first rate singers, if not to bring them into contempt. I can easily imagine the grief and indignation of such eminent performers as Miss Paton, Madame Vestris, or Mr. Braham, should this letter meet their eyes. They will, it is not to be doubted, hasten to clear themselves from the imputation contained in it, and, if I might advise, will offer a good round sum to any one who shall discover the author of such calumny.

Whatever may be the course pursued on this occasion by those most interested, I assure you, Sir, that I have been induced to bring the subject publicly forward only by my love for music, and my desire to preserve its professors from reproach.

Principiis obsta: sero medicina paratur,

Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your very humble servant,

MUSICUS.

July 1, 1827.

H

PLAGIARISM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

SOME time ago I addressed a letter to you upon the subject of musical plagiarism,* in which I brought forward proofs of the delinquency of certain authors in that point. In the next Number of your Review to that in which my observations appeared,

* See Review, page 141, vol. 4.

your correspondent Justus replied, in a partial degree, to my remarks, with this difference, that whereas my endeavour in the outset was to obtain absolution for young composers who should be found to err in this respect, his object evidently was to establish a distinction between quotation (or the appropriate and acknowledged introduction of any classical musical phrase from another author) and plagiarism, or the unmerciful pilfering of entire passages from known composers, without any acknowledgment. I have turned my attention several times towards this subject, and cannot but think that this distinction will, if acted upon, without proper controul, open the door to much abuse. Justus remarks, "if there be any difference which precludes the musician from using the privilege not only indulged to poets but applauded in their works, it seems to me to arise entirely out of the fact, that musical compositions are wrought upon the narrow basis of brief passages or airs, and that the invention of short pieces of melody constitute one of the grandest merits for which musical writers are valued—whereas the extended plan, arguments, and illustrations of the plot, incidents, descriptions, and situations of a poem or prose work, render the language by which it is supported susceptible of so much variety, that the introduction of apt quotations is come to be considered as a diverting modification by the unexpected relations of thought, through which such phrases conduct the mind:" this difference is, I consider, fatal to the indulgence of quotations by musical writers, because we are expressly told by all great masters and theorists, that after a good preparation by the study of counterpoint, the art of writing for voices, and a knowledge of the powers and capacities of different instruments, we must lay aside composing through the ideas of others, and learn to think and feel for ourselves. But if this system of quotation and marks to acknowledge it be once adopted, not alone by such men as "Cramer, Kalkbrenner, Crotch, or Horsley,"* but by all composers, young or experienced, unpatronized, and in full possession of public favour, it will soon become quite unnecessary for them to do any thing more than take patches of melody from one author, harmony from another, cadences from another, and so on, whereby

* See Letter of Justus, vol. 4, page 275.

with only the cost of time in copying without the trouble and skill required in thinking intensely, esteemed composers are to be made. This it appears to me is a bad mode of improving the present race of young composers, apt enough at all times and for fashion's sake, to imitate what is the taste, as it is called, of the day. We have quite enough I think of that already, as any one may reasonably satisfy himself by looking over the hundreds of compilations (or compositions with unacknowledged quotations) that are issued with unsparing hand from the different music warehouses daily. I should recommend a directly opposite mode to young writers to that advised by Justus—namely, to expunge carefully every idea, every passage of a leading or prominent character in their works, that either upon recollection or inspection, they find to have been used by other writers to express the same sentiments or passion. I do not say that this can always be done, but I think by aiming at it, by advice from cautious and older men than themselves in the art, and by the habit of writing slowly, and not with the wholesale rapidity so common amongst us, more would be done towards a reformation and concentration of their ideas than by the idle, insufficient, and to persons of musical knowledge, disappointing mode of interweaving other author's ideas with their own. I know an instance late occurring in which a professional man (a young writer), having composed a vocal duet, took it for inspection to a writer of experience, who, the first time it was played over, discovered that the first two bars were exactly similar to a favourite piece of the same kind, that every amateur knows by rote. By merely the alteration of two notes, the passage was rendered comparatively original, sung as well, and no one has said a word since its publication of the similarity to the piece alluded to, or indeed any other. Now had the party refused so to alter the above passage, and merely applied the marks of quotation (for such it would literally have been) the piece would have lost the greatest part of its merit by standing confessed to be the idea of another. Should we ever have had the works of the immortal Mozart, of Beethoven, and of C. M. von Weber, if quotation had been so used by them? I think not. What forms the ground-work of every one's admiration of the Bacchanalian song in *Der Freischütz*? its characteristic originality. Would our pleasure be

enhanced by finding in the printed copy the "marks of quotation attached to any one phrase of it," should we not say, "it certainly is very striking, but it is not original, and therefore we do not esteem it as much as we did before we knew it was Weber's by proxy." I know it will be said that to the multitude who listen to music only to be pleased, if what they hear does please them, they care not who owns the primary cause of that pleasure; but as musicians, having some care of our reputations, I really opine we ought to look better after our property, and in proportion to the indifference of the public, become more careful if we wish to produce any thing worthy of estimation. The closing remark in the letter of Justus, "erudition would thus be known from theft," I shall request him to apply to an instance that lately forced itself upon my notice. I bought a score of two of Mehul's symphonies, and the overture to *Anacreon* by Cherubini bound up together; and upon looking over them was so much struck by the following coincidence, (I should recommend this term in preference to either of the other two, as containing the only sovereign balm for wounded composers) that I wish to have it satisfactorily explained, if Justus will do me that favour, whether it belongs to quotation or plagiarism. *Anacreon* was written in 1803.* I know not the exact period when Mehul wrote his symphonies, but he was the cotemporary and friend of Cherubini.† Now in the finale to Mehul's symphony in D (a most excellent work and worthy of being better known) the principal passage, indeed it forms the ground-work of the whole movement, is the same, note for note, and in the same key, as that occurring in the overture to *Anacreon*. I subjoin the example, compressed from Mehul's score, as a curious instance of the same idea, worked upon differently by two composers. My sole intention in noticing it is, to set the question of quotation, *versus* plagiarism, at rest, which I feel secure it will, which ever way this example may be turned.

I am, Sir, your's,

F. W. H.

London, July 30th, 1827.

* See "School of Lombardy."—Quarterly Musical Review, vol. 7, p. 347.

† See Harmonicon, No. 37, p. 2.

ALLEGRO VIVACE.

pp (Drum.)

Cres.

8va

loco.

acc. &c.

The musical score is written for piano and drum. It begins with a treble staff containing rests and a bass staff with a rhythmic pattern. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO VIVACE'. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) for the drum, *pp* and *ff* (fortissimo) for the piano. A crescendo marking *Cres.* is present. An octave marking *8va* is shown above a treble staff. A *loco.* marking is placed above a treble staff. The score concludes with *acc. &c.* (accelerando &c.).

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE death of Beethoven is an event which cannot be disregarded by any one who takes an interest in the musical history of Europe, and who considers the influence which his writings have had and may have on the public taste. Our humanity must also be awakened by a contemplation of the closing period of this extraordinary man's life, during which he laboured under incurable deafness—a disease of all others most distressing to the musician, and struggled with various embarrassments, while he was the prey of the most torturing sensibility.

He would have been considered bold, who on the decease of Haydn, should have said that one would immediately appear to contest the palm with him and Mozart—nay, in the opinion of many, to carry it away from both. But there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy, and the impulses of extraordinary genius are among them.

If the most intense feeling, which carries you along with it in spite of extravagance that often approaches to absurdity—if the wildest trains of thought and the most touching expression are indications of genius, then may the term be applied to Beethoven. Indeed it is to his genius that he seems mostly indebted, for his works bear few such marks of study as distinguish those of his great predecessors; with some exceptions they resemble grand sketches, which the artist has wanted the power or the inclination to finish. In truth, Beethoven appears to have disdained that severity of discipline to which Haydn and Mozart submitted, that they might acquire a command over all the resources of their art, and therefore his compositions are inferior to theirs in order and design. Even in his mass and in his oratorio of *The Mount of Olives*, where we might particularly expect to meet with it, there is not one example of a fugue regularly conducted—but his subject is generally quitted after having been once answered, or when it is resumed, it is only treated, as the Italians say, “*alla fugata*.”

These observations may subject me to a charge of pedantry from some persons—but I would beg them to recollect, that no composer of established fame, no one whom the united voice of the musical world pronounces “great,” has yet existed, without distinguishing himself by the production of fugues or canons: let them consider also the care with which such specimens of art are preserved. How many volumes, nay, how many schools and particular styles of writing have gone down to “the tomb of all the Capulets” since “*Non nobis Domine*” first appeared, yet we still hear it with unabated pleasure. And may not the same be said of the fugues of Bach and Handel? They bear no stamp of age, and we of the present day listen to them with delight equal to that which was felt by those who lived when they were first written. Marpurg observes, “of all the various species of composition, the fugue (and he might have added the canon) is that alone which bids defiance to the caprices of fashion: ages have wrought no change in it—and fugues composed a hundred years ago have as much freshness and novelty about them as if they had been composed in our own times.”

This will be accounted for, if we recollect that almost all ornament is excluded from the fugue, by the rigour of the laws to which it is subject, and in music, as in architecture, the ornamental parts go most quickly to decay. With regard to the preference shewn for such works, it may be remarked, that we always experience great gratification in contemplating difficulties overcome, and when we find the charms of imagination and taste superadded, our gratification rises to high enjoyment. It may also be observed, that it is in the nature of superior and enlightened minds to delight in order and design, and the finest instances of these are to be found in the well-constructed fugue and canon. Indeed no composition of any length would be endurable without some application of those principles on which canons and fugues are constructed—that is, without a subject proposed and imitated with more or less strictness. Now, although the fiery mind of Beethoven seems to have disdained the labour which is necessary in the composition of regular fugues, his works abound in imitative passages of great beauty—at times, however, the imitation is productive of a degree of harshness which more patient study would have enabled him to avoid.

Musicians are divided in their opinions concerning the early and later works of this wonderful man : for my part, I do not hesitate to class myself with those who prefer the former. They have more symmetry ; and for regularity and concatenation of thought, they equal those beautiful models which Haydn and Mozart have left, while they are as much characterized by the peculiarities of the author's genius as are any of his subsequent productions. Take, for example, his first symphony in C major, and his septuor : these are perfect gems of instrumental writing. In them every passage tells, and with reference to them, we may say—as Johnson said of Gray, when speaking of his elegy—"had he often written thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him." Very different is the case with the later compositions of Beethoven—though he is said to have preferred them so much, that he felt highly offended whenever any one praised his early productions. This only proves, what has been a thousand times asserted, that authors are not always the best judges of their own works. In those now under consideration, there are parts of great magnificence and beauty ; there are also whole movements which are exquisite in effect ; but these are mixed up with much that is turgid and extravagant, and with not a little which borders on the ridiculous.

Haydn and Mozart indeed often approached the very verge of propriety, but the caution with which they planned their works, preserved them from remarkable excesses. Beethoven, however, following only the impetus of his imagination, and disdaining those constraints which sober judgment would suggest, rushes madly on, and often

" Plays such fantastic tricks

" As makes the Critics weep."

The history of the progress in art of a mind like Beethoven's, would be most interesting and instructive. As I have before hinted, he does not seem to have devoted much time to close study, but to have acquired his powers of composition by continual practice. Notwithstanding this—the beauty of his first works—their novelty—and the effect which they produced, raised him up immediately a crowd of admirers. These persons quickly made him "the god of their idolatry," and, as became true believers, would not allow that there could be spot or blemish in his creations. Thus situated, and with an impetuosity of temper

which made interference of any kind a dangerous office, it is not surprising that Beethoven should, occasionally, have entertained false notions of his art : that he should have mistaken noise for grandeur, extravagance for originality, and have supposed that the interest of his compositions would be in proportion to their duration. That he gave little time to reflection, is proved most clearly by the extraordinary length of some movements in his later symphonies, to which we might apply the epithet "*Romans de longue haleine*," given to certain French novels of the old school. The great fault which Beethoven committed, in making many of his compositions so long, will be seen, if we consider that music, though the most vague, is the most exciting of the arts ; and not all the finest passages from Homer, nor an exhibition of all the battles of Le Brun, would produce half the effect on the minds of a party of British soldiers going into action, as would be produced by "God save the King," or the "Grenadier's March."

But though the impressions which we receive from music are more lively than those made upon us by poetry or painting, it is not to be denied that they are much more undefined. This applies particularly to instrumental compositions ; for the vocal acquire a more defined expression from their association with poetry ; into which, when of superior order, they may be said to merge. Now, Sir, what is the tendency of instrumental music ? Is it not to excite in us a disposition to reverie ?—during which we associate all we hear, with those objects which contribute mostly to our happiness. Thus the lover, if he listen to a tender strain, will think of his mistress ; the mind of the absent husband and father will turn to his home, his wife, and his children ; and I, who am an old batchelor, and an ardent lover of the country, never hear music without *seeing* pictures ; nor *see* pictures without *hearing* music. Woe to him, however, who rashly endeavours to embody these imaginings in plain prose. Would any one see how ridiculous a man may make himself by the attempt ?—let him read "Momigny's picturesque analysis," contained in his "*Cours complet d'harmonie et de composition*" of Haydn's famous symphony in E \flat , one of the twelve written for Salomon. If this work should not be at hand, the reader may turn to a former volume of your excellent journal, in which he will meet

with some laughable nonsense, written by one of your fanciful correspondents, in the form of an analysis of a trio by Beethoven. But this charm of the imagination, which we have been considering, cannot be long continued, though so delightful. Some one has said, "It is a law of our nature, that impressions, often repeated, should lose their force." This is strikingly proved by our author: take, for example, his Pastoral Symphony. When that is performed, you at first give into all the illusion which he would create, and your mind is insensibly filled with rural images; but the stimulus is too long applied—you are roused from your reverie, find a number of vacant faces about you, and heartily wish the movement at an end. To give only one more instance—the funereal march, in the Sinfonia Eroica, begins admirably, and for a while we feel all the mournful impressions which the composer would inspire; but these yield to a sense of weariness, which arises from the length of the movement, notwithstanding the prodigious power of orchestral writing displayed in the course of it.

On what different principles has Handel proceeded, in his "*Dead March in Saul*," and how different is the result!

The great error which Beethoven has committed in this respect, is strikingly shown by the following circumstance—at Vienna, where he passed his life, and where all his great works were produced, his symphonies are never performed in an entire state, but are given piecemeal. Nay, so completely has he dosed his countrymen, and so thoroughly has he exhausted even their patience, that they do not scruple to lay hands on the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, and give them in the same manner.

Beethoven, however, may be considered as the most extraordinary composer for instruments that ever lived. His invention is amazing, and the effects he often produces are not only quite original, but delightful indeed; for effect, abstractedly considered, he is superior to all his predecessors. Nor is there any one who can be said to equal him in force. But these great qualities are frequently alloyed by a morbid desire for novelty; by extravagance, and by a disdain of rule.

The chief vocal composition of Beethoven known to us, is the oratorio of the "*Mount of Olives*," and this shews that he never made composition for voices his study. In his accompaniments he

is overpowering ; and in the construction of his vocal parts he is careless and harsh. The first point we meet with is at page 42, to the words "Doch weh ! die frech entheren," and there the two first replies are brought in upon the unprepared discord of the second ; this is enough to make an Italian contrapuntist grind his teeth in the grave. It is impossible to look over the score of this work without perceiving that the author's mind was imbued with instrumental effects. This strikes us more forcibly when we listen to the performance ; for the vocal parts never *come out* : they never seize on the attention, as they seize it in the chorusses of Handel, but almost always have the effect of mere accompaniments to the orchestra.

The original words of this oratorio are a deplorable instance of irreverence and bad taste. The chief persons engaged in it are St. Peter, a Seraph, and our Saviour, who is thus made to begin, "Jehovah, du mein Vater ! The divine person afterwards engages in a duet with the Seraph, in a terzetto with him and St. Peter, and executes a long roulade, accompanied by a chorus, in the most approved opera style !

If Milton, by some, is considered worthy of reproof for making the Father speak—though in the highest of mortal strains—what shall be said of those who make the Son sing ? and that in a manner nowise differing from the fashionable performer of the day. "*Adelede*" is a very pleasing scena ; but the vocal writings of Beethoven need not occupy us any longer, for they add nothing to his fame ; this must rest on his instrumental compositions. Compare him with Haydn, and even with Mozart, we shall find that he has more force and wildness ; at the same time he is deficient in grace and clearness. His melodies, and short points of fugue, though often very beautiful, are often injured by an excess of accompaniment, and his harmony, on many occasions, is affectedly harsh. These defects, greater labour and study would have enabled him to correct : "but then," some will say, "the divine warmth of his genius would have evaporated." Is there any want of warmth, (call it "divine" if you please) in the compositions of Haydn ? yet they were the fruits of the most patient industry.

It is curious to observe how much we may be led astray by metaphorical expressions, especially in all that concerns genius.

The effect which its creations have upon our minds is instantaneous, and therefore we are apt to consider them as proceeding from little more than mere volition. Yet how erroneous is this! The greatest works, in all ages, have been the fruits of the greatest labour; and perhaps it would diminish somewhat of the enjoyment we derive from them, could we be aware of the toil, the anxiety, and even the distress which have attended their production.

The difference between genius and dullness is this—both must run, “but one receiveth the prize.” To labour then, to severe labour, the most gifted of mankind are subjected, and therefore to wish that Beethoven had bestowed more pains and diligence on his works is to detract nothing from their merit. Thus he might have pruned much that is exuberant; softened down much that is harsh; given clearness to much that is obscure, and corrected much that is whimsical and far-fetched.

Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven form a marvellous triumvirate in the musical art, and in several particulars they have made it a matter of despair to follow them. Future generations may be charmed by symphonies and quartetts, in which the principles of these great masters have little or no share; but that will only happen after some powerful genius shall have arisen, like Haydn, to make old things pass away. Meanwhile our Spohrs and our Rieses may labour, but while we listen to their works we cannot avoid making comparisons between them and those of their illustrious predecessors, into whose fame they must be content that their own should merge.

The effect which the writings of Beethoven have had on the art must, I fear, be considered as injurious. Led away by the force of his genius, and dazzled by its creations, a crowd of imitators has arisen, who have displayed as much harshness, as much extravagance, and as much obscurity, with little or none of his beauty and grandeur. Thus music is no longer intended to sooth, to delight, to “wrap the senses in elysium;” it is absorbed in one principle—to astonish; and if we take the trouble to analyze our feelings at the conclusion of some of our most celebrated performances, we shall find them startlingly allied to those which we experience on witnessing the feats of *Il Diavolo Antonio*, or *Monsieur Ducrow*, when he rides five horses at once. To say

that such observations have been made at all times is a poor method of replying—for admitting the fact, which I do not, it may be observed, that in music, more than in any other art, there is a constant tendency towards extravagance and innovation. Ill-natured persons may suppose that this proceeds from the circumstance of musicians being rather acute feelers than profound thinkers, but I attribute it, in a great degree, to the nature of the art itself—the types of which are remote, and do not admit of so easy a comparison with the productions of the artist as may be made in poetry and painting.

But if ever complaint be just, or a warning voice be raised, it must surely be when a great, but irregular artist appears, with powers of mind to cast his own imperfections into the shade, and to seduce numbers to endeavour to imitate him. How many composers, Sir, would have made a respectable figure had they been content to occupy the station which nature assigned to them; but they must needs swell to the size of this “giant ox,” and the consequences are to be deplored by every person of real taste. Of Beethoven’s mind, we may say, that it was completely “*sui generis*.” How lamentable then it is that every one should now be apeing the productions of such a mind; and that, as imitators are notorious for seizing the bad parts of their objects, we should be deafened by noise and wearied by affectation and obscurity.

In the *Edinburgh Review* for June 1821, there is a passage of such admirable force, and though relating to another subject, of such immediate application to the style of music now prevailing, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of extracting it. The writer is speaking of a work remarkable for an “undeviating display of turgid, vehement, and painfully elaborate language.”

“Political changes were not the sole causes of the rapid degeneracy in letters that followed the Augustan era of Rome. Similar corruptions and decay have succeeded to the intellectual eminence of other nations; and we might be almost led to conclude that mental as well as physical power, after attaining a certain perfection, became weakened by expansion, and sink into a state of comparative imbecility, until time and circumstance gave it a new progressive impetus. One great cause of this deterioration is the insatiable thirst for novelty, which becoming weary even of excellence, will ‘sate itself in a celestial bed and prey on

garbage.' In the torpidity produced by an utter exhaustion of sensual enjoyment, the Arreoi club of Otaheite is recorded to have found a miserable excitement, by swallowing the most revolting filth and the jaded intellectual appetites of more civilized communities, will sometimes seek a new stimulus in changes almost as startling. Some adventurous writer, unable to obtain distinction among a host of competitors, all better qualified than himself to win legitimate applause, strikes out a fantastic or monstrous innovation, and arrests the attention of many who would fall asleep over monotonous excellence. Imitators are soon found, fashion adopts the new folly, the old standard of perfection is deemed stale and obsolete, and thus by degrees the whole literature of a country becomes changed and deteriorated. It appears to us that we are now labouring in a crisis of this nature."

In contemplating the decease of an eminent man, we naturally turn to the memorials of his fame which he has left, and enquire whether they are likely to endure. Haydn has been popular for nearly half a century; Mozart's immortality is secured, so far as the immortality of a musician can be secured. What will be the fate of Beethoven? On this subject persons will form various judgments. My own is, that some of his works will never be forgotten while instrumental music is admired and cultivated; but the most elaborate of his compositions will be talked of by professors, and suffered to lie in peace on their shelves: this may be presumed from their extraordinary length, their great difficulty, and from the exaggerations of style and manner which abound in them.

Having trespassed so much on your patience, Mr. Editor, I shall conclude by observing, that Haydn appears to me like a sparkling stream, in which the blue sky, the light cloud, the flower, the trembling leaf, and many other delightful objects of nature, are reflected with delicious clearness. Mozart resembles a majestic river, swollen by tributary streams, and gliding on to mingle its waters with those of the ocean; while Beethoven seems like a mountain torrent, breaking over rocks and down precipices, and often rising towards heaven in foam and smoke and mist.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

August 24, 1827.

H

MUSICUS.

ON THE STATE OF MUSIC IN FRANCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IT would seem that the two most civilized nations in the world, France and England, have resolved never to know each other. Nothing can be more false than the ideas generally entertained in Paris of London, or in London of Paris. It is now my intention to attempt to diminish, as much as lies within the scope of my feeble abilities, the complete ignorance in which we are placed with regard to one another. I shall endeavour to instruct you as to the state of music in France, that is to say in Paris, for in this lies the first point of difference between France and England. With us Paris is every thing, and the provinces nothing. Rouen, Lyons, Marseilles, Bourdeaux, look on Paris with jealousy and distrust, yet they will only allow those operas to be performed at their theatres that have been applauded at Paris. The greatest number of the fine voices heard in Paris are imported from Toulouse, a town celebrated for its taste for vocal music, and the ceremonies of the church. Never was there a more favourable moment than the present for describing the state of music in Paris. A great revolution, frequently attempted during the last century, has at length overturned French music—thanks to Rossini. The French vocal music, properly so called, is now buried in oblivion.

The French are an extremely vain people. In the reign of Louis XIV. Lulli imported the music of Italy, and shortly after, instead of avowing themselves the scholars and imitators of the Italians in every thing, they would have a national school, calling the little that they knew of Italian, French music. In fact it was their pride that there should be a French school. One of the best pamphlets of J. J. Rousseau exposes the extreme absurdity of these pretensions with that irresistible eloquence, which, when he is in the right, places this writer above all French authors. This admirable pamphlet, entitled "A Letter on French Music," which appeared in 1765, would have retained all its original freshness, had

it come out in 1825, two years before the immense revolution effected by M. le Vicomte Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault, and by Rossini. In 1825 the French authors and composers most in fashion, M. M. de Jouy, Berton, &c. &c. still maintained, by reason, and when reason failed them, by abuse, not only the great truth, that there was a French school, totally different to those of Italy and Germany, but also that French music was superior in many respects to every other. This is almost as if the young men who, to perfect themselves in the Latin tongue, write Latin verses at Oxford, should maintain not only that their verses were very different from those of Virgil and Horace (which is but too true), but also that they were better. If you doubt the excess of folly to which we have been led, during the last three years in the fine arts by our ridiculous vanity, which our journalists distinguish by the name of national honour, I refer you to that amongst our periodical works which possesses most talent, the *Journal des Debats*; you will there find, in 1824 or 1823, that M. Monsigny, an excellent man, who produced some operas at the Feydeau, is the musician of Europe, that is to say, he is not only as well known as Mozart or Cimarosa in London, Vienna, and Naples, but is reputed to be by far superior to them all. Judge of the degree of folly to which vanity can carry a people, otherwise so enlightened, to proclaim as the first musician in Europe, this unfortunate Monsigny, whose name was never pronounced either in Naples or London. I have insisted on the folly which made us maintain during a century, that we had a national school of music. Thence have arisen all our errors.

This is the leading fact throughout the history of music; hundreds of brave men have met their deaths since the time of Rousseau, Gluck, or Piccini, in duels, fought to maintain the existence and superiority of French music. If then you should be curious for more detail as to the opinions and feelings of the French public relative to music, you will find in the pamphlet of J. J. Rousseau, published in 1765, the faithful picture of the absurdities we still retained in 1825. A political revolution might be effected in France every ten years, but in music it is a different thing; two in a century is the most we could have. Here we are frivolous in serious affairs, and pedants in trifles, because trifles are under the care of national vanity. Novelty and astonishment

are a *sine quâ non* in musical pleasure. When a certain idea, a peculiar rhythm of melody or cantilena, have been sufficiently heard, in Italy one feels a desire for change—one wishes for novelty, and even if it be bad it is tolerated, because it is a novelty. This is what I call a musical revolution. Thus the science of Mayer, his learned and heavy accompaniments, succeed to the delicious simplicity of Paisiello, to the comic and attractive fancy of Cimarosa; and in Naples itself, so greedy of novelty, *Ariodante* chases into oblivion *Il Re Teodoro* and *Il Matrimonio segreto*. The French have possessed at all times pretty romances, and simple and lively chansons.

Lulli, a Florentine violinist, who visited the court of Louis XIV. obtained the direction of the opera in 1672. His music is the Italian music of that period. When one is accustomed to its slowness, which appears at first so irksome, we may discover some ideas in it, but which have been better expressed since the days of Lulli. This master and his scholars, Campra, Mondonville, &c. &c. kept their ascendancy till 1750; indeed I believe that Lully's *Armida* was performed as late as 1764. Rameau, a musician whose genius was that of a geometrician, dethroned Lulli. The music of the Florentine was nothing more than a continual recitative, heavily chanted. Rameau had higher pretensions; he was an algebraist, a learned man. He wrote voluminously on the Theory of Harmony, and his music was ornamented by portamento, trills, cadences, and extraordinary guttural tone, but which gave the same pleasure to the public as is imparted at the present day by the floriture of Madm. Pisaroni. I have frequently heard, during my infancy, a certain air from *Castor and Pollux*, which in the youth of the woman who was fond of singing to me, had a prodigious success. It would be somewhat difficult to explain what was then understood by these words, "*La propriété de la musique Française.*" In consulting the curious memoirs of Madm. d'Épinay, we find that towards 1769, *La propriété de la musique* was a condition, without which it would not please the spiritual and lively society of this epoch.

Rameau fell into disgrace with the Encyclopædists. Rousseau, Diderot, and Grimm crushed him by their contempt, and he was destroyed by the prolonged persecutions and the pamphlets of the time. Gluck replaced him; Gluck, the founder of Lyric tragedy,

a modest title bestowed on him by his admirers, Suard and l'Abbé Arnaud.

Rameau nevertheless had still some timid partisans. Why does French vanity adhere so pertinaciously to its old tastes? because it is sure never to stop short in defending them. The memory furnishes the best reasons, or what is better, "*des mots plaisans.*" A Frenchman would think himself a fool if, when asked why he applauded the divine accent of Madame Pasta, he answered simply, "I applaud because my tears flow, and I would, by my emotion, thank this sublime woman." The brilliancy of our conversation requires something more complicated and refined than this plain answer. The opera of *Castor and Pollux* by Rameau disappeared completely from the stage but a few years before the French Revolution, and I have heard persons of understanding very seriously praise the celebrated air, "*Pales flambeaux, tristes apprets,*" &c.

The composer Hasse (Il Sassone) came to France in 1767. He said that the French were falsely accused of petulance and volatility. See them listen in silence and during four long hours to what they call a grand opera. Never certainly was public patience put to a ruder trial, or to one more heroically sustained. The memoirs of Goldoni, the Italian comedian, describe with vivacity his profound astonishment. When he was present for the first time at a "grand opera Francais," it was one of Rameau.

In 1776 Piccini imported the Italian music of his time, and Gluck, the German. They did what Rossini is now doing—they expelled Rameau. Rossini expels them in 1827. Gluck destroyed voices by forcing them to scream in the upper notes and groan in the lower ones; his orchestra is harsh, sharp, and noisy; his subjects generally resemble country dance airs: he had some pretension to genius. His partisans asserted that he had restored the ancient melopœia. Two or three anecdotes prove that he ridiculed scientifically the foolish enthusiasm of which he was the object. We might find in all his works materials for two or three fine scenes. Madame Pasta sings one of his airs, which she renders sublime—but sung by another voice, it would be without effect. Piccini, sweeter, more simple, and formed in a better school, was excellent for his time; but after Mozart and Rossini, or even Cimarosa and Paisiello, he would

be now found tiresome. In 1778 wind instruments were rarely heard in an Italian orchestra. The accompaniments to the songs were scarcely perceived. No attempt was made to produce effect and to add new shades to the representation of passion by the tone—they were merely suffered to accompany. The style of singing then was slow, imposing, expressive, nearly resembling that of Velluti at the present day. At Paris people fall asleep over the “grand airs” of the *Didon* of Piccini. Guinguiné has given, in his article on his friend Piccini, an excellent history of the change produced in French taste by the presence of Piccini at Paris, and by the compositions which he brought out at the opera. Sacchini followed the same course, I think, with more soul. Gretry, a clever man, who thought himself a musician, was then successor in the buffo style. This skilful man has given us, as his own, whole airs from great Italian composers, his contemporaries; it is true that he took care to spoil them. Gretry extended the empire of music in France—it has lasted till our day, for Mehul, Boyeldieu, Della Maria, Nicolo in the comic opera, Salieri, Kreutzer, Cherubini, Spontini in the serious, are only imitators of the Italians or Germans with more or less talent and success. Della Maria, author of the delightful score of the *Prisonnier*, began the revolution that Rossini is now accomplishing, but he died after having composed three operas; he was a pupil of Cimarosa. I have traced rapidly, or rather recalled to you the history of the art of the composers in France. Three or four times successively has French vanity called *French music*, that imported from Italy by Lulli, Rousseau, Sacchini, and Gretry. Three or four times has music more recently imported, displaced the old, but after a deluge of pamphlets and a violent combat, the “*Devin du Village*” of J. J. Rousseau, which was the rage in 1766, was a copy of the Italian music in 1760, put together by an ignorant amateur. The public of Paris still admired it six years ago. Rossini chases into oblivion the Italian music of 1766 by his own of 1819. The imitation of Italian singing in France has not kept pace with that of composition. We have always been 20 years behind in the progress of composition, and half a century in the art of singing. The monotony of the French tongue, the mute e’s, the want of marked prosody (we have not 300 words which have decidedly one

syllable longer than another), and above all, the ridiculous pretension of having a national style, have put a stop to all improvement. We have been, like all fools, the victims of our pride.

We see even now at the French opera actors playing the first parts (Mons. Derivis for example), whose style throws strangers into an astonishment from which they cannot recover. It is like the continued bellowing of a furious bull. Thanks to Rossini, these bellowers* will have no successors. They are not hissed only through pity!

The conservatory at Paris (the great support of French music) has contributed to maintain this execrable taste in singing, which consists in howling, to give force, or in cooing, with insipid and affected sweetness, to express tender sentiments. The conservatory has produced only artists of extreme mediocrity—it is not at Paris that a great school for music should be established: it is to the South of France, to Toulouse, that we should send Italian professors; there would be economy, better instruments, less distraction, and an infinity of other advantages. This idea has been suggested to the Viscount de la Rochefoucault—he has appreciated it; they are at this moment forming a kind of conservatory at Toulouse. Crescentini (the excellent soprano of Bologna) who was requested to direct it, refused on account of his great age. Pellegrini might supply his place.

The establishment of the seminary at Louvois, in 1820, completed the victory of the higher classes. It is this that in 1827 causes the extinction—1st, of French singing—2dly, of that foolish prejudice in favour of there being a French style of music. Chance—the distribution of society in the different countries of Europe—the influence of the tyrannical governments of Italy, which in this land of pleasure renders conversation so dangerous, have been the causes of there being but two styles of music in Europe—German and Italian. As Italian music is strengthened by the adoption of accompaniments written in the style of Haydn and Mozart, as the operas of Rossini are enjoyed at Vienna and at Berlin, nearly as much as at Naples and Milan, it is probable that thirty years hence there will be but one style of

* Mugisseurs.

music, which will unite the sweetness and grace of the Italian cantilena to the richness and astonishing vigour of the accompaniments of Mozart and Beethoven.

The revolution which is operating at Paris, in 1827, spares French vanity the ridicule of struggling against the European music which will be in fashion towards the year 1890.

About forty years ago the company of Italian singers, called the company of Monsieur (since Louis 18th), made the Parisians hear the divine accents of Paisiello and Pergolesi ; but this company could not obtain the victory unassisted. It was necessary to please in the saloons of Paris, and to please exclusively. All who would live at Paris must be introduced into the saloons of the rich and noble, or at least have the credit of being admitted there. In every kind of pleasure, wit, or taste, the manner of seeing and judging in those saloons, whose masters possess a hundred thousand francs of income, and whose forefathers were engaged in the crusades of the middle ages, carries off the palm. In 1780 Italian music was listened to in the drawing-rooms with pleasure, yet the music of Gluck was also admired. This German was protected by Marie Antoinette, a young and spirited Queen at the head of fashion. Then the artists of the opera gave lessons to all the rich young women. (See the anecdote of the singer Gehotte in the memoirs of Mde. D'Epinay.)

In 1802, on the contrary, when the Italian opera was revived in Paris, most of the French artists, such as Gros, David, &c. had passed their youth in Italy, were passionately fond of the music that had captivated their early days, and maintained stoutly that Italian was the only good music, and that our singers were only scholars as ignorant as they were conceited. The opinion of the artists was corroborated by that of a great number of the French who had spent many years in Italy in the train of Bonaparte, from 1796 to 1799, and from 1800 after Marengo to 1802.

But Bonaparte was willing to flatter the vanity of the French in every way, in order that he might rob them of their liberty.

In 1820, when the Italian opera was re-established, circumstances were very different. In the first place a much larger number of French had been inhabitants of Italy, besides those who had been employed in the kingdom of Italy, properly so called ; Napoleon having entertained the ridiculous idea of unit-

ing to France, Florence, Rome, Genoa, and Turin, the whole administration of these vast countries, from the highest officer down to the lowest, was composed of Frenchmen. These Frenchmen were returned to France, and especially to Paris, by the fall of Napoleon in 1814. Many of these from real feeling, and a greater number from vanity, were carried away by their enthusiasm for Italian music. It gave them opportunities of talking of their travels in the Peninsula; they decided the opinion of the men, but it was necessary that Italian music should make a much more difficult conquest over the young ladies of rich families, who were destined to become the mistresses of the saloons, and as such, the directors of opinion, for in France we wish to please the lady of the house at which we are passing the evening, we converse principally with her, and in general we finish by adopting her opinions, above all on every subject that has no reference to money.

A sensible and clever Italian of the name of Massimino arrived at Paris in 1819, he was perfectly acquainted with music, and had very good manners. Removed from his country (Piedmont) he conceived the idea of giving lessons in music. His method was excellent and novel, and what is still better, he had the manner and the gentleness which is acquired only in the best society. M. Massimino, from the first, included amongst his scholars young people of the richest class. It is said that from the first year of his teaching he realized the sum of sixty thousand francs, an enormous sum for Paris, and which according to the difference of customs existing in London and Paris, corresponds to at least 5000*l.* sterling. Many masters followed in the steps of M. Massimino. M. M. Choron, Castel Blaze, Paston, Galin, De Gelin, Consul, Lemoine, teach music in different degrees of perfection, but they all make their scholars sing the music of Rossini and Mozart. From 1820 to 1825 an immense revolution has suddenly taken place. Already in 1827, we find many of the mistresses of the saloons who have studied under M. Massimino. On the 24th of May, 1827, he gave a magnificent concert, gratuitously, and the finest pieces of Mozart and Rossini were very well executed by young ladies, his pupils, and as a decided proof of the revolution of which we are giving the history, these scholars belonged to the most distinguished society of Paris. I shall tell you *en passant* that a young Irishman sung at this concert several pieces from the

part of the Podesta, in Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra*, in a manner which gave the greatest pleasure.

Since 1822, French singers have no longer been employed in the concerts which several high families are in the habit of giving during the winter. Two ladies, moving in the most distinguished classes of society, and singing themselves with the most uncommon talent, admitted Italian music only into their concerts. The poor French singers became immediately furious, declared open war, and took literary journals into their pay.

The unworthy citizens preferred the singing of Rubini to that of Derivis—Rubini the first tenor of Naples, Derivis a miserable contralto of Paris. The youngest of the French singers, M. Adolphe, took the only reasonable step; he took lessons in singing of Garcia, and has just obtained the greatest success in *Mosè*, amidst artists who have long performed on the Italian stage.—About 1825 the revolution already so evident in concerts wherein were assembled the élite of society, began to be felt even in the receipts of the grand opera. The official name of this establishment is L'Academie de Musique. It was founded under the letters patent of Louis XIV. A gentleman might sing or even dance there without disgrace.

The artists of the Academie Royale are not excommunicated like Talma and the other performers at the Comedie Francoise. Louis XVIII. with great simplicity believed that the existence of an Academie Royale de Musique (the most tiresome spectacle in Europe), added to the glory of the French nation. This spectacle is tiresome because the performers are paid equally, whether they sing well or ill, and whether it is profitable or not. It is called in conversation L'Opera, by the country people Le Grand Opera. From its situation in La Rue Lepelletier pres du Boulevard, the performers are frequently called *Les Chanteurs de la Rue Lepelletier*. This spectacle was celebrated for the ennui it produced in the days of the philosopher Labruyere (1680). Voltaire praised it to flatter the national pride on the same principles as Napoleon. Rousseau, who wrote the truth, was execrated for it—(see his confessions). It was even in contemplation to insult him personally in the street, and thus to revenge the national pride. Napoleon adored Italian music; when an air pleased him, he sung it for days in succession. At the beginning of the Russian

campaign, he was constantly singing *Fra l'Inchiostro e la Farina*, an air from *La Molinara*, which he had just heard finely sung by Porto, and which had a secret reference to his own situation.

In 1826 the abuse was redoubled with which the journals pursued those degenerate Parisians who, faithless to the national honour, preferred Italian music to that of our fathers. By the way this French music that we ought to love from patriotism, has always been composed by foreigners, Lulli, Gluck, Gretry, Spontini, Nicolo. But whether this abuse was well or ill paid, the receipts of the Grand Opera, which was the employer, diminished instead of increasing. It may be asserted that from 1822 to 1826, the ballet alone attracted spectators to the opera. At length it was resolved to bring out the chef d'œuvre of French music, by which wrote the journalists employed by the opera, its composers, or the French singers, would for ever annihilate Italian music. Gluck's *Armida* was brought out in 1826, and on its third night was played to empty benches. This memorable event has proved the battle of Pharsalia for French music. Immediately, from a desire of revenge, the French party persuaded M. le Vicomte Sosthenes de Rochefoucault, who was head director both of the Grand Opera Francoise and of the Opera Italien, not to engage Madame Pasta. This great singer went to Naples and London. Since her departure, the Theatre Italien of Paris has been detestable. Mesdms. Sontag and Pisaroni attracted for some nights, but during the whole season, from the end of October, 1826, to the month of May, 1827, there has been nobody at the Italian Opera, and all the rich women have given up their boxes.

Feeble revenge! the revolution was completed. This re-action sent good society to the Theatre du Gymnase, of which the delightful sketches of M. Scribe made the fortune. You have had in London, at the theatre in Tottenham-street, *Le Somnambule*, *Michele e Christine*, *Le Nouveau Pourceaugnac*, *Le Mariage de raison*, and other chef d'œuvres by M. Scribe, who has written not less than a hundred petite comedies; it is true that he has often had assistance.

The higher ranks deprived of the Italian Opera where they sung badly, went very seldom to this theatre, but were nevertheless not at all more willing to applaud Gluck's *Armida*, Sacchini's *Œdipe*, and other chef d'œuvres of French national music.

Some persons of spirit belonging to the court and to the highest classes of society begun to say in the saloons of Paris, let us follow the example of London and Vienna; let us have an Italian Opera, and between the acts, a ballet by Albert, Paul, Montessu, and Noblet, and we shall possess the most admirable and unique spectacle in Europe. This opinion beginning to gain ground, beat national vanity to its last defences. M. le Vicomte Sosthenes de Rochefoucault has given up the administration of the Grand Opera, a spectacle which we may cursorily observe receives from the King and from the other spectacles of Paris, eight hundred thousand francs at least every year. But the sum that it costs is a state secret concealed with the utmost care.—Twenty or thirty persons receive immense salaries for doing nothing. This is the advantage of royal government—this is what makes the liberty of the press so execrated, because it reveals all secrets.

The old administration being replaced by M. Luëbert, a man of talent and decision, they gave at the French Opera the *Siege of Corinth*, parodied from Rossini's Italian opera of *Maometto*.—This was beginning the revolution. But the part of *Mahomet* was sung by a very handsome man named Derivis, a French singer, *par excellence*; that is to say, screaming and howling incessantly. The music of *Maometto* is tedious, even in Italian; when Rossini wrote this opera his genius was beginning to fade.

The Siege of Corinth attracted but little, the fashionables irritated at being obliged to change their habits, and to go no longer to the Italian Opera, began to think of having at the Academie de Musique, *Tancredi* by Madame Pasta. It was then determined to give that portion of *Mosè*, which is known to you under the title of *Pietro l'Eremita*; the court, very devotional, has protected the representation of a drama taken from the sacred volume, and *Mosè* has had complete success, and brought enormous profit to the theatre.

This revolution which has been produced by all the circumstances which I have detailed to you, and which Rossini concluded in April, 1827, consists—

- 1st. In executing at Paris, in 1827, the Italian music of 1827.
- 2d. In singing at Paris according to the Italian method.
- 3d. In suppressing the scream (*L'Urlo Francese*), and the

affected whining; in making (a thing before unheard of in the opera) *appoggiaturas*, *fioriture*, and ornaments purely Italian.

4th. In singing in a very agreeable manner, quartetts, quintetts, sestetts, concerted pieces of seven or eight voices, with or without accompaniment, which was absolutely unheard of in la rue Pelletier. The simple trio never went in time; in 1824 it was considered as too complicated a thing.

5th. In giving more colouring, more light and shade to the chorusses.

6th. In fact, in executing at Paris as they would execute at Naples, except that we do not possess the great talent which Naples enjoys.

The only reasonable criticism that can be made on the performance of *Mosé* is, that the singers want energy. These ladies and gentlemen, fearing to fall back into the old French *braverie*, remain feeble to keep clear of violence. This revolution has enraged all the actors and singers of Paris. They are a powerful body buying up the opinions of most of the journals; they might almost produce a counter revolution. Music might be written by composers born in France, and by degrees under the auspices of these gentlemen, national music might rise again. But if the same course is persevered in, if to *Mosé* succeed *La Donna del Lago*, *Semiramide*, or *Le vieux de la montagne*, upon which Rossini is at this moment engaged, the revolution is complete. In ten years the journalists will speak of *our* Rossini, and he will be ranked amongst French composers, with Lulli, Gluck, Salieri, Piccini, Sacchini, Spontini, Tarchi, Della Maria, Nicolo, Cherubini, Blangini, and Gretry.

The French are not endowed by nature with a real taste for music. Heaven has formed them for wit. When a Frenchman sings an air, he attends to the words and not to the melody.

The civilized world reads the works of Voltaire and Montesquieu; they applaud the comedies of Voltaire and Beaumarchais. No one since the death of Sheridan has written plays equal to M. Scribe; and with the exception of the sublime Marseilloise hymn (*Allons Enfants de la Patrie*) or of the political air, *Ca ira*, nobody in Europe ever thinks of singing a French air.

I should be unjust towards a man who has sacrificed all his fortune to this art, and I should not give you a perfect history of

the great musical revolution now operating in Paris, if I did not mention M. Choron. I should be unjust if I passed over in silence the alterations that he has made in serious music. M. Choron has, during the last year only, spent 300,000 francs in forming French singers. Thanks to the devotion of the court, M. C. has been protected by government. The female devotees of the court, who spend much time in the fashionable churches, where they still howl instead of sing, hope that in time they will sing there as they do at the concerts of M. Choron. These concerts have been established now for some months, but as the confessors forbid many young ladies to visit spectacles, M. Choron has been obliged to give morning performances. The profane word, concert, is avoided with care, and those of M. C. are called "*Les Exercices des Eleves de l'Institution Religieuse*." This title is to be sure rather long, but that is an advantage, as it resembles profane spectacles the less. Do not be surprised, Sir, that I dwell on these details; at Paris they do every thing by endeavouring to rule every thing. The room in which M. Choron's *Ettablissement Religieuse* is held, although situated near the palace of the Luxembourg (in London you would say in the liberty of the Court), has never been able to contain all the amateurs who have been turned from the doors in crowds. They perform there very well the most beautiful known pieces of church music. There was one year in which the Archbishop of Paris, who had a great desire for the *Cordon bleu*, prohibited the performance of the *Mass for the Dead*, begun by Mozart, (and which is commonly called Mozart's Requiem) in the churches. The partizans of M. Choron's religious and musical establishment made this defence. At the death of every great person we will have good music by Handel, Haydn, Paisiello, &c. and the young pupils of M. Choron will be well paid and will be able to live. Will the Jesuits consent to have music in the churches? "that is the question." It is said that M. Choron has a hundred scholars. They sing in the hall of their institution, and in spite of the *Cordon bleu*, so much desired by the Archbishop, they have obtained permission to sing in the church of La Sorbonne. To give you an idea of the compositions performed at these concerts, I insert the following bills of performance at the sixth and seventh exercises.

A magnificent fragment of a requiem, by Jomelli.

The first part of the *Messiah*.

A trio from the *Dauid penitente* of Mozart.

A requiem by M. Paer.

At the 7th we had "*Che vai pensando*," a duet by Handel, very finely sung by M. de la Gastive and Mademoiselle Tardieu.

A trio by Neukomm, "*O salutaris hostia*," worthy of Haydn, who was his master. To temper the extreme seriousness of this music, they performed a musical joke of Carissimi, composed about the year 1635. It is the declension of the Latin pronoun, "*hic, hæc, hoc*."

Mademoiselle Tardieu sung in English, and very well, the last words of *Jephtha's daughter*, by Handel.* A mass by Hummel in B flat was tedious. What they look for here in sacred music, though careful not to avow it, is the expression of tender feelings. Mozart was full of it, and poor Hummel totally without any. This composer is a species of geometrician, like Rameau, whom I mentioned in the beginning of this letter. The Hallelujah chorus of Handel had the greatest success, and terminated the religious exercises of this year.

A very curious composition has given rise to much discussion amongst the learned. It is entitled "*The lament of Desprez*," on the death of his master O Keghem. This Desprez was Chapel Master to Louis XII. in 1512. He had ideas which he could not develop.

As a termination to this sketch of the great revolution, operated in 1827 by M. le Viscount de Rochefoucault and by Rossini, you will perhaps ask me what musical progress has been made in France since 1802. I answer—the French, who have naturally very little disposition for music, only feel and appreciate really simple and plaintive or simple and lively airs. Vanity prompts them to applaud complicated music. By dint of study, the French of 1827 have succeeded in discovering false tune. In music this is the only talent of that nation, whose literature has made the tour of Europe, nay, of the globe itself. It is scarcely a month since 400 copies of a fine edition of Voltaire was shipped for the coast of Sweden, and from thence it would pass contraband to St. Petersburg.

A. C. D.

Paris, July 23, 1827.

* Our Correspondent of course means "*Farewell ye limpid springs*." Ed.

TIME-STANDARD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IT is now nearly six years since an article, headed "Maelzel's Metronome," appeared in your valuable pages. In that article, the uses of the metronome are enumerated and found to be two; one to afford to young musicians "an inflexible monitor as to correct time-keeping during the hours of practice"—the other to fix "a common standard for the measurement of the several times assigned to musical compositions." Now, without venturing to suggest any improvement upon that elegant little machine, or proposing any thing new as a substitute for it, it is my object to show that, as far as its principal and most important use, as "an universal standard measure for musical time" is concerned, it may be altogether dispensed with; and that every respectable musician, amateur, or professional, carries in his pocket an apparatus which may be employed with advantage in its stead.

With regard to its secondary use I shall not enlarge, because it has always appeared to me that, if there be no natural aptitude in pupils for correct time-keeping, it cannot be hammered into them; and this according to the old remark, that "the more time is beaten, the worse it is kept," which may be thus paraphrased: "the greater the necessity for beating time, the smaller the chance of its being attended to when beaten." With respect to this use, the metronome is about on a par with the chiroplast and other exploded musico-mechanical conundrums. Could any contrivance answer the purpose, methinks that of a musical man, recently departed, promised well. He suggested an electrical machine, which was to give the pupil a moderate shock, without noise, at the commencement of each bar; but I remember not the precise means by which he proposed managing the subtle agent he wished to employ. After all, if time-keeping can be taught, it must be taught best when taught by itself; and for this purpose I would recommend a drum, or some other instrument of the pulsatile kind.

I beg pardon, Sir, as I ought, most humbly, for thus presuming to run counter to the recorded opinion of the Review,* but the writer of the article to which I refer has not dwelt upon the utility of the metronome as a time-keeper: he has mentioned it but once, and that only in the latter clause of the first sentence, and which I construe to imply that he did not imagine this application of the machine to be of any great consequence. On the other hand, he urges its utility as a Time-standard, and presses upon composers the propriety, almost the necessity, of "affixing the times according to the beat of this instrument," in order to the benefit both of their works and of the performer; assuming that Maelzel's Metronome is the best standard, musicians are likely to attain.

In the description of the metronome, which is embodied in the article alluded to, there are two distinct references to a "stop-watch," as a mean of ascertaining the correctness of the instrument. I wonder that the writer did not perceive that the watch is the better machine of the two for composers, and scarcely inferior to its competitor as regards the performer, provided only that he can keep time himself; which two positions it is my present business to attempt to establish.

Be it first however remarked, that I quarrel not with the principle of the metronomic notation. The thought of noting musical time by fractional parts of a minute was peculiarly happy; and he who originated it deserves to be had by musicians in everlasting remembrance. This therefore may remain undisturbed, and my proposition will have the superior advantage of being equally adapted to the use of those who do, and of those who do not employ the metronome.

The idea will be best developed by examples:—Suppose then that you had just completed the composition of a movement, and wished to express the time in which it should be performed. There are two ways in which this might be effected; one is by noting in minutes, and fractions of a minute, the duration of the entire piece, or of a considerable portion of it; the other, by noting the duration merely of a bar, or part of a bar. Now either of these can be done by the assistance of a watch, and, as I contend, with greater facility and accuracy than by that of the metro-

nome. Having a watch at hand you can quickly find how much of your movement should be performed in a minute. Let the piece be in common time, and suppose that, on playing, or humming, or imagining the first portion of it, you perceive that fifteen bars just occupy the sixty seconds; having thus measured sixty crotchets, nothing can be easier than to write down sixty of Maelzel, or $\frac{1}{60}$ th of a minute, as the duration of each. If however you perceive that the minute measures sixteen bars and three-quarters, which will contain 67 crotchets, you will write down $\frac{7}{8}$ as the duration of a single crotchet, or the fourth part of a bar; and you will proceed in the same way to mark any other degree of quickness or slowness. And it is apparent, that in the event of requiring exactness as to exceedingly small divisions of time, it can only be attained in this manner, for the metronome cannot be set to every possible variety of musical times, although I grant that it is adapted to all ordinary present wants. Refinement is progressive, and it is impossible to determine to what a pitch it may in this particular arrive. Hereafter we may hear of demisemiquavers to be performed at the rate of just 937 in a minute, or of minims whereof 89 shall exactly measure three minutes. In the noting of such times the metronome will render but little assistance.

Here I cannot refrain from observing, that it would be a great preservative against the destructive influence of fashion, ignorance and caprice, which have proved so fatal to the works of many eminent masters, were the proper duration of the performance affixed to each movement, more especially of vocal music. Had this been done a few ages back we should not have been now, so frequently as we are, under the painful necessity of witnessing the cruel and barbarous execution of some of the noblest works of our most classical writers. Were a chorus, or a song, marked by the composer to occupy twelve minutes, none other than a fool would think of dispatching it in six. A few figures would altogether do away with the necessity of traditional time, which alone has saved most of our best music from oblivion. Our really scientific musicians must see the necessity of confining within limits the modern rage for full speed, which, if not checked, will not only eventually destroy itself, but endanger the popularity of the science. Many (I will not be so uncharitable as to say most) in the present day

seem to imagine that, as applied to performance, rapidity and excellence are synonymous and convertible terms; and that he who can get through a piece of a music in the shortest time, is to all intents and purposes the best performer; forgetting that there is a degree of celerity in playing as in speaking, beyond which the ear recognizes neither the one as music nor the other as elocution. To parody an old distich, I would say to such,

“Learn to play slow: all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.”

Now all these temporal (and I would fain hope, temporary) extravagancies would be put out of countenance by the mode of marking time above proposed, which would be alike serviceable, whether Maelzel's Metronome were used or not.

It remains only to show how the performer may employ a watch instead of the metronome, which, however, I presume, is by this time obvious. Suppose a movement in $\frac{3}{4}$ time marked 72 for the crotchet. According to the description of the metronome before referred to, this implies that seventy-two of such crotchets would just measure a minute, which is therefore the space of time that would be occupied in the performance of twenty-four bars. But there would be no necessity for the performer to waste so much as a minute, to ascertain whether he were too fast or too slow: for this purpose, a quarter of a minute would suffice; and if he found that he played more or less than six bars in that time, he would return and commence either slower or faster as the indication might require. This assumes that he is what is called a timeist; which, if he be not, neither watch nor metronome will (as I imagine) stand him in much stead.

After all, there is some reason to doubt whether a composer would wish any movement to be performed invariably in the same time, or, what is more to the point, whether he would, without reference to some standard, always perform it so himself. Certainly he would not depart widely from some determinate velocity; but it is highly probable that the state of the weather, or of his stomach (both of which have their influence upon our musical feelings), would cause a variation in time, as they incontestably do in energy and expression. Change of locality and other circumstances also seem to demand differences of time in the execution of one and the same movement. As ponderous masses of

matter are with difficulty set in motion, and rarely made to travel with any very considerable velocity, so in like manner combinations of multifarious sounds, constituting as it were an immense harmonic congeries, seem to be incompatible with great rapidity of motion, which is, however, amply compensated by dignity and force. Hence the same chorus, as performed in a chamber by twenty or thirty individuals, or in a cathedral by six hundred, may differ from itself in relative velocity without injury to its effect. I appeal to you, Sir, in common with all those who are accustomed to observe the conduct of large music meetings, for the truth of this remark; the only use I intend to make of which at present is, to take occasion to recommend that the metronomic notation be confined to the fastest or chamber time, beyond which, under any circumstances, to accelerate the performance, should be deemed musical felony.

I am, Sir, your faithful Servant,

May 18, 1827.

E. H.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

THESE concentrations of talent go on with an accumulated force—nor does such a result afford any matter for surprise. We have however so often enumerated the advantages, now locally and generally felt and understood, that there can be no need for recapitulation. The purposes of benevolence and art, of individual interest and universal happiness, are found to be promoted upon the widest scale.

The meetings this year were five—at Oxford, Leicester, Worcester, Norwich, and Liverpool, and four of these we now may presume to be established triennially. Without further preface we shall therefore proceed to such details as may seem necessary. Much is superseded by the uniformity which must pervade exhibitions, all almost upon the same plan, so near each other in point of time, and supported by so many of the same performers. The resemblances therefore we shall pass over, and with the distinction of our calling, employ ourselves upon the differences.

THE OXFORD FESTIVAL

Commenced on the 26th of June. A new orchestra was constructed in the theatre, which though handsome as a piece of architecture, is not well arranged for a band. The principal violins were placed too low, and some of the choral band shut out by a skreen from the view of either leader or conductor. The band consisted of 125 vocal and instrumental performers, and the elite of the opera orchestra were amongst the number. The principal singers were—Madame Pasta, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Stephens, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan, Sig. Curioni, Messrs. W. Knyvett, Taylor, and Phillips. Dr. Crotch, the Oxford Professor of Music, conducted. Dr. Orlando Gibbons' service in F, Handel's "*When the ear heard him*," the 100th

Psalm, and the Coronation Anthem, were performed. There were three successive performances, beginning at half-past four, p. m. each day.

The first was *Palestine*. A fit compliment to the learned professor of music, as well as to the memory of the amiable and excellent Bishop Heber. 'It was within the walls of this theatre that this, one of the few prize poems that are destined to live, was first recited, and here its lamented author first heard the inspirations of his own genius shine out with added lustre in the music of Dr. Crotch. The solos were sung by nearly the same performers as at the Hanover Square Rooms in April, but the performance as a whole was not so perfect.

SCHEMES OF THE SECOND AND THIRD CONCERTS.

SECOND CONCERT.

ACT I.

First and Fourth Movements of <i>The Dettingen Te Deum</i>	Handel.
Song, Mrs. Knyvett, "What tho' I trace"	Handel.
Aria, Mad. Pasta, "Ah! come rapida," (<i>Il Crociato</i>)	Meyerbeer.
Chorus and Quartett, "Benedictus," from the <i>Requiem</i>	Mozart.
Recit. and Air, Mad. Caradori, "With verdure clad," (<i>Creation</i>)	Haydn.
Song, Mr. Vaughan, "Softly rise," (<i>Solomon</i>)	Dr. Boyce.
Quintetto, "Crudele sospetto," (<i>Donna del Lago</i>)	Rossini.
Concerto, Violin, M. de Beriot	Rode & de Beriot.
Glee, "Deh! dove senza me," with double choir	Dr. Cooke.
Aria, Mad. Pasta, "Palpita, incerta," (<i>Otello</i>)	Rossini.
Chorus, "The Lord shall reign"	Handel.

ACT II.

Symphony	A. Romberg.
Recit. ed Aria, "Deh! parlate"	Cimarosa.
Hymn, adapted to English words, "Glory, praise"	Mozart.
Aria, Mr. Phillips, "Lascia amor," (<i>Orlando</i>)	Handel.
Terzetto, "Soave sia il vento," (<i>Così fan tutte</i>)	Mozart.
Song, Miss Stephens, "Let the bright Seraphim"	Handel.
Duetto, "Dunque il mio ben," (<i>Romeo e Giulietta</i>)	Zingarelli.
Chorus, "The arm of the Lord"	Haydn.
Glee, "Thou art beautiful"	Dr. Calcott.
Song, Mad. Pasta, "Lungi dal caro ben"	Pacini.
Song, Signor Curioni, "Va, lusingando amor"	Caraffa.
Finale to the first Act of <i>Tancredi</i>	Rossini.
Chorus, "Hallelujah to the Father"	Beethoven.

THIRD CONCERT.

ACT I.

Overture, <i>Zauberflote</i>	Mozart.
Quartetto, "Placido è il mar," (<i>Idomeneo</i>)	Mozart.
Recit. and Aria, "Dove sono," (<i>Figaro</i>)	Mozart.
Recit. and Song, "Revenge! Timotheus cries"	Handel.
Duetto, Mad. Pasta and Sig. Curioni, "Ricciardo che veggo," (<i>Ricciardo e Zoraide</i>)	Rossini.
Song, Mad. Caradori, "Gratias agimus"	Guglielmi.
National Hymn (Composed for the Emperor of Germany)	Haydn.
Aria, Sig. Curioni	Pacini.
Concerto, Violin, M. de Beriot	Viotti.
Glee, "Blest pair of Syrens"	Stafford Smith.
Recit. and Aria, "Che farò senz' Euridice?" (<i>Orfeo</i>)	Gluck.
Chorus, "Gloria in excelsis"	Pergolesi.

ACT II.

Overture, <i>Euryanthe</i>	Weber.
Song, Miss Stephens, "Pious orgies"	Handel.
Glee, "O snatch me swift"	Dr. Callcott.
Aria, Mad. Caradori, "Batti, batti," (<i>Don Giovanni</i>)	Mozart.
Recit. and Aria, Mad. Pasta, "Ombra adorata," (<i>Romeo e Giulietta</i>)	Zingarelli.
Duetto, "Amor, possente nome," (<i>Armida</i>)	Rossini.
Motet, "O God! when thou appearest"	Mozart.
Song, Mrs. Knyvett, "Agnus Dei"	Mozart.
Cantata, Mr. Vaughan, <i>Alexis</i>	Dr. Pepusch.
Terzetto, "Giovinetto Cavalier," (<i>Il Crociato</i>)	Mayerbeer.
Song, Miss Stephens, "Lo here the gentle lark"	Bishop.
Aria, Mad. Pasta, "Tu che accendi," (<i>Tancredi</i>)	Rossini.
Sestetto, "Alla bella Despinetta," (<i>Così fan tutte</i>)	Mozart.
Chorus, "Hallelujah."	Handel.

We have inserted these bills as beacons, and to shew how very excellent materials may be jumbled into a most anomalous and ill-assorted mixture. It is quite obvious that the apology would be, the contrast thus afforded.—But the world has been long in error if devotional feeling, propriety and good taste, be not all arrayed against this single notion, since the effects of variety can be obtained without the sacrifice of any of these more important principles. The censure ought to be stronger and louder perhaps in this instance than in any other, because the place may in itself be taken to be an authority. The intermixture of sacred and profane in the last concert is unhappily such as to preclude the necessity of more than merely pointing the attention of the reader to the absolute contiguity of such things as *Euryanthe*, "*Pious Orgies*," "*Amor possente nome*," "*O God when thou*

appearest," "*Alla Bella Despinetta*," and the *Hallelujah Chorus*! The wonder is, that so cultivated, may we not add so pious an audience, should have endured this flagrant outrage against even a decent sense of that awe which waits upon the invocation of the name of the MOST HIGHEST—and this too in the precincts of an University, of a seminary for the religious instruction of the priesthood!

The concert on Wednesday opened with the first and fourth movements of the *Dettingen Te Deum*. We are surprised that so sound a Handelian as Dr. Crotch should have tolerated such a mutilation of this, perhaps the most perfect of that great master's compositions. The omission of the sublime movement, "*To thee all Angels*," is destruction to the succeeding verse, "*To thee Cherubim*." The same bad taste appeared in the arrangement at York, and we warn conductors, who must know better, how they suffer their reputation to be thus sacrificed. The bill for this evening presents no new feature, except it be in the succession. The finale to "*The Mount of Olives*" immediately followed the finale to the first act of "*Tancredi*."

The concert on Thursday was unreasonably long, the second act consisting of 14 pieces. This necessarily compelled the band to play and sing the last chorus in the dark, as no light but that from the heavens is allowed to enter the theatre. The glees throughout the concerts were well selected and well sung. The worst performance was the duet, "*Ricciardo che veggo*," of which not a bar was sung in tune from beginning to end. The other songs, &c. are too well known to need any criticism, and they succeeded, "*Lo here the gentle lark*," being the greatest favourite of all.

The concerts were crowded, and appeared to give very general satisfaction. We have mentioned a specimen of bad intonation, as an instance of good we may quote "*Soave sia il vento*," by Madame Caradori, Mrs. W. Knyvett, and Mr. Taylor.

We ought not to omit observing the excellent state of the treble part of the choirs from Magdalen and New College, among whom we observed the sons of Mr. F. Cramer, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Hawes.

The attraction of a name has never been more perceptible than in the effect produced by that of Mad. Pasta. We judge by a

comparison of the results of this and former meetings, which were so far inferior to the success of the present as to leave little doubt of the cause. It is however a question, whether the demonstration of her fine talents, which was more perfect here than at any of the succeeding meetings, quite equalled the public expectation. The English females, Miss Stephens and Mrs. W. Knyvett, enjoyed their full share of approbation. "*Lo here the gentle lark,*" by the former, with Nicholson's beautiful accompaniment, obtained more applause than any thing that was done, while "*What though I trace*" by the latter excited a feeling of delight "not loud but deep." Madame Caradori, Messrs. Vaughan, Phillips, and Taylor, were justly estimated. Signor Curioni did not obtain that distinction to which his very elegant and finished style entitles him. The truth is, that with all our straining after the passionate expression of the Italian school, the English nation, of whom so numerous a mixed audience is a fair sample, have not the relish of the *gran gusto* that they have for the purer expression of their own vernacular manner. The concerto of M. de Beriot was, with the exception of the overtures, the only instrumental piece. He played one of Viotti's, and in his fine, smooth, and exquisitely polished manner.—It is however an injustice and an error in the construction of the schemes to introduce so little for instruments. Notwithstanding the general preference for vocal music, instrumentalists have a right to a greater scope for the display of their arduously-cultivated talent, the lovers of this department have a right to their particular gratification, and we contend that the whole is relieved and advanced by solos, fantasias, or concerted pieces for instruments, in a way that no arrangement of compositions for voices alone can bestow. And above all, it argues a narrow view of art to exclude them so entirely.

The receipts more than equalled the expectations of those who undertook the management.

LEICESTER.

This meeting adds another instance of the influence which a single individual of talent may exert with so much benefit to society. The Leicester festival was originated, raised, and per-

fectured by the efforts of Mr. Gardiner, of that town, an amateur, who is not more distinguished for the energy of his mind and for his love of music, than by his publications.—One of them indeed is of so lofty a character* as to give him rank with almost any virtuoso that has preceded him. In his desire to promote this meeting he was aided it is true by the many striking examples which have of late wrought a conviction of the advantages such a mode of dispensing and assisting charity bestows, and which are perfectly irresistible. The effect has been, that such demonstrations of art, opulence, and taste, are increasing to the honour of the country—nor can any thing but the exorbitant demand for excess, which augments the expences to a height beyond all bounds, stop or impede the universal adoption of such a means of raising funds for benevolent institutions, whenever they are upon a scale to allow of such an application of the principle.

The festival commenced by a full cathedral service, at St. Margaret's church, on the morning of Tuesday, Sept. 4, and was extended through two evening and two morning performances. The principal performers were as under.

Principal Vocal Performers.

Madame Pasta, Mrs. Knyvett, and Madame Caradori, Mrs. Austin, Miss Jarvis, Miss Travis, Miss Sharpe, and Master Barker, Mr. Braham, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Knyvett, and Mr. Phillips, Mr. Greatorex, jun. Mr. Tinney, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Flavel, and Signor de Begnis.

The Orchestra.—Trebles 53—Counter Tenors 32—Tenors 47—Basses 56—Instrumental Performers 100.—Total 288.

Principal Instrumental Performers.

Messrs. Cramer, Kiesewetter, and Oury, Leaders; Mr. Moralt, Principal Second; Mr. R. Ashley, Principal Viola; Mr. Daniels, Principal Second; Mr. Lindley, Principal Violoncello; and Signor Dragonetti, Principal Double Bass.

Violins.—Messrs. Guynemer, Ella, Nix, Gledhill, Griesbach, Watkins, Anderson, Nadaud, Litolf, Adams, and Jackson, London; Mavius, W. Marshall, Marshall, jun. Fritch, Ware,

* Judah—an oratorio—see Musical Magazine and Review, vol. 3, page 227 and 462, and vol. 4, page 55.

Salmon, Owencroft, Fritch, Maffre, M'Ewan, Hickson, Graham, Gill, J. Owencroft, M'Korkell, and twenty-three others.

Violas.—Messrs. Watkins, Wilcox, Fritch, sen. Mavius, sen. Jones, and seven others.

Violoncellos.—Messrs. Lucas (Royal Academy), Hatton, Marshall, Bankart, Taylor, and Vernon.

Double Basses.—Signor Anfossi, Messrs. Fletcher, Cooper, Deacon, Marshall, and Elliston.

Flutes.—Messrs. Nicholson, Hewitt, and Inman.

Oboes.—Messrs. Cooke (Royal Academy), Sharp, and M'Ewan.

Clarionets.—Messrs. Willman, Power, Hall, Hall, and Gower.

Bassoons.—Messrs. Mackintosh, Waldrom, Warden, & Jarman.

Horns.—Signor Puzzi, Messrs. Tully, Cunningham, and Bradshaw.

Trumpets.—Messrs. Harper, Norton, Elston, &c.

Trombones.—Messrs. Smithies, Nicholson, and Adcock.

Double Drums.—Mr. Chipp.

Flageolet.—Mr. Adams.

Conductor, Mr. Greateorex.

Miss Stephens and Miss Paton were engaged in the first instance, but were prevented from attending, the first by the death of her father, the second by severe illness. Madame Caradori Allan accepted an engagement under circumstances peculiarly honourable to her, for unless we are misinformed, she had been applied to, early in the business, and postponed to Mad. Pasta in a manner neither courteous to herself nor conformable to the usage in such cases. Kindness, suavity, and obliging dispositions are however her constant characteristics.

To the *anthems, chants, Te Deum, and Jubilate* of the service were appended "*Here shall soft charity*," "*Holy holy Lord*," "*When the ear heard him*," and chorus, "*Luther's hymn*," "*Hallelujah*" from the *Mount of Olives*, "*O magnify the Lord*," and a chorus from a mass of Haydn, arranged by Mr. Gardiner. The second morning was a selection. In the first part a trio of Sarti, adapted to English words by Mr. G. a chorus by Naumann, and another varied from Haydn also, by Mr. G. were the novelties. The second part was from the *Creation*, and the third miscellaneous. Mad. Pasta sung the *preghiera* of Zingarelli, "*Sommo ciel*," and Cimarosa's "*Sacrificio d'Abram. The Messiah*

was the last morning. Before the chorus "*Behold the Lamb of God,*" "*Gratius agimus*" was introduced, to enable the audience to hear Mad. Pasta once during the performance. Such a monstrous anomaly* requires no comment. The evening concerts exhibited nothing but the accustomed songs of the metropolis during past seasons—mingling all styles, from the Italian bravura down to De Begnis' *Savoyard*. They were judiciously light, and, with few exceptions, proper and pleasing. There has seldom indeed been more diversity. Mr. Oury led the last evening, in consequence (we believe) of the indisposition of poor Kiese-wetter, who was engaged from the absence of De Beriot, and whose expiring effort, it may be said almost literally, was made in this concerto.†

Madame Pasta did not succeed to that exalted estimation in the orchestra that she has been accustomed to enjoy upon the stage. The reasons are obvious. Her powers, her astonishing powers are purely dramatic. Her organ, possessing as it does every perfection that art can give, still wants that natural charm which constitutes one of the first recommendations in the orchestra, where the "fine phrenzy" of her impassionate expression must be tempered and subdued. Madame Caradori, on the contrary, whose attributes are gentleness, propriety, and polish, and whose voice is certainly not of the very first class, is yet an universal favourite. Nothing that we can say will add to the reputation of Mrs. Knyvett, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, and Knyvett, or the other known vocalists. Perhaps the comic pieces of De Begnis were the most relished, and in order to render them universally intelligible, translations of his songs were added to the books.

Mr. T. Greatorex, jun. appeared for the first time as a solo singer in the morning performances. His voice is a base, and his manner, that of the chaste school of which his eminent father may

* For once in the course of our lives it was indulged to us to hear, at a provincial meeting in a remote and small town in S—, a violin concerto on the air of *Corporal Casey* played between the acts of a sacred performance in a church, for a similar reason—to enable the audience to hear Mr. Richards, of Bath.

† This amiable man and admirable artist was in the last stage of a consumption. The attentions of Mr. Oury to his friend and master are most creditable to his disposition, which exerted itself to the last in the painful office of smoothing the pillow of the dying man.

be considered to be the chief master. His debut was very creditable.

The most singular part of the performances was an attempt to transfer the declamatory treble song, "*What passion cannot music raise and quell*," to a base, and the violoncello accompaniment to the horn. What strange notion led to such a perversion of the composer's intentions it is not easy to imagine, but it totally failed even in the hands of Phillips and Puzzi.

The meeting, in point of the splendour of the company and the receipts, was eminently successful.

WORCESTER.

This festival, the continuation of that first established by the meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester—the hundredth and fourth in succession—took place on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of September. This year however a new impulse was given to the celebration by "an union" of the interests of the three counties, and by an endeavour to concentrate and direct the patronage of all to the interests of each. We have in former records stated the peculiar constitution of these meetings, and recorded the public spirit which has for so long maintained the reputation of the music at the risk and expence of the stewards—three clergymen and three laymen—selected from the county, who annually take upon themselves the arrangements—a hazard which has too commonly entailed a considerable charge. The object of the union appears to be to awaken new energy in the inhabitants of the district, to direct a certain patronage towards the festival, and to ensure the fullest attendance of the nobility and gentry. To this end the King had been solicited, and had signified his gracious assent to become the patron—the Duke of Beaufort has accepted the office of perpetual president, and the undermentioned noblemen have consented to be the permanent guardians of the institution.

The Earl of Coventry, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Worcester; the Earl Somers, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Hereford; the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Worcester, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Hereford, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, the Most Noble the Marquis of Worcester, the Right Hon. the Earl of Plymouth, the Right

Hon. the Earl of Hardwick, K. G. the Right Hon. the Earl Bathurst, K. G. the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby, the Right Hon. the Earl Beauchamp, the Right Hon. the Earl of Mountnorris, the Right Hon. Viscount Dudley and Ward, the Right Hon. Viscount Sidney, the Right Hon. Viscount Deerhurst, the Right Hon. Viscount Eastnor, the Right Hon. Viscount Valentia, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chichester, the Right Hon. Lord Ducie, the Right Hon. Lord Foley, the Right Hon. Lord Dynevor, the Right Hon. Lord Rodney, the Right Hon. Lord Sherborne, the Right Hon. Lord Northwick.

THE STEWARDS THIS YEAR WERE

The Right Hon. the Earl Beauchamp, Sir Christopher Sidney Smith, Bart. James Taylor, Esq. the Very Rev. the Dean, the Rev. Dr. Card, the Rev. Thomas Oldham.

Such were the previous measures adopted so early as April to ensure support, and the liberality of the preparations were in complete accordance with the design to place the meeting of the three choirs upon a commensurate scale of excellence. The execution of the arrangements devolved upon Mr. Charles Clarke, the conductor, who exerted his judgment and his industry and care alike in the promotion of his great object. In addition to the engagement of Mad. Pasta, through his interposition an union was formed with the committee for conducting the Norwich festival, and by their combined endeavours Signor Zuchelli was induced to come from Paris expressly to attend these two meetings.* The list of the principal performers was as follows :—

* Nothing can be more desirable, nothing more beneficial, than the establishment of the freest communication between the persons who have the direction of the several meetings throughout the kingdom. They are, generally speaking, parties wholly unconnected with music as a profession, and consequently can have no other desire, except perhaps the very natural and very useful emulation which contemplates the exaltation of their own objects, than to advance the interests common to all such undertakings. By such communications, the most convenient times for holding the meetings could be fixed—a circumstance of no slight importance, when the transit of the principal performers is considered. This year, for instance, they had to traverse the kingdom from Worcester to Norwich and back to Liverpool, when a mutual understanding and a little concession might have spared much of this labour, it ought to follow also—a portion of the expence. There are many other advantages, too obvious to need recital, which might be gained by frank communication, and we earnestly recommend the measure to the consideration of committees.

Vocal Performers—Madame Pasta, Miss Stephens, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Madame Caradori Allan, Mr. Braham, Mr. Phillips, Mr. W. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. H. Shelton, Mr. Harris, Mr. Holloway, and Signor Zuchelli.

Instrumental Performers—Leader of the Band, Mr. F. Cramer; Messrs. Marshall, Ashley, Lindley, Dragonetti, Mackintosh, Nicholson, Ling, Willman, Platt, Harper, Marriotti, Jenkinson; Organ, Mr. Mutlow; Piano-forte, Dr. Clarke Whitfield; Conductor, Mr. Charles Clarke.

The week opened by Divine Service at the Cathedral, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. Walter Farquhar Hook (the grandson of Mr. James Hook, the composer to Vauxhall) Perpetual Curate of Moseley, in Worcestershire, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty. The discourse was successfully directed against the cant which has in several instances of late been poured out against assisting charities by such performances, and indeed against them altogether; the Reverend Gentleman concluding with a powerful appeal in behalf of the institution. The music generally introduced into the service was adopted on this occasion.

We shall subjoin the selections entire.

ON TUESDAY EVENING, AT THE COLLEGE HALL.

ACT I.

Overture, (<i>Prometheus</i>),	Beethoven.
Verse and Chorus, "God save the King."	
Ballad, Mr. Phillips, "The Maid of Llanwelleyn,"	MS.
Duet, Madame Pasta and Signor Zuchelli, "Io di tutto,"	Mosca.
Song, Miss Stephens, "Rest, Warrior, rest,"	Kelly.
Concerto Clarinet, Mr. Willman.	
Scena, Madame Caradori Allan.	} Mozart.
Recit. "E Susanna, non vien!"	
Aria, "Dove sono," (<i>Figaro</i>).	} Braham.
Duet, Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham, "When thy bosom,"	
Scena, Madame Pasta, "O come rapida,"	Mayerbeer.
Sestetto, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Stephens, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Phillips, & Signor Zuchelli,	
"Alla bella Despinetta (<i>Così fan tutte</i>)	Mozart.

ACT II.

Sinfonia (E b)	Mozart.
Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, "Una voce poco fa,"	Rossini.
(<i>Il Barbiere de Siviglia</i> .)	
Trio, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Phillips,	
"There is a bloom,"	Knyvett.

Cantata, Mr. Braham, (<i>Alexis</i> ,)	Dr. Pepusch.
(Violoncello Obligato, Mr. Lindley.)	
Duet, Madame Pasta and Madame Caradori Allan,	
“Sul’ aria,” (<i>Figaro</i> ,)	Mozart.
Song, Signor Zuchelli, “Non più andrai, (<i>Figaro</i> ,)	Mozart.
Glee, Miss Stephens, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and	
Phillips, “The last glimpse of Erin,” harmonized by	Sir J. Stevenson.
Scena, Madame Pasta, (<i>Tancredi</i> ,)	} Rossini.
Recit. “O Patria,”	
Aria, “Di tanti palpiti,”	
Finale Instrumental,	Haydn.

On WEDNESDAY MORNING, Sept. 12, at the CATHEDRAL,

THE MESSIAH,

With the additional Accompaniments, by Mozart.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, AT THE COLLEGE HALL.

ACT I.

Overture, (<i>Il Flauto Magico</i> ,)	Mozart.
Glee, Miss Stephens, Mrs. Knyvett, Messrs. Knyvett,	
Vaughan, and Phillips, “Blest pair of Syrens,”	Smith.
Ballad, Mr. Vaughan, “The boatmen shout,”	Attwood.
Duet, Madame Caradori Allan and Signor Zuchelli,	
“Dunque io sono,”	Rossini.
Aria, Madame Pasta, “Palpita incerta l’anima,” (<i>Otello</i> ,)	Rossini.
Concerto Violoncello, Mr. Lindley.	
Song, Mr. Braham, “Battle of the Angels,”	Bishop.
Trio, Madame Pasta, Madame Caradori Allan, and Mrs.	
W. Knyvett, “Giovinetto Cavalier,”	Mayerbeer.
Song, Signor Zuchelli, “A me il ciel,” (<i>Cenerentola</i> ,) ..	Rossini.
Grand Finale, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Stephens,	
Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Phillips, and	
Signor Zuchelli, “Dove son,” (<i>Così fan tutte</i> ,)	Mozart.

ACT II.

Overture, (<i>Freischütz</i> ,)	Weber.
Ballad, Mr. Phillips, “O no we never mention her,”	French Melody.
Duet, Madame Pasta and Mr. Braham, “M’abbraccia,	
Argirio,” (<i>Tancredi</i> ,)	Rossini.
Song, Miss Stephens, “Sweet bird,”	Handel.
(Flute Obligato, Mr. Nicholson.)	
Glee, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Phillips, “Who	
comes so dark,”	Callcott.
Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, “Sommo ciel,” and Vari-	
ations	(Violin Obligato, Mr. F. Cramer.) .. Pacini.
Round, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mr. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan, and	
Mr. Phillips, “Yes, ’tis the Indian drum,” (<i>Cortez</i> ,) ..	Bishop.
Aria, Madame Pasta, “Il braccio,”	Nicolini.
Finale Instrumental	Romberg.

On THURSDAY MORNING, Sept. 13, at the CATHEDRAL.

PART I.

Introduction and Chorus, "Ye sons of Israel,"	} Handel.
Song, Mrs. W. Knyvett, "What tho' I trace,"	
Song, Signor Zuchelli, "He layeth the beams," (<i>Redemption</i> ,)	
Chorus, "Cherub and Seraphim,"	
Recit. Mr. Braham, "Deeper and deeper," (<i>Jephtha</i> ,)	
Air, "Waft her, angels,"	
Recit. Miss Stephens, "Ye sacred priests,"	
Song, "Farewell, ye limped springs,"	
Chorus, "Then round about," (<i>Samson</i> ,)	
Air, Madame Caradori Allan, "Gratias agimus tibi,"	
Clarinet Obligato (Mr. Willman,)	Guglielmi.
Song, Mr. Phillips, "O God of truth," (<i>Belshazzar</i> ,) ..	} Handel.
Chorus, "Welcome mighty King," (<i>Saul</i> ,)	
Recit. ad Aria, Madame Pasta, "Ah! parlate," (<i>Sacrificio d'Abramo</i> ,)	Cimarosa.
Recit. Mr. Vaughan, "'Tis well, six times the Lord," ..	} Handel.
March, (<i>Joshua</i> ,)	
Song, Mr. Vaughan, and	
Chorus, "Glory to God,"	

PART II.

PALESTINE,

Written by the late BISHOP HEBER,

Composed by Dr. Crotch, and performed by his special permission.

PART III.

Overture,	Gluck.
Song, Mr. Knyvett, "Return, O God of hosts,"	Handel.
Offertorio, M.S. (accomp. by Dr. Chard on the Organ,) ..	} Dr. Chard.
Solo, Mr. Phillips, "The hymn was sung,"	
Distant Chorus, "Dies iræ! Dies illa!"	
Song, Madame Caradori Allan, "Laudate Dominum," ..	Mozart.
Grand Chorus, "The arm of the Lord," (introduced by Mr. Gardiner into the Oratorio of <i>Judah</i> ,)	Haydn.
Recit. Mr. Vaughan, "To heaven's almighty King," (<i>Judas Maccabæus</i>)	} Handel.
Air, "O liberty," (Violoncello Obligato, Mr. Lindley,) ..	
Quartet, Miss Stephens, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Phillips, and	Pergolesi.
Chorus, "Gloria in excelsis,"	} Rossini.
Song, Signor Zuchelli, "A rispettarmi," (<i>Mosè</i> ,)	
Luther's Hymn, Mr. Braham, and Chorus.	
Pregliera, Madame Pasta, "Sommo ciel,"	Zingarelli.
Recit. Miss Stephens, "But bright Cecilia,"	} Handel.
Air and Chorus, "As from the power,"	
Grand Chorus, "The dead shall live,"	

ON THURSDAY EVENING, AT THE COLLEGE HALL.

ACT I.

- Overture, (*Euryanthe*,) *Weber*.
 Song, Mrs. Knyvett, "Bid me not forget," *Knyvett*.
 Duet, Madame Caradori Allan and Mr. Braham, "Ah se
 puoi così lasciarmi," *Rossini*.
 Aria, Madame Pasta, "Ho perduto il bel sembiante," ... *Paesello*.
 (Concerto Flute, Mr. Nicholson.)
 Song, Miss Stephens, "I've been roaming."
 Duet, Madame Pasta and Signor Zuchelli, "Io ti viddi," *Pavesi*.
 Ballad, Mr. Phillips, "Oft in the stilly night."
 Recit. Madame Caradori Allan, "Ma se colpa."
 Aria, "Batti, batti," (Violoncello Obligato, Mr. Lindley.)
 (*Il Don Giovanni*,) *Mozart*.
 Finale, (*La Clemenza di Tito*,) "Tu è ver;" the Solo
 parts by Mr. Braham and Mr. Vaughan, *Mozart*.

ACT II.

- Overture, (*Anacreon*,) *Cherubini*.
 Song, Signor Zuchelli, "Ah se destarti in seno," *Rossini*.
 Duet, Madame Pasta and Madame Caradori Allan, "Dun-
 que mio bene," *Zingarelli*.
 Song, Mr. Braham, "Blue bonnets."
 Spirit Scene, "Is it the roar," Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mr.
 Knyvett, Mr. Braham, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Phillips,
Dr. Clarke Whitfield.
 Recit. Madame Pasta, "Tranquillo io son," } *Zingarelli*.
 Aria, "Ombra adorata!" (*Romeo e Giulietta*,) }
 Duet, Madame Caradori Allan and Signor Zuchelli, and
 Coro, "Giovinetto che fate all' amore," (*Il Don*
Giovanni,) *Mozart*.
 Verse and Chorus, "God save the King."

The intention of these selections is clearly to mingle variety and lightness, with the more lofty strains of classical composition—to relieve also the vocal by instrumental music. And while this has been effected there is very little that can be objected to as below the standard of such concentrations of high science or the elegance of art. It may perhaps be made a question whether so much of ballad quite consists with that true notion which ought always to consider the diffusion of good taste not less than to consult the amusement of audiences thus assembled. But while we say thus much we most entirely applaud the spirit which gives place and predominance to our national compositions of established eminence. There is nothing so much to be desired as to stimulate English composers to efforts which might give them equal rank with the writers of other countries; and we can see

no other means so likely to exalt our national style as the encouragement which might be thus afforded to the emulous spirit of our own age. Indeed we venture to insist upon it now as heretofore, to be a duty connected with the other functions of management.

Madame Pasta sung better at Worcester than at any of the preceding or subsequent festivals, and was more highly applauded—perhaps these circumstances proved reciprocating agents, for it is certain that in all the other cases she did not take the same proud station. Perhaps this may be attributable to the presence of many of the most staunch supporters and frequenters of the King's Theatre, whose associations accompany them into the church and the concert room. Madame Caradori's "*Dove sono*" has been said by competent judges to have been the best vocal performance on the first evening, notwithstanding Madame Pasta sung "*Di tanti palpiti*." In the oratorios Miss Stephens and Mrs. Knyvett divided the praise with Madame Caradori, and in the evenings their songs always hit the taste of a mixed audience. The former was an object of peculiar sympathy from the recent death of her father. Mr. Phillips also was a favourite. Of Mr. Braham and Mr. Vaughan nothing remains to be said—the language as well as the observations of criticism have been long since exhausted upon both these eminent singers. Signor Zuchelli suffered from the admixture of English in the morning, which he has only partially studied, and which of course he executed in a manner inferior to his Italian.

Into the last morning Mr. Phillips introduced "*O God of truth*." It has always been a matter of wonder to us that this fine declamatory song should have so long escaped our base singers, for we never remember to have heard or seen it before in a public performance. Dr. Chard's offertorio was also almost a novelty, and a beautiful thing it is. Madame Caradori sung the *Laudate* of Mozart, which is also seldom heard, exquisitely. It is curious to see compositions taking their turn upon the stage of the opera and in the orchestra of a church—such however is the fact with relation to "*Ah rispettarmi apprendi*," which has been translated from Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*, and Zingarelli's *pregiera, Sommo ciel*, which is transferred with still less propriety from *Romeo e Giuletta*. These imperfections may be taken however to be exceptions establishing the general rule of high

excellence, which was the characteristic of these performances. The whole result was most successful, the receipts exceeding those of 1824 by £1283. 3s. 5d. the increase on the admissions being £1040. 9s. and the collections for the charity £242. 14s. 5d. The general account stands as follows :

FOR THE CHARITY.

	£.	s.	d.
Tuesday	258	9	6
Wednesday	346	9	0
Thursday	478	17	10½
	1083	16	4½

In the above amount are included the following contributions :

	£.	s.	d.
The Duchess of St. Albans	60	0	0
Lady Coventry	50	0	0
The Bishop of Worcester	30	0	0
The Mayor and Corporation	20	0	0
The Hon. H. B. Lygon	20	0	0
Edward Foley, Esq.	50	0	0
Hon. Mr. Lyttleton	10	10	0
Lady Sarah Lyttleton	5	5	0
Mrs. Pitts, Kyre	10	0	0

The plates were held by the Duchess of St. Albans,* Lady Louisa Beauclerc, the Countess of Coventry, Countess Beauchamp, the Countess of St. Germans, Viscountess Eastnor, Mrs. Hook, Miss Pocock, Miss Hook, &c. supported by the Duke of St. Albans, Earl Beauchamp, Viscount Eastnor, Viscount Deerpark, Lord Foley, the Dean, &c.

* "The Duchess of St. Alban's," says the Worcester Herald, "was the object of much attention during the meeting, and we are sorry to say that in the anxiety to obtain a sight of her person, there was a great forgetfulness of good breeding on the part of many, and a guiltiness of rude curiosity, which evidently greatly annoyed her Grace. The Duchess during her stay visited the china manufactories, with which she appeared greatly delighted; she also made some extensive purchases in gloves, of the manufacture of this city, expressing her determination to wear no foreign gloves. Mr. Powell, the silversmith at the Cross, had likewise the honour of a visit from her Grace, who bought several pieces of plate, which she was pleased to say she should keep in remembrance of her visit to Gloucester."

RECEIPTS FOR ADMISSION.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
TUESDAY.—At the Cathedral, 429						
Choir Tickets, and 671 Gallery	191	2	6			
At the Concert, 555 Tickets	291	7	6			
At the Ball, 50 Tickets	17	10	0			
				500	0	0

WEDNESDAY.—At the Cathedral, 494						
Choir Tickets, and 660 Gallery	865	4	0			
At the Concert, 1167 Tickets	612	13	6			
At the Ball, 499 Tickets	174	13	0			
				1652	10	6

THURSDAY.—At the Cathedral, 758						
Choir Tickets, and 924 Gallery	1281	0	0			
At the Concert, 817 Tickets	485	2	0			
At the Ball, 224 Tickets	78	8	0			
				1844	10	0

The aggregate Receipts of the Meeting are as follow :—

	£.	s.	d.
For the Charity	1083	16	4½
For Admissions	3997	0	6
	5080	17	4½

The balls appear to be far less productive here than in any other place. After the second concert it was found necessary to erect additional galleries both in the concert-room and church.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL

Was held on the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st of September. Ever since the first meeting in 1824,* the Choral Society, just previously established in Norwich, has been kept up with increased vigour. After Mr. Edward Taylor quitted the city to reside in London, the Rev. R. F. Elwin, at the request of the members, undertook the superintendence and direction, and that gentleman has omitted no efforts which zeal could supply to advance its efficiency. The Hospital Board voted £100. per

* See Musical Magazine and Review, vol. 6, page 433.

annum for the purpose of music and other essentials to be applied under his direction, and in the course of last winter particularly, choral concerts were given, which while they evinced the progress of the society, spread a greater emulation and increased the general desire to augment the numbers, at the same time that a more universal love and understanding of the practice of choral singing was diffused amongst the body of the public. A Ladies' Choral Society was also established. These institutions have thus become, as it was predicted at the outset would be the case, the nucleus of a grand and permanent triennial meeting.

The time being fixed and the committee revived, it was laid down as a principle, and it was one we would recommend to the consideration of all similar bodies, that the success of the meeting did not depend upon the engagement or celebrity of any particular performer, however eminent, but upon the scale and excellence of the whole. It was desirable indeed to comprehend the greatest possible quantity of talent, but by no means at the extravagant rate at which supereminent name had in some instances been rated. Under these impressions (which the result has amply verified) a negotiation was opened with Madame Pasta, in the course of which it was distinctly stated, that the committee could not deem themselves justified in acceding to any sum exceeding £400. Five hundred guineas were notwithstanding required, and the treaty was immediately broken off. Afterwards Madame Pasta offered to accept the terms, but Madame Caradori Allan having been in the mean while engaged, an arrangement was concluded by which Mad. P. received £300 for the evening concerts. These statements, we think, are of the utmost moment to committees, for if any thing can tend to the destruction of these fine demonstrations of art, it must be the injudicious compliance with the immoderate demands of individual singers. The artist has the clearest undoubted right to make the most, nay the utmost of the exercise of talent—the public has also a no less-acknowledged right to demand the presence of the most eminent performers. The Directors then are the only persons competent to protect both to the very limits of justice, and as the estimate of the one proceeds upon the eagerness of the other, they alone are able to stand between the parties and assess the fair and honest modifications. Thus the curiosity of the amateurs of the

district being powerfully excited towards Signor Zuchelli, a correspondence was established with Mr. Clarke, the Conductor at Worcester, and Signor Z. was induced to come from the Continent for the two meetings, at far less expence probably than could have answered his purpose to have accepted for a separate engagement. Similar communications relative to Madame Pasta had taken place, between Liverpool, Norwich, and Worcester, but without the desired effect. The list of the principal performers was finally thus arranged:—

Principal Singers.

Madame Pasta, Miss Stephens, Miss Bacon, Miss Farrar,* and Madame Caradori Allan; Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Terrail, E. Taylor, and Signor Zuchelli.

The Chorus consisted of 60 trebles, 46 counter tenors, 56 tenors, and 60 bases.

Principal Instrumentalists.

Leader, Mr. F. Cramér; Mr. Reeve, Principal Second Viola; Mr. Daniels, Viola; Mr. Lindley, Violoncello; Mr. Anfossi, Double Base; Mr. Card, Flute; Mr. Ling, Oboe; Mr. Willman, Clarinet; Mr. Mackintosh, Bassoon; Mr. Platt, Horn; Mr. Harper, Trumpet; Mr. Smithies, Trombone; Mr. Dowde, Serpent; Mr. Chipp, Drums.

Conductor, Sir George Smart.

The total number of instrumentalists was 119.

Having stated the motives by which the Committee was actuated in their engagements (all those of the instrumental band were committed to Mr. E. Taylor) we may proceed to those which dictated the selections. Perfectly aware of the necessity of a progressive advancement in all the attributes of a grand performance, they were disposed to augment the splendour to the utmost practicable degree; and they recognized also the maxim, that "such exhibitions should contain none but the choicest and most perfect specimens of art, and these should be varied as much as is consistently possible, that the comparison between the several persons and degrees may be complete." So precise was their adherence to these the best principles, that if there were any alloy in the execution of the design, it is to be found in the

* Miss H. Cawse was first engaged, but was prevented from attending by indisposition.

the exaltation thus attained, as we shall hereafter find. Since however it appears to us that the schemes on this occasion present a vast range and a no less estimable elevation, we shall give them entire :—

FIRST CONCERT.—TUESDAY EVENING.

ACT I.

- Grand Sinfonia Haydn, No. 5.
 God Save the King.—Verse, by the principal Singers; and Chorus.
 Glee, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Whall, and Mr. Taylor, "Go idle boy" Dr. Calcott.
 Scena—*Con coro*—Miss Bacon, "Bel raggio"—*Semiramide* Rossini.
 Song, Mr. Vaughan, "The adieu" Atwood.
 Duetto, Madame Pasta and Mr. Braham, "Ah se de' mali miei"—(*Tancredi*) Rossini.
 Terzetto, Madame Caradori Allan, Signor Zuchelli, and Mr. Taylor, "O nume benefico!"—(*La Gazza Ladra*) Rossini.
 Song, Miss Stephens, "Rest, warrior, rest" Kelly.
 Aria, Madame Pasta, "Ah! come rapida"—(*Il Crociato*) Mayerbeer.
 Sestetto, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bacon, Miss Farrar, Mr. Braham, Signor Zuchelli, and Mr. Taylor, "Alla bella Despinetta"—(*Così fan tutte*) Mozart.

ACT II.

- Grand Overture, "Euryanthe" C.M.vonWeber.
 Ballad, Miss Stephens, "O no we never mention her."
 Scena, Mr. Braham, "O 'tis a glorious sight"—(*Oberon*) C.M.vonWeber.
 Recit. ed Aria, Madame Pasta, "Ombra adorata" Zingarelli.
 Duet, Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham, "When thy bosom" Braham.
 Quartet, "Over the dark blue waters," Miss Stephens, Miss Farrar, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Taylor—(*Oberon*) C.M.vonWeber.
 Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, "Batti, batti, O bel Masetto"—(*Don Giovanni*)—Mozart—accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. Lindley.
 Duetto, Madame Pasta and Miss Bacon, "Se tu m'ami"—(*Aureliano in Palmyra*) Rossini.
 Aria, Signor Zuchelli, "Ah! se destarti in seno"—(*Pietra di Paragone*) Rossini.
 Finale to the Second Act of *Tancredi* Rossini.

FIRST MORNING'S SELECTION.—WEDNESDAY.

PART I.

- Coronation Anthem, "The King shall rejoice"
 Recit. and Air, Miss Farrar, "Wise men flattering"—
 Judas Macc.
 Quartet, Miss Bacon, Messrs. Terrail, Vaughan, and Taylor, "When the ear heard him"
 Chorus, "He delivered the poor that cried"
 Air, Mr. Braham, "Total Eclipse"—*Samson*
 } Handel.

Anthem (MS.) composed by the late Thos. Linley, Esq.
 Solo, Mr. Vaughan and Chorus, "O how amiable."
 Solo, Miss Stephens, "My soul hath a desire."
 Duet, Miss Bacon and Miss Farrar; and Chorus, "Blessed are they."
 Recit. Mr. Vaughan, "For the Lord God is a light."
 Chorus, "O Lord God of hosts."

Air, Signor Zuchelli, "Now heaven in fullest glory
 shone."—*Creation* *Haydn.*
 Recit. Mr. Vaughan, "Tis well"
 March *Handel.*
 Grand Chorus, "Glory to God."—*Joshua* }

PART II.

Selection from Haydn's Mass, No. 2, adapted to English words, for this
 Festival, by Edward Taylor, Esq.

Chorus, "Give unto Jehovah."
 Solo, Miss Bacon; and Chorus, "O be joyful."
 Solo, Mr. Taylor, "O Lord rebuke me not."
 Chorus, "Lord have mercy."
 Solo, Miss Farrar; and Chorus, "Blessed be the Lord God."

Air, Miss Bacon, "Holy! holy Lord."—*Redemption* *Handel.*
 Trio, Madame Caradori Allan, Mr. Braham, and Signor
 Zuchelli, "Ad te levavi" *Cherubini.*
 Air, Mr. Vaughan, "Tune your harps." *Esther.*
 Chorus, MS. (from "the Fall of Jerusalem," "Lord of
 all power" *Perry.*
 Air, Madame Caradori Allan, "Gratias agimus,"
 (Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Willman) *Guglielmi.*
 Motet, "O God when thou appearest," the Solos by Miss
 Stephens, Miss Farrar, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Taylor *Mozart.*

PART III.

"Kyrie eleison, (from the 1st Mass) *Mozart.*
 "Gloria in excelsis," ditto—the Solos by Mad. Caradori
 Allan, Messrs. Terrail, Vaughan, and Taylor.
 Air, Miss Stephens, "Let the bright Seraphim"—Trumpet Obl. Mr. Harper.
 Chorus, "Let their celestial concerts"—*Samson* *Handel.*
 Air, Mr. Braham, "Sound an alarm" } *Jac. Macc.* *Handel.*
 Chorus, "We hear" }

Selection from the Oratorio of "Joseph."—*Mehul.*

Adapted to English words, for this Festival, by Edward Taylor, Esq.
 Hymn, "Let us adore."

Air, Madame Caradori Allan, "When death, with his cruel arm."
 Duet, Miss Farrar and Mr. Taylor, "O thou, thy father's consolation."
 Chorus, "O thou, our Maker."
 Air (MS.) Miss Bacon, "Gloria Patri" *Horsley, M. B. Oxon.*
 Chorus, "Glory to God." The Solos by Mad. Caradori
 Allan, Miss Farrar, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Taylor *Beethoven.*

SECOND CONCERT.—WEDNESDAY EVENING.

ACT I.

Grand Sinfonia—(*Jupiter*) *Mozart.*
 Trio, Miss Bacon, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Taylor, "The
 flocks shall leave the mountains"—(*Acis and Galatea*) .. *Handel.*

- Recit. and Air, Miss Stephens, "Sweet bird," accompanied
on the Violin by Mr. F. Cramer—(*L'Allegro*) *Handel.*
Song, (MS.) Mr. Taylor, "Hæc dicit Dominus" *Dr. Callcott.*
Duetto, Madame Pasta and Signor Zuchelli, "Io di tutto" *Mosca.*
Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, "Una voce poco fa"—(*Il*
Barbiere di Siviglia) *Rossini.*
Concerto Violoncello, Mr. Lindley *Lindley.*
Scena, Mr. Braham, "Qual nume"—(*Il Ritratto*) *Zingarelli.*
Recit. ed Aria, Madame Pasta, "Che farò"—(*Orfeo*) ... *Gluck.*
Terzetto, Madame Caradori Allan, Mr. Braham, and Sig.
Zuchelli, "Ah qual colpo"—(*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*) .. *Rossini.*

ACT II.

- Grand Overture, "Anacreon" *Cherubini.*
Recit. e Romanza, Miss Bacon, "Notte tremenda"—(*Teo-*
baldo ed Isolina) *Morlacchi.*
Aria, Signor Zuchelli, "Non piu andrai"—(*Figaro*) *Mozart.*
Duetto, Madame Pasta and Madame Caradori Allan,
"Dunque mio bene" *Zingarelli.*
Song, Mr. Braham, "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cot" *Rauzzini.*
Song, Miss Stephens, "I've been roaming" *C. Horn.*
Duetto, Mr. Braham and Signor Zuchelli, "All' idea"—(*Il*
Barbiere di Siviglia) *Rossini.*
Aria, Madame Pasta, "Lungi del caro ben" *Pucini.*
Finale, "Tu e ver"—(*La Clemenza di Tito*) *Mozart.*
The Solos by Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Braham.

THURSDAY MORNING—THE MESSIAH.

With the additional Accompaniments by Mozart.

FIFTH CONCERT.—THURSDAY EVENING.

ACT I.

- Grand Sinfonia in C *Beethoven.*
Glee, Miss Stephens, Miss Farrar, Messrs. Terrail, Vaughan,
and Taylor, "Now the bright morning star" *Rv.R. Greville.*
Cavatina, Madame Caradori Allan, "Sommo Ciel" *Pacini.*
Duetto, Miss Bacon and Mr. Braham, "Ah se puoi"—(*Mosè*
in Egitto) *Rossini.*
Song, Miss Stephens, "Lo here the gentle lark"—accom-
panied on the Flute by Mr. Card *Bishop.*
Concerto Violin, Master Blagrove.
Recit. ed Aria, Madame Pasta, "Dove sono"—(*Figaro*) *Mozart.*
Aria, Signor Zuchelli, "A me il ciel"—(*Cenerentola*) ... *Rossini.*
Finale, To the First Act of *Il Tancredi*, "Ciel che feci" .. *Rossini.*
Madame Pasta, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Farrar, Mr.
Braham, Mr. Taylor, and Signor Zuchelli.

ACT II.

- Grand Overture, "Der Freischutz" *C.M.vonWeber.*
Duetto, Madame Caradori Allan and Mr. Braham, "Non
palpitar"—(*Medea*) *Mayer.*
Aria, Miss Bacon "Frenar vorrei" *Cimarosa.*
Duet, Madame Pasta and Signor Zuchelli, "Io ti viddi" .. *Pavesi.*

- Cantata, Mr. Vaughan, "Alexis"—*Dr. Pepusch*—accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. Lindley.
 Duetto, Madame Caradori Allan and Miss Bacon, "Rav-visa"—(*Il Crociato*)..... *Mayerbeer*.
 Scena, Mr. Braham, "O can I hear my fate no longer—(*Der Freischutz*) *C.M.vonWeber*.
 Scena, Madame Pasta, "O Patria"—(*Il Tancredi*) *Rossini*.
 Overture to "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" *Rossini*.

PART I.

- Overture—*Samson* *Handel*.

Selection from Handel's Sacred Oratorio.—*Jephtha*.

- Air, Mr. Taylor, "Pour forth no more."
 Chorus, "No more to Ammon's God."
 Air, Madame Caradori Allan, "Take the heart."
 Recit. Mr. Vaughan, "Sound ye the last alarm."
 Chorus, "When his loud voice."
 Air, Mr. Vaughan, "His mighty arm."
 Chorus, "In glory high."
 Recit. and Air, Mr. Braham, "Deeper and deeper still."
 Recit. and Air, Miss Stephens, "Ye sacred priests."
 Air, Mr. Vaughan, "For ever blessed."
 Chorus, "Ye House of Gilead."

PART II.

- Grand Concerto, No. 11 *Handel*.

Selection from Hummell's Grand Mass in Eb, never performed in this kingdom.

- Chorus, "Sanctus Dominus."
 Quartet and Chorus. The Solos by Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Farrar, Mr. Vaughan, and Signor Zuchelli, "Benedictus."
 Chorus, "Hosanna in excelsis."

- Recit. and Air, Miss Bacon, "From mighty kings."—*Judas Macc. Handel*.
 Motett. The Solos by Miss Stephens, Messrs. Terrail, Vaughan, and Taylor; and Chorus, "Praise Jehovah" *Mozart*.
 Quartett, Miss Stephens, Messrs. Terrail, Vaughan, and Taylor; and Chorus, "Wide as flows the boundless ocean."
 Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, "Laudate Dominum" .. *Mozart*.

Selection from the First Part of Haydn's Sacred Oratorio—*The Creation*.

- Recit. Mr. Taylor, "And God made the firmament."
 Air, Miss Stephens, "The marvellous work."
 Chorus, "And to the ethereal vaults."
 Air, Signor Zuchelli, "Rolling in foaming billows."
 Recit. and Air, Madame Caradori Allan, "With verdure clad."
 Recit. Mr. Braham, "In splendor bright."
 Chorus, "The heavens are telling."
 Trio, Miss Farrar, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Taylor, "The day that is coming."
 Chorus, "The heavens are telling."
 Trio, "In all the lands."
 Grand Chorus, "The heavens are telling."

PART III.

Double Chorus, "From the Censer."—(<i>Solomon</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Air, Miss Stephens, "Pious orgies."—(<i>Judas Macc.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. and Air, "Gentle Airs"—(<i>Athalia</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Duet, Miss Bacon and Mr. Vaughan, "Te ergo quæsumus" (<i>Te Deum</i>)	<i>Graun.</i>

Selection from Handel's Sacred Oratorio of Israel in Egypt.

Double Chorus, "He gave them hailstones."	
Duet, Signor Zuchelli and Mr. Taylor, "The Lord is a man of war."	
Double Chorus, "Thy right hand, O Lord."	
Air, Miss Farrar, "Thou didst blow."	
Chorus, "The Lord shall reign."	
Recit. Mr. Vaughan, "For the host of Pharoah."	
Chorus, "The Lord shall reign."	
Recit. Mr. Vaughan, "And Miriam."	
Solo, Miss Stephens, "Sing ye to the Lord."	
Chorus, "The Lord shall reign."	
Grand Double Chorus, "I will sing unto the Lord."	

The excellence of the morning selections lies in a happy admixture of well-known and of novel composition, yet all being of classical character—in a proper disposition of the parts, so as to afford transition and contrast without anomaly—in a pretty equal display of the peculiar talent of each of the principal singers, and in the just length of each performance. Whoever looks carefully to these points, which constitute the perfection of such schemes, will perceive little to amend and much to approve.

The evening bills must certainly be received with some allowance, and are amenable to some blame, which arises indeed out of the very disposition in the Directors to exalt every thing to the highest possible degree. Hence there is too much Italian, and too much of a serious cast. Four of the principal singers, Madames Pasta and Caradori, Miss Bacon, and Signor Zuchelli, are decidedly Italian singers of the serious school, par excellence. The foundation of the schemes was, that the celebrated person first named should be heard four times in each evening—that is to say, in two songs and two duets. This design, when connected with the claims of other performers, makes the number of duets seem too great and the Italian pieces too predominant. Thus the selections wanted lightness, and as an inevitable consequence, interest; for it ought not to be concealed that the preference for Italian music is necessarily abridged by very many considerations. It is not the imperfect understanding of the language alone—there

is in the nature of the music itself that which must always forbid its being *popular* in England. Englishmen must feel like Italians, and must use the same language of passion, before the music of Italy can be thoroughly felt. The very fact that the compositions chiefly sung are purely dramatic, and therefore purely expressive of the varied and strong emotions which the stage alone will allow to be thoroughly developed—this circumstance alone is fatal to their complete effect in the orchestra, where our countrymen desire only a certain tempered, may we not say, a restricted expression. For these reasons the deepest and most difficult songs of Italian passion are not often understood, and still less frequently make their way to the hearts of a mixed audience—those touches of art and those strokes of feeling which excite the warmest admiration in the scientific and in those conversant with foreign manners, are lost or regarded as extravagance and affectation. Even where the fear of being thought ignorant and unfashionable counsels the suppression of this harsher interpretation, the things themselves fall dead, and the coldness of the audience demonstrates how little they are moved. Such was often the case at Norwich.

The reception of the morning performances was far different, and it is a remarkable proof of the principle which we conceive governs such concentrations of art—namely, that the attraction lies in the grandeur of the whole rather than the fame of individuals—that while the numbers of the audiences, considered in relation to the festival of 1824, fell off in the evenings where Madame Pasta was, they increased in the mornings, where she was not.

Another defect in the evening concerts was the little instrumental music. From the exclusion of concertos by the principal professors the unbroken succession of vocal pieces became monotonous, and lost not a little of their brightness by the continual glare. And here we may lament the fatal indisposition of poor Kieswetter, who came to Norwich, but in a condition all but exhausted. The committee paid him the full amount of his engagement, an instance of liberal interpretation which cannot but be properly estimated by every member of the profession.*

* At Leicester a very handsome sum was subscribed by the ladies and presented to him.

The effect of the arrangements we have described was to give to every part, and indeed to every performer, their due place and precedence. And it is not a little curious to observe how equally the praise was won and distributed. Miss Stephens and Madame Caradori Allan were the favourites on the first night—on the first morning Miss Bacon in "*Holy holy Lord*" and Mr. Horsley's "*Gloria*"—Mad. Caradori in "*Gratias agimus*" and "*Let the bright Seraphim*"*—Mr. Vaughan in "*Glory to God*" and "*Tune your harps*"—and Mr. Taylor in "*O Lord rebuke me not*."—Second concert Miss Stephens in "*Sweet bird*," Mad. Caradori in "*Una voce*"—Mr. Braham in both his songs, and Signor Zuchelli in "*Non piu andrai*." *The Messiah* manifested great equality. On the third evening Madame Pasta asserted her high reputation in Pacini's air from *Didone*, "*I tuoi frequenti palpiti*" and in "*Di tanti palpiti*." The last morning Mr. Braham was pre-eminent—Miss Stephens—Miss Bacon in "*From mighty Kings*," and Madame Caradori in her Latin song, stood in proximate degrees of elevation. The choral effects were superb throughout. The execution was precision itself. Perhaps there is no place in this country where the room in which the concerts are held is more favourable to grand effects. For though St. Andrew's Hall (a fine Gothic building of three aisles, and of magnificent dimensions) cannot be deemed a good room for sound, yet the imposing dignity of the noble arches—the spaciousness of the area and galleries, and the solid grandeur of the entire building, prepare the mind to receive solemn and noble impressions, while the amplitude is not so vast as to dissipate the volume of sound, and the principal singers can be well heard. To these indeed the labour is very onerous. The opinions however of all those who have been present at the great festivals seem to concur in yielding the supremacy of musical effect, all circumstances considered, to Norwich—of the spectacle, to York Minster.†

* Madame C. sung this air in consequence of the illness of Miss Stephens.

† A Correspondent, who mixes much in the Metropolitan circles of music, alluding to the entire newspaper published at Norwich by the Editor of this Journal, as a Supplement to the Norwich Mercury, says—"You have stated the simple truth in saying it was the most perfect thing of its kind in the kingdom." This is not your opinion and mine alone. You have printed the

There are some peculiar traits attending this meeting which we ought not to pass over. Certainly the finest Italian pieces attached little notice—" *Ombra adorata*," perhaps the most perfect of Madame Pasta's efforts—" *Notte tremenda*," which as a specimen of the highest style of serious expression, stands alone—and " *Dunque il mio ben*," a most delightful instance of graceful ornamenting and invention, fell lifeless. Signor Zuchelli has not sufficiently studied oratorio music to make his sacred singing equal to his great name, but in the evening he was appreciated.* Madame Caradori Allan captivated every body by her sweetness and elegance, while Miss Stephens took her high and accustomed place in the affections of all.

Miss Bacon, after a secession of twelve months from the orchestra, and still labouring under an indisposition of a much longer duration, sung English for the first time in public. It is not for the writer of this article, standing in the near relationship that he does to Miss B. to presume to offer any opinions upon her merits, while it would be unjust to her professional rights and character to be absolutely silent. He may therefore be permitted merely to remark, that her aim appeared to be to combine as much as she was able of the dignity of the intellectual interpretation of art with its technical graces, and to refer to the judgment pronounced by the very respectable journalists of her native city. †

sentiment which is in the mouth of every one who heard it. It is quite the theme of conversation amongst the profession, and it is the triumph, not of this or that individual, but of the art. Music of the highest class and character had here fair play, and has won the victory. Dryden's line was realized, "Music won the cause."

* How he sung at all is wonderful, for we happen to know from personal observation that Signor Z. was labouring under an indisposition during the whole time, which would have confined most men to their beds.

† We have now to notice a duet, " *Se tu' m'ami*," in which Miss Bacon came forward with her great compeer, Madame Pasta. This might be considered to a certain extent, so far as Miss Bacon was concerned, a trial of strength, and the result proved beyond all question that her professional abilities are of the highest order. The difficulties of the composition, both as regards brilliant execution and the gradations of expression, are equally divided between the singers; and we may add, that in the performances there was a complete blending of tone, and an assimilation of manner which left nothing to wish. We have indeed real pleasure thus distinctly and emphatically to state our favourable opinion of Miss Bacon's powers. " *Holy, holy*," by Miss Bacon, deserves particular remark, on account of the pure expressive manner in which this devotional air was

Miss Farrar has a beautiful voice, next perhaps in quality to that of Miss Stephens, and with her knowledge of music, if she can overcome her excessive timidity, there can be no question of her rising to a very high place in art.

Mr. Braham seemed to lend all his noblest faculties to the task of satisfying and of pleasing this audience, and never have we heard him sing so finely—so effectively. His Italian song "*Qual nume,*" and his English cantata "*Alfred in the neatherd's cot ;*" his "*Deeper and deeper still,*" and his "*Gentle airs,*" were the most perfect demonstrations of the finest taste, the most powerful declamation, the deepest pathos, and the purest elegance. As a whole, Mr. Braham certainly is not what he was in youth, but those parts of his execution which time and such vast exertions have impaired, are replaced by an experience exceeding that of any singer existing ; and on this occasion Mr. Braham seemed to have determined to prove, and he did prove, what we have always given him credit for, that in all styles, he can be by power, by science, and by expression, the finest artist that ever existed, though he has been too often led by the desire of universal applause, to obscure his great qualities.

Mr. Vaughan displayed his accustomed grace and beauty with increased energy of manner. His "*Glory to God*" was amongst the most powerful things done in point of effect, absolutely vieing and mingling, in the awe it assisted to inspire, with the chorus and

given. It exhibited deep feeling, and also proved the versatility as well as excellence of this lady's talents. To the "*Gloria Patri,*" of Horsley, Miss Bacon did full justice ; we may add that less superior powers would not have adequately sustained so elaborate a composition. "Though last not least," in our notice and appreciation, Miss Bacon rivetted universal attention and charmed every ear by her chaste and refined performances of "*Come unto him*" and "*How beautiful are the feet.*" This young lady made her entrée into public life apparently at that point of close approach to perfection, which is usually the long procrastinated recompense of toil and study to the "favoured few." We know not which most to admire in this very superior vocalist ; whether the gifts of nature or the acquirements of science and skill, the strength and compass of organ, its majestic force, or its dulcet sweetness ; the deep impassioned tone of feeling which dignifies her serious style, or the exquisite purity of taste which equally governs and graces that, as well as her lighter performances. Without pretending indeed to enter critically into the subject of Miss Bacon's professional merits, let it suffice for us to say that we regard her as an honour to her native city, a proud credit to her family, and a most valuable acquisition to the musical world.—*Norfolk Chronicle, Sept. 22.*

conversation of the wind instruments. "*Tune your harps*" will rest upon the fancy of all his hearers, amongst the sweetest of the recollections of this glorious whole. Mr. E. Taylor took a vast stride—a station indeed which his best friends could hardly have hoped he could ever fill. Meeting Zuchelli, the most splendid base in Europe, upon his own ground, namely, in "*O nunc benefico*," Mr. Taylor appeared to stand upon the same plane; and his Oratorio songs were marked by intellect, feeling, and sound musical taste.

Amongst the compositions almost new to the public, we must not omit the chaste and classical beauties of Mr. Linley's anthem. It is pure and flowing in its melodies, and the chorusses are bold, scientific, and effective. The instrumental accompaniments, which we believe have been superadded by Mr. William Linley, one of the sons of this accomplished family, are particularly pleasing, elegant, and masterly. The Mass music, especially that of Hummell, was exceedingly interesting, from the contrast it afforded to those pieces with which though we cannot dispense, have yet been so often repeated as to leave nothing to the imagination. The *Gloria*, by Mr. Horsley, is a splendid composition, both as to the voice part and the accompaniment, and requires only to be more known, to rank with the most popular of this classical writer's works. It is certainly very different from his general manner, but it is forcible while it imagines and achieves different effects. It is something akin to the bravura of the foreign sacred music ("*Gratias agimus*" for instance) but with more solidity of style and more intensity of feeling.

The instrumental music, which afforded opportunity for the display of individual accomplishment, was very slight, while the execution of the overtures and symphonies was as perfect as any thing can be out of the Philharmonic Concert Room. It was only in the obligati accompaniments that scope was afforded, but in this department most of the principals shone forth. Master Blagrove, a pupil of the Royal Academy, the pupil of Mr. F. Cramer, played a concerto, which in point of tone, brilliancy, and intonation, did infinite credit to the care and taste of his eminent master, his own talent and industry, and to the institution.

The results to the city and to the charity have been highly satisfactory, as the subjoined account will demonstrate.

Tickets delivered in at the Performances.

	Patrons'.	Half-guinea.
Tuesday Evening	84	1150
Wednesday Morning	101	866
Wednesday Evening	94	1245
Thursday Morning	127	1308
Thursday Evening	137	1812
Friday Morning ,	172	1904
	<hr/> 715	<hr/> 8385
		<hr/> 715
		<hr/> 9100
Ball Tickets		917
Visitors' ditto		135
		<hr/> 10,152

The pecuniary balance has not yet been made up, but it is understood that about £1800 will be the surplus for the charity.

Subsequently to the termination of the Festival, the Governors of the Hospital, at a general Board, voted the Rev. R. F. Elwin and Mrs. Elwin life-governors in token of their gratitude for the Rev. Gentleman's services—it having been stated expressly that he would accept of no presentation of plate, when such an offer was previously made by the Committee of Management.

LIVERPOOL.

This meeting commenced by a ball at the Wellington Rooms—the issue of tickets being limited to the numbers the apartments could comfortably accommodate; about 600 persons only were present—but such was the avidity for admission, that ten guineas it is stated were offered for single tickets by those who came too late to be amongst the original purchasers at as many shillings.

Divine Service was performed at St. Michael's Church, "*Hosannah to the Son of David*," Kent's anthem "*Hear my prayer*," and Greene's "*Thou O God art praised in Sion*," were added to the Psalms—King's *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*. After the service "*Here shall soft charity*" was sung by Messrs. Phillips and Vaughan.

There were five other performances; three morning—two

evening. The remaining portion of Wednesday was occupied by the ascent of Mr. Green's balloon—a dinner given by the Mayor to a large party at the Town Hall—and by the exhibition of paintings, which was illuminated by gas, and very fully attended by the ladies in full dress. Such were the introductory and the intermediate amusements. A grand fancy ball concluded the whole. The arrangements for the music were as follows:

Principal Vocal Performers.—Madame Pasta, Mrs. W. Knyvett and Miss Wilkinson, Miss Farrar and Miss Stephens, Mr. Braham, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Terrail, Mr. E. Taylor, and Signor de Begnis.

The Instrumental Band was led by Mr. F. Cramer in the mornings, and Mr. Mori led one evening.

TUESDAY EVENING.

PART I.

- Grand Sinfonia Mozart.
 Glee, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Phillips, "When winds breathe soft" Webbe.
 Recit. ed Aria (MS. first time of performance) Miss Wilkinson, "Pace all' Ombre"—(*Andromaca*) J. Lodge, Esq.
 Introduction and Grand Variations, Violin, Mr. Mori Mayseder.
 Recit. ed Aria, Mad. Pasta, "Ombra adorata," (*Romeo e Giulietta*) ... Zingarelli.
 Cantata, Mr. Braham, "Alexis," accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. Lindley Pepusche.
 Aria, Signor de Begnis, "Largo al factotum"—(*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*) Rossini.
 Air, Miss Stephens, "Lo! here the gentle lark," (Flute Obligato, Mr. Nicholson) Bishop.
 Duetto, Madame Pasta and Mr. Braham, "Ah se'de' mali miei"—(*Il Tancredi*) Rossini.
 A Selection from Matthew Locke's celebrated Music in Macbeth,
 The principal Vocal Parts by Miss Stephens, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. E. Taylor, Mr. Phillips, and Chorus.

PART II.

- Grand Overture to Oberon C. M. von Weber.
 Air, Mrs. W. Knyvett, "Tara's Halls," (arranged by W. Knyvett) Sir J. Stevenson.
 New Rondo, Signor de Begnis, "J'ai de l'argent," arranged by Castelli.
 Duetto, Madame Pasta and Miss Wilkinson, (Con coro) "Se tu m'ami"—(*Aureliano in Palmira*) Rossini.
 Air, (from a French Melody), Mr. Phillips, "Oh no! we never mention her."
 Duetto, Mr. Braham and Signor de Begnis, "All idea," (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*) Rossini.

Air, Miss Stephens, "Rest Warrior, rest"	<i>Kelly.</i>
Recit. ed Aria, Madame Pasta, "Di tanti palpiti"—(<i>Il Tancredi</i>)	<i>Rossini.</i>
Grand Overture to Anacreon	<i>Cherubini.</i>

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

PART I.

A Selection from the Creation.

PART II.

Opening and first Movement of Graun's "Te Deum"	<i>Graun.</i>
The Vesper Hymn (MS.) Miss Wilkinson (composed expressly for her), the Words by the late Bishop Heber ..	<i>Attwood.</i>
Sestet, Miss Stephens, Miss Farrar, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. E. Taylor, and Mr. Phillips, "Lo! Cherub bands," (the Words from Palestine, by the late Bishop Heber)	<i>Dr. Crotch.</i>
Recit. and Air, Mr. Vaughan, "Why does the God of Israel sleep?"—(<i>Samson</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Air, Mrs. W. Knyvett, "What tho' I trace"—(<i>Solomon</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Air, Mr. E. Taylor, "Hæc dicit Dominus"	<i>Callcott.</i>

From Handel's Sacred Oratorio—*Jephthah*.

Chorus, "No more to Ammon's God and King!"	
Recit. Mr. Braham, "Deeper and deeper still," and Air, "Waft her Angels."	
Recit. and Air, Miss Stephens, "Farewell ye limpid streams."	
Recit. and Air, Mr. Phillips, "The snares of death"—(Thanksgiving)	<i>Sir J. Stevenson.</i>
Recit. ed Aria, Madame Pasta, "Deh! parlate"—(<i>Sacrificio d'Abramo</i>)	<i>Cimarosa.</i>
Recit. Mr. Vaughan, "'Tis well, six times the Lord"	
March	
Air, Mr. Vaughan, and	} (<i>Joshua.</i>) <i>Handel.</i>
Grand Chorus, "Glory to God ...	
Horn and Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Platt and Mr. Harper	

PART III.

Grand Chorus, "The Arm of the Lord is upon them," (from the Oratorio of Judah, arranged by Mr. Gardiner)	<i>Haydn.</i>
And a Selection from Handel's Sacred Oratorio— <i>Judas Maccabeus</i> .	

THURSDAY MORNING—THE MESSIAH.

THURSDAY EVENING.

PART I.

Grand Sinfonia in C Minor	<i>Beethoven</i>
Recit. and Air, Miss Farrar, "Though from thee I now depart," arranged by Bochsá, from the popular French Air, (<i>Le petit Tambour.</i>)	

- Air, Mr. Phillips, "The Maid of Llanwellyn."
 Duetto, Madame Pasta and Miss Stephens, "Sull' aria,"
 (*Figaro*) *Mozart*
 Aria, Signor De Begnis, "Se ho da dirla," *Fioravanti*
 Recit. and Air, Miss Stephens, "Sweet Bird," accompanied
 on the Violin by Mr. F. Cramer (*Il Pensieroso*) *Handel*
 Scena, Mr. Braham, "O 'tis a glorious sight" (*Oberon*) *C. M. von Weber*
 Concertante for two Violoncellos, Mr. Lindley and Mr.
 Lindley, Jun. *Lindley*
 Recit. ed Aria, Madame Pasta, "Ah! come rapida,"
 (*Il Crociato in Egitto*) *Mayerbeer*
 Scena, Signor De Begnis, "La tua torcia," and Finale by
 the Principal Singers.
 Descriptive of a Composer rehearsing a Piece of Music,
 and his directions to the Performers how it should be
 performed, (*Amor Marinaro*) *Weigl*

PART II.

- Grand Overture to Euryanthe *C. M. von Weber*
 The Echo Duet, Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham, (*Zuma*) *Braham*
 Air, Miss Wilkinson, "Follow, follow, over Mountain" .. *S. T. Smith*
 Air, Mr. Vaughan (and Chorus), "Softly rise,"
 Bassoon Obligato, Mr. Mackintosh (*Solomon*) *Boyce*
 Fantasia Flute, Mr. Nicholson *Nicholson*
 Aria, Madame Pasta, "Il soave, e bel contento" *Pacini*
 The Frost Scene, Mrs. W. Knyvett and Mr. Phillips,
 (*Arthur and Emmeline*) *Purcell*
 Quartet, Miss Stephens, Miss Farrar, Mr. Braham, and
 Mr. E. Taylor, "O'er the dark blue Waters," (*Oberon*) *C. M. von Weber*
 Duetto, Madame Pasta and Signor De Begnis, "Non
 temer mio bel cadetto" *Mercadante*
 Finale, "God save the King," Verse by the principal Singers & Chorus.

PART I.

- Overture to the Occasional Oratorio *Handel.*

Selection from Mehul's *Joseph* and from Handel's *Samson*.

- Recit. and Air, Mr. Braham, "Total Eclipse."
 Recit. and Air, Miss Wilkinson, "Return O God of Hosts."
 Air, Mr. Phillips, "Honour and Arms."
 Air, Miss Stephens, "Let the bright Seraphim,"
 (Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Harper.)
 Grand Chorus, "Let their Celestial Concerts all unite."

PART II.

- Anthem, composed by Attwood, expressly for and performed at the Coro-
 nation of his Majesty.

- Motet, Mr. Phillips, "Methinks I hear."
 Distant Choir, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Vaughan,
 and Mr. E. Taylor *Dr. Crotch.*
 Recit. and Air, Mr. Braham, "Gentle Airs."
 Accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. Lindley—
 (*Athalia*) *Handel.*

- Quartet, Miss Stephens, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Vaughan, and
 Mr. E. Taylor, "Lo! Star-led Chiefs," (the words from
 Palestine, by the late Bishop Heber) *Dr. Crotch.*
 Air, Mrs. W. Knyvett, "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,"
 (*Redemption*) *Handel.*
 Motet, "O God when thou appearest" *Mozart.*
 Aria, Madame Pasta, "Gratias agimus,"
 (Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Willman *Guglielmi.*
 Recit. Miss Stephens, "But bright Cecilia")
 Solo, "As from the Power" } (*Dryden's Ode*) *Handel.*
 Grand Chorus, "The dead shall live" ... }

PART III.

- Double Chorus, "From the Censer"—(*Solomon*) *Handel.*
 Hymn, Miss Stephens, "Thou art, O God"—(*From the*
Sacred Melodies)
 Air, Miss Wilkinson, "O Lord have mercy upon me *Pergolesi.*
 Luther's Hymn, Mr. Braham, Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Harper, and
 Chorus, (arranged for a full Orchestra by Sir George Smart.)
 Selection from *Israel in Egypt.*

The scale of this meeting, as compared with others, must be esteemed to be small, though the band was certainly select. The choral parts were the most deficient, there being not more than eighty singers, and those principally from the neighbourhood. Another evil is that the church is small, and to employ the space to the utmost, floors were laid over the tops of the seats in the gallery. The singers were therefore in a well, as it were, which operated very injuriously upon the voices, while the orchestra was so ill contrived and so confined, that the violins had scarcely room to bow. The evening concerts were held at the Amphitheatre, which was well fitted up for the occasion.

Of the principal singers we have already said so much in nearly the same things, that we must confine ourselves to what was novel. Miss Wilkinson was exceedingly well received in her MS. aria by J. Lodge, Esq. performed for the first time. The composition (*alla moderna*) is very creditable. Of Miss Wilkinson's powers we have before spoken, and it is now only necessary to add that she is rising gradually to high place both in art and in the public esteem. Signor De Begnis was encored in almost every thing he sung. Miss Stephens was the favourite. Mrs. Knyvett sung with her unblemished taste in the morning performances. Nothing appears to have pleased more than Mr. Phillips' ballads. In the sacred music Mr. Taylor had

his full share of credit, and upon the whole, is thought to have sung even better than at Norwich. Madame Pasta did not sing so well as at Norwich and Worcester, and, for the reasons we have assigned, did not impart that exalted gratification which they who hear her at the King's Theatre seldom fail to enjoy.

The morning selections were, it will be seen, eminently fine, but rank second to those of Norwich, because of the better arrangement & the novelty introduced at that magnificent exhibition. The evening concerts are remarkably light, but are defective to the eye of severe taste, from the absence of Italian concerted pieces, and in some other particulars, which will be obvious. The intention however was clearly to adapt them to the pleasure of a mixed audience.

The fancy ball was not only the capital source of attraction, but the subject which absorbed nearly all the thought and anticipation of the week. Nothing could exceed the splendour. Nearly three thousand persons were present, in all the variety and magnificence of national costume and character. Seven noble apartments were appropriated to the reception of the company, and nothing could be more brilliant and effective than the entire management and effect.

The pecuniary results are of course most satisfactory, and the following comparative sketch has been published:—

FESTIVAL IN OCTOBER, 1827.

	TICKETS SOLD.	Nos.
Monday—Ball at the Wellington Rooms		600
Tuesday—Concert at the Amphitheatre. Reserved, 886; Unreserved, 298; Upper Boxes, 484		1668
Wednesday—Oratorio at St. Peter's Church. Reserved, 977; Unreserved, 483		1460
Thursday—Oratorio at St. Peter's Church. Reserved, 1009; Unreserved, 474		1483
Concert at the Amphitheatre. Reserved, 949; Unreserved, 504; Upper Boxes, 700		2153
Friday—Miscellaneous Concerts at St. Peter's Church. Reserved, 968; Unreserved, 494		1462
Fancy Ball		2748

The gross receipts in 1823 amounted to about £6000; those of the late festival will probably reach £9000; the company at the late fancy ball was nearly double that of the ball in 1824. There will be a surplus of something more than £4000 to be divided amongst the public charities.

But little can be added in the way of general observation upon these great demonstrations of science, art, benevolence, and

utility, after the mass of writing that has already grown under our hands. The principles and the practice have been both so fully elucidated by ourselves and our correspondents,* that for the present the subject appears to be exhausted. Two points cannot however be insisted upon too often—1. that it is upon general arrangements, upon the magnitude and excellence of the whole band, rather than upon the eminent talents of a single artist, that the results depend—and 2d. that the attention of the managers should be solicitously given to the addition of novelty and to the nice balance with those prescriptive favourite compositions which cannot be dispensed with. Success both in respect to the universal satisfaction of audiences and to the receipts, we dare confidently aver, will be found to turn upon the manner in which these essentials are adjusted.

That local circumstances present important criteria for the exercise of the judgment of committees must be matter of profound attention, and to this end we would point out the necessity of continually keeping in a state of activity, and of augmenting as far as possible, the love and practice of music. This must be the *pabulum* upon which the maintenance of such costly entertainments will eventually and permanently depend. The establishment of choral societies and of public concerts at intervals—and if it can be accomplished, of such societies as the amateur meetings in Yorkshire, must carry the useful consequences now universally admitted to the highest extent. Nor ought it to be forgotten that the success is generally speaking in proportion to the spirit of the outlay and the preparation—Edinburgh presents the only instance to the contrary. *There*, the receipts have decreased, while the magnitude and excellence of the performances have been extended and improved. At Norwich also the profits to the charity were less, although the receipts were larger—this is partly attributable to the almost total falling away of donations, to the engagement of Madame Pasta being superadded to an efficient vocal choir, and to other incidents of a like character. Such facts afford a handle to objectors, but experience and discussion will teach the best modes of management, and we once again invite the directors to the freest possible communication of their several notions of improvement, for the benefit of all.

* See especially vol. 8, page 421.

MEMOIR OF MR. JOHN GROOMBRIDGE,

*Lately Organist of Saint John's, Hackney, and Saint Stephen's,
Coleman Street.*

TO the "mind's eye" human life is what the heavens are to the material eye; all is an illusion which only reflection, engrafted on experience, can dissipate. "We see through a glass darkly," and all human knowledge seems to be nothing but an imperfect diminution of ignorance. An amusing result of this fallacious view of human affairs is the ordinary application of the sounding term "importance"—a term from which the central letter might often be properly subducted. What is important? Happiness, health, virtue, wisdom, wealth, station? Important to whom? To *Hic jacet*—to the worm that feeds on *hic jacet*, or to him whom the reptile expects to supper, "Not where he eats, but where he is eaten?"

"Write about an insignificant organist," cries the courtier, "when the chapter of Kings is open to every chronicler!" Aye, Sir, it is so; but "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay"—no offence we hope, but earth like water finds its level, and Alexander and the subject of this memoir are now of a height.

Station indeed!—What is it abstracted from its duties? What is a despot, a senator, a prelate, a judge, or a hero, devoid of principle? What are the histories of such miscreants, but records of public nuisances and of human depravity—a Newgate calendar on stilts. We acknowledge that penmanship is an art of extensive utility, but the transactions of many a prince are limited to a speck of earth; yet we smile at the memoirs of a writing master, and think of P. P. but gravely con the dull minutiae relating to the ruler of a petty province, and call the narcotic, history!

We should excite a smile, nearly allied to a laugh, were we to attach this "high and mighty" term "important" to music or musicians, though antient testimony, the commendations of philosophy, the subsistence of thousands, the happiness of millions, and the voice of nature herself, plead unanswerably in favour of such an application of the term; but what are such suffrages to the opposition of pride, pointing to the ephemeral glitter of human

institutions? The million take their cue, and call music a gewgaw, and musicians, fiddlers; but "boo and boo" before the important words "my lord," and "his grace, his worship, and his holiness." Bah!

Is it a loss of time to memorize a delightful art, universally cultivated and sufficiently useful, exercised throughout the long life of a blameless individual with that consummate skill which nothing less than invincible diligence can attain? Must the biographer or historian waive such a theme to record the madness of kings, of mobs, and of heroes? We see no necessity for it, and therefore enter cheerfully on a biographical thesis that some future Hawkins or Burney may not disdain to transfer to the pages of musical history.

Fifty years ago, when piano fortes were infantile, and music was not wholly degraded to sing-song trash and legerdemain, the sublime organ was approached with awe and listened to with rapture by the pious, the scientific, and the sensitive. At that period legitimate excellence on this compressed orchestra was regarded by professor and amateur as the pinnacle of musical rhetoric, the highest grade in the scale of instrumental practice. It may seem, or it may be a coincidence too trivial to notice, that the greatest of organ players at that time had a name peculiarly appropriate to the specific excellence he displayed, and the school of Dr. Worgan is not even yet obliterated by the vicissitudes that are continually modifying the fluctuations of musical taste. The founder of this intellectual school indeed was not a performer to be heard with indifference, or to be hastily forgotten. The combination of sublime genius, profound science, admirable execution, and electric originality, are phenomena that obliterate all meaner things instantaneously—that paralyze envy, silence levity, and excite a tumult of extended applause, which resounds in the ears of a second and third generation. Such was the character of Dr. Worgan's genius, whose performance on the organ was preferred even to that of Handel by many competent judges, who had heard both these "mighty masters."

Among the pupils of the Worganian school was Mr. Jarvis, a blind man; who although a good performer on the organ himself when he entered this extraordinary school, after a few advances in it, acknowledged that he had previously been pursuing an erro-

neous course of practice. Being diligent, he soon gained so much in this enlightened school, as to have *his* followers; who were contented, and not without reason, to fix their gaze on this reflected light. Mr. Groombridge was the favourite pupil of Jarvis; and, as he delighted to call himself, the grand-pupil of Dr. Worgan. For Jarvis he had, as it was natural he should have, the greatest affection; but the balance of his esteem palpably preponderated towards his grand-master, whose early performance at Vauxhall Gardens he clearly remembered, and often described its magic effects on himself, Baidon, Battishil, and many other professors and amateurs; who night after night, crowded round the orchestra to receive those impressions which even death seems to efface with difficulty. But a man like Groombridge could not be content with this feast; he followed the Doctor to his churches, courted his acquaintance, and naturally gained it without much difficulty; for what so gratifying to the man of talent, as the admiration of the talented? The consequence was, that Mr. Groombridge was eventually more completely a Worganian than his master Jarvis, who having advanced to a certain height in the broad stream, was contented, and rested on his oars; but Groombridge was indefatigable: so modest, as to think his progress was but insignificant; and so vigilant and industrious, as to let no opportunity of improvement slip; and withal so attracted by the light he venerated, as never to turn from it. This confirmed attraction, however, was greatly augmented, not only by intimacy, by conversation, and by reciprocal services, but by another potent link, which however little regarded by musicians in general, because but little known, was perhaps more efficient than the mere attraction of practical excellence. We allude to the magnetic influence of Dr. W.'s compositions, of which Mr. G. was an enthusiastic admirer, and a most diligent collector. The spark of this flame was undoubtedly excited at Vauxhall; particularly by the Doctor's organ concertos, not a note of which was lost on Mr. G. These were naturally enough the favourites of an organist. Most of them Mr. G. collected and transcribed, and what he did not, only because they are unfortunately lost, he partially committed to paper from memory. He besides exercised his talents in adapting for the organ many of the Doctor's overtures, choruses, airs, and compositions for the

orchestra; and in so doing, could scarcely avoid alienating his attention from the public voice, that was loud in the praise of one favourite supplanting another in rapid succession, while the transcendent merits of the composer he venerated, were buried alive.* "That such a man," he would often exclaim, "should be totally unknown!" At other times he would say, "There is no end to his variety. Every time I look at his compositions I see something new." The ultimate effect of these indelible impressions on the head and heart, is that of rendering the process of habit as constant and uniform as that of nature.

We have traced the stream to its source, and in contemplating the latter, we so far implicate the former that little need be added to illustrate the character of the individual talent we present to public view. Mr. G. either from diffidence or disinclination, did not apply very closely to musical composition, notwithstanding the encouragement he received from Dr. W. to whom he once shewed a MS. with which he had taken so much pains, that the Doctor having examined it attentively, and suggested a few slight corrections, added "This is very well, but go on. Do not stop here." We believe, however, that Mr. G. like his master Jarvis, preferred the practical to the creative exercise of musical talent. The former published, and we think composed, only a few songs; and the latter had not published any composition of his own, nor composed more than an anthem, a sonata, the composition he shewed to Dr. W. and a few hymns and psalm tunes. These few essays, however, are characterized by that sound harmony and chaste melody to which the satiated ear of good taste retires for relief, from the imposing flights of theatrical and popular composers.

The touch of Mr. G. on the organ was that uniform neatness which habit had rendered as true as mechanism; and his taste was too pure to countenance that medley of the sacred and secular styles, of which the bias is always towards the chamber and the theatre. His first voluntary was always of that quiet and devotional character which amalgamates with divine service; and his last was generally a solemn or grand introduction, followed by a

* For a memoir of the national injustice, hitherto manifested in the general neglect of this eminent musician, see the *Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review*, Vol. 5, page 113.

fugue, the composition of Handel, Arne, or Worgan; most frequently of the latter composer. When it is added that he was organist of St. John's, Hackney, for nearly half a century, and of St. Stephen's, Coleman-street, for more than half a century, it is almost superfluous to mention his practical ability, his diligence, and his good conduct. An organist is a sort of public character, and as such, is often annoyed by the disturbance of ignorance and the clamours of a faction. This annoyance Mr. G. did not wholly escape in Coleman-street, but his talents and his conduct soon quieted the storm, while on the contrary the vestry at Hackney ultimately added ten pounds a year to his salary, as a tribute of respect and satisfaction. A man indeed so inoffensive, so meek, and so kindly in his affections as the subject of this memoir, could not have many, nor very bitter enemies. On the contrary it might be justly said of him, as Dr. Johnson said of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that "any one who quarrelled with him would find it a very difficult matter to know how to abuse him." He was indeed a man whom it was impossible to know at all without respecting; or to know intimately, without esteeming or loving.

The last scene in the melo drama of life is in general altogether tragic, and that of Mr. G. was unhappily more than ordinarily painful. His constitution was so good, that for the last fifty years of his life he had not had a day's illness; but having lived 77 years, his decline began to be too visible to escape the observation of his friends. Like Beethoven, he was latterly afflicted with a deafness almost complete. He was fond of walking, but the increasing weakness of his limbs obliged him to curtail this pleasure; and he was subject to fits of giddiness, with one of which it is supposed he was seized in crossing a field not far from his house at Hoxton. He fell backwards, and the lamentable consequence was the compound fracture of a leg, which brought him to his grave. Having lost a beloved wife, who died about 15 years before him, and was buried under the organ of his church in Coleman-street, he was interred in the same vault on the 8th of August, 1827, a day made memorable by the death of Mr. Canning.

The Fitzwilliam Music, being a collection of Sacred Pieces, selected from Manuscripts in the Fitzwilliam Museum, now for the first time published, by permission of the University of Cambridge, by Vincent Novello, Organist to the Portuguese Embassy. Vols. 3, 4, and 5.

The third volume* of this very interesting and erudite work opens with a composition of Jomelli, but which is to us one of the least interesting of that author. The subject is graceful, but the laboured passage for the treble rising to C on the second ledger line, and the successive trills are inconsistent with the requisite simplicity. Such a division should seem to have been written to shew off some particular singer, rather than with a view to fine expression—the word to which it is affixed, “*operatus*,” reduces it to the nature of a musical pun, rather than an echo of sound to sense. Neither is the “*Allelujah*” interesting, either by its subject or construction. These pieces will scarcely add to the fame of Jomelli.

There is nothing in the “*Kyrie Eleison*” of Clari which induces us to alter the opinion we have already given of this author.

The studious reader may observe, in the fourth and fifth bars, that the effect of octaves is produced between the treble parts and the base, by the *crossing* of the former. This is a fault which is found in the best authors, but too much precaution cannot be used against it; for it is in vain that we avoid octaves to the *eye*, if we do not avoid them to the *ear*. A similar effect will be found at page 16, third bar—between the violins and the base.



“*Lætatus Sum*,” by Clari, is very good: superior to any thing we have before met with by this writer. The two following com-

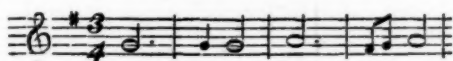
* For the notices of vols. 1 and 2, see vol 8, pages 107 and 343.

positions, by Bononcini, contain nothing remarkable. The fugue, "*Pleni sunt cæli*," is the best, though exhibiting a great error in counterpoint at the very outset; for the bass and tenor proceed from an eighth to a fifth, by similar motion.

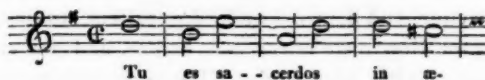


The editor, in the accompaniment, has kindly helped out his author by the addition of a third part, which, in some degree, qualifies the progression. We would, however, caution the student, for whom we make these minute observations, against the use of it.

At page 44 we find a fugue by Leo, on three subjects, though they are not much worked together. The editor, at page 45, marks a passage as "*the subject by augmentation*," which we cannot allow to be such, for reasons which we have before given—(see vol. 8, page 349.) Relative proportion is necessary to constitute the augmentation or diminution of a theme, as well as a similar succession of intervals. Nobody would recognize, in the following example, the first phrase of "*God save the King*"—though the intervals are exactly the same—because the proportion which we have just spoken of is wanting.



Now Leo's subject, which, according to Mr. Novello, is augmented, runs thus:—



The real augmentation of which should be—



But, in the passage marked by the editor for our particular observation, the three first notes are all of equal length :—



This we consider reduces the passage to an augmented *imitation* of the subject. Even were this not the case, the great condition mentioned in our former article is not complied with—namely, that in *all passages of augmentation the subject must likewise appear in its original form.*

Leo, indeed, does not blend, in the instance before us, either of the two other subjects which he has just announced ; but accompanies the principal theme with three parts, that imitate each other, without having any relation to the rest of the fugue.

We have dwelt on this point, and have even ventured to repeat much which we have said before, because we conceive it to be of consequence in this branch of the art. A fugue is a movement constructed according to certain laws, and every modification of the original design must be made with a reference to those laws.

There is a beautiful morsel by Giacomo Perti, at page 52 ; the effect of consecutive octaves, however, is produced in the 12th bar, by the crossing of the treble and alto parts. This is the fault which we have before noticed in our observations on Clari.



This, we believe, is the only composition by Perti contained in these volumes ; a circumstance we much regret, for he was an admirable writer, and his works afford excellent studies.

With Signor Bonno we never met before, and we care not if we never meet with him again. There is nothing worthy of remark in his introduction, "*Cum sancto Spiritu*," except that octaves are produced between the eleventh and twelfth bars, by crossing. This fault, however, is so frequent in the work before us, that we shall now take no more notice of it : enough has been said for the diligent reader's instruction.

The following fugue, "*Amen*," on two subjects, strikes us only on account of its length : it seems a mere exercise in counter-point, and not a very happy one. In page 58, the first subject is augmented, and is accompanied by the second subject in its original form. This comes nearer to our view of the case than almost any other passage of augmentation which we have met with in the present volumes ; nevertheless the design is not complete—since the subject, *without augmentation*, is not introduced at the same time.

The volume concludes with a quintet and chorus by Leo, which please us less than any other of this great master's productions. There are chromatics enough in the "*Qui tollis*," and some to spare in the "*Miserere*." We can see no reason why D sharp should be employed in the third bar. The modulation would have been more simple, had E flat been employed, and the enharmonic change, together with the astounding combination,



would have been avoided : the same observations will apply to the seventh bar, where D flat would have been preferable.

The subject of the fugue is not fortunate ; there is too much dwelling on the first note, which for some time occasions great monotony.

In the last bar but one, at the bottom of page 63, the *extreme parts* proceed from a sixth to an eighth by similar motion.



This is an error, which cannot be too carefully avoided, since it produces hidden eighths, as the small notes in the example shew ; and we notice it more particularly, because we find it in the work of so admirable a contrapuntist as Leo.

"*Tu es Sacerdos*," by Leo, opens the fourth volume in a fine ecclesiastical style. In the conclusion of the movement, we find

a point which Handel has employed in his chorus, "*Then round about the starry throne.*"



The same point, however, has been used by one of our old madrigalists—Weelkes or Wilbye; and possibly was borrowed by him from some one else.

Carissimi's solo and duetto have his usual ease and flow of manner.

Of the three following movements by Clari we like the quintet the best. This is a fine expressive composition, and in our opinion, superior to any thing we have yet seen by the same author. An admirable specimen of pure choral harmony, by Durante, will be found at p. 24, which leads us to wish that Mr. Novello had favoured us with more by the same author.

Stradella, whose romantic story makes even his name interesting, furnishes a beautiful quintetto at page 30, "*Dove battista.*" This, if we remember rightly, is taken from that oratorio, the charm of which is said to have suspended the murderous designs of two persons engaged to assassinate him, and even to have produced remorse and penitence in them.*

The "*Sicut erat*," of Padre Martini, is a masterly piece of writing, in six parts, on a subject of canto fermo. The points of fugue are common enough; but they are so admirably worked, that the whole has quite an original effect. From this eulogium we must except the instrumental portions, which are quite in the theatrical style of the period in which the author lived. We are rather astonished at this, recollecting that the Reverend Father does not hesitate to take Pergolesi to task for similar lapses.

The next example, by Giuseppe Conti, is an exceedingly dull double canon, formed likewise on a subject of canto fermo. Struck with the monotony of this movement, we have had the curiosity to number the cadences in A minor, which succeed each

* See vol. 1, page 480.

other without interruption in the course of twenty-six bars, and we find them amount to twelve.

The chorus and fugue, by Clari, beginning at page 46, are the best specimens of the author contained in these volumes; the fourth of which concludes with a simple but effective "*Dixit dominus*," for two choirs, by Leo, who, most deservedly, appears to be a favourite with our editor.

Having analyzed the contents of the preceding volumes so minutely, in the fifth and last we shall confine our remarks chiefly to those authors whose works form no part of the preceding. Among these Colonna stands foremost, and a "*Domine ad adiuvandum*" by him, at page 8, is said to be "taken from a MS. in Dr. Boyce's hand writing." Boyce, we know, thought very highly of Colonna, and used to say that "Handel owed much to him." This may be true—but we cannot ascertain the extent of Handel's obligation from the specimen before us, and we think that if Handel did borrow from Colonna, he amply repaid his obligations. In the specimens before us the parts are laboriously constructed, but we can discover none of that "breadth of touch" which so distinguishes the great German. The "*Gloria Patri*" commences in a minor key, to which on principle we have a decided objection: the "*Sicut erat*" is better in style, though it contains nothing that requires particular observation.

Following these compositions we have a "*Regina cæli*," by L. da Vittoria, which is beautifully written, on a subject of canto fermo, according to the custom of his age, and is highly interesting, on account of the simple and antique character of its modulation.

The motetto at p. 34, by Lupo, is solemn, but it occasionally exhibits the harsh combination of the major third and minor sixth, which to our ears is exceedingly disagreeable. At the bottom of p. 35 there is also a false relation, which is uncommon among the pure Italian writers. There is a sweet little trio by Carissimi, at p. 26—"O *felix anima*," which our readers should not overlook, and the quartett by Colonna, "*Paratum cor ejus*," by which the trio is followed, pleases us better than the other compositions of this author, which are contained in the present collection.

We must not omit to notice a "*Gratias*" by Clari, at page 20, which, with the following fugue, is finely written.

The work concludes with a "*Sicut erat*" for two choirs and two orchestras by Leo. Each choir is for five voices, but the composition is never in ten real parts. At the commencement the choirs and orchestras respond to each other, and when they unite, the parts are generally doubled.

In this admirable specimen very fine effects are produced by means which apparently are very simple. Here are no forced modulations, nor have we met with one ear-rending combination; earnestly therefore would we recommend a careful study of the whole to those gentlemen, old or young, who are disposed to treat human voices as if they were flutes, clarinets, or bassoons, and who fancy, as it were, that a composer can never be imposing unless he foam at the mouth.

We are now arrived at the end of a selection, the review of which has afforded us much pleasure. We think that it has been made with great taste on the whole, at the same time we consider it as too lengthy. Many of Clari's pieces might have been spared, or their places supplied by more of the compositions of such authors as Carissimi, Durante, and Perti, to say nothing of the masters of the Roman school.

The organ accompaniment, in these volumes, is arranged with Mr. Novello's usual ability; but he would have rendered more service to the generality of performers, if he had figured the organ base throughout, as Mr. Horsley has done in his arrangements from Handel. Mr. Novello has only put figures where orchestral parts are added, and those are placed where they can be of very little use.

Considering his intimate acquaintance with these subjects, it is much to be regretted that the editor has not given us his notion of the time in which each movement should be performed, by means of Maelzel's metronome; there is no one to whose opinion, on this point, we should so readily defer as to Mr. Novello's.

The interest which we have felt in this excellent work has caused us to exceed our usual limits, but we cannot conclude without saying a word or two on the comparative merits of the Italian and English schools of church music—a subject which has often occurred to our minds in the course of this review.

In the plan and careful finishing of their works, the Italians

* It is singular Mr. H. sh^d. have
passed this.

almost always excel: their counterpoint is clearer, and their fugues are conducted with more attention than ours.

This may be accounted for by the diligence with which they formerly cultivated the science of music and composition, and more particularly by the establishment of their conservatories, which not only afforded regular instruction to the pupils, but also brought the masters themselves into daily contact with each other. In England, on the contrary, no attempt has been made till lately, to establish any thing which deserves the name of a National School, and our musicians have been very much left to their own individual endeavours.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, we not ^{do not} hesitate to say, that in the greatest of all qualities, *religious expression*, we excel the Italians vastly; for a proof of this we are quite willing to refer to the volumes before us, which have been selected from a famed collection by a professor of undoubted taste and judgement. Where in them shall we find the intense and varied feeling which animates all Purcell's compositions? or the simple majesty of Croft? or the tender expression of Jer. Clarke and Weldon?

Leo's works form the great riches of Mr. Novello's selections; but we have not met with one movement among them which, for elevation of thought, comes up to that noble chorus of Boyce, "*Lord, thou hast been our refuge.*" In truth, where dramatic music is highly cultivated, it soon infects the music of the church: composers then lose sight of that noble simplicity which should always guide them; they study, not how to "do God service," but become "~~mere~~ pleasers," and seek rather to gratify the ear ^{men} than to move the heart.

Thus it appears to us that the ecclesiastical compositions of the Italians, for a long period, have been mannered or cold, in comparison with the breathing spirit of their dramatic music; but let it also be remembered, that we are speaking generally, and that we are fully aware of many exceptions to the above remark; of these Mr. Novello's volumes afford not a few.

From what we have just said, if it be correct, one inference may be fairly drawn. In the noblest species of composition, English musicians have surpassed the most celebrated masters of the Continent, therefore their present inferiority is to be attributed to moral, and not to natural causes. A century ago he who

should have foretold the height of excellence to which the British school of painting is now arrived, would have been treated as a "dreamer of dreams."

H

Selections from the Oratorio of Jefe in Masfa, composed by the late F. H. Barthélémon, Esq. London. Clementi, Collard, and Collard.

A few of the present generation of amateurs and professors will probably remember the performance of the eminent violinist, from the MS. of whose chief composition these selections are published by his daughter, in obedience to her father's desire, in token also of her own pious regard to his memory, and with a no less proper estimation of what is due to his fame. To the work a short memoir is prefixed, in which are some curious anecdotes.

"Francois Hippolite Barthélémon was born at Bordeaux, on the 27th of July, 1741. He was for some time an officer of Berwick's Regiment in the Irish Brigade. His gentlemanly manners and polite accomplishments, especially those of music and fencing, together with a knowledge of most of the modern languages, and no mean proficiency in the ancient, Hebrew, Greek, and Celtic, acquired for him the admiration and esteem of all who knew him, and particularly of his own Colonel; during his intimacy with whom, an acquaintance took place, which eventually induced him to change his profession.

"The late Earl of Kelly, an intimate friend of the Colonel and a passionate lover of music, soon became attached to him—offered him his protection and patronage in England, and ensured him the success which his aspiring genius warranted. Barthélémon was thus prevailed upon to accompany his noble friend thither, for the first time, in the year 1765."

Of the two anecdotes which follow, the first gives a pleasant trait of the domestic life of one of the best men that ever sat upon a throne—the other developes so villainous an intrigue that we insert it to guard professors against the perpetration of such schemes, should the like be ever again attempted.

"As superior talents ever received encouragement from our late excellent Sovereign, George the Third, and his amiable Consort, who was herself a good performer on the harpsichord, the Duke of Queensbury informed him that their Majesties desired to hear him perform. Happy at this intelligence, he was still more delighted when a time was fixed for his attendance at Windsor. On that signal occasion, the following circumstance occurred. His present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, and very young, being one of the Royal Auditors, was so astonished at the *harmonic tones*, that he ran to the King, exclaiming 'Papa! Papa! I am sure Mr. Barthélémon has a flute in his violin.' The King, with his usual goodness, requested the Prince might have the satisfaction of examining the instrument, and desired Barthélémon to sit down. The Prince jumped upon his knee, and taking the violin into his hands, held it so as to be able to see the interior, and was much disappointed at not discovering the imagined flute.

"Their Majesties expressed themselves highly pleased with Barthélémon's performance, and the Queen graciously directed that he should attend her next concert at Windsor. But how often are the most flattering prospects darkened by the intervention of envy and malicious intrigue! Those who at that time had the superintendence of the Royal Concerts, jealous of the very gracious reception with which Barthélémon had been honoured, resolved, if possible, to prevent his second appearance at court. To effect this, a letter was dispatched a few days before the concert was to take place, acquainting him that her Majesty was indisposed, and that, in consequence, the intended performance was postponed. To further this dishonourable design, they told her Majesty that Mr. Barthélémon could not be found, and that it was supposed he had gone into the country, having forgotten her Majesty's commands. This circumstance led, as perhaps was intended, to the introduction of Mr. Hay, who was appointed leader of her Majesty's concerts; and, by one of the basest of manœuvres, Barthélémon lost a situation of £500 a year. Having taken it for granted that the concert really was postponed, he had accepted an invitation to pass a few days with the Hon. Mr. Hobart in the country; on his return from whence, and while hastening down the Haymarket to meet his friend Lord

Kelly, with whom he then resided, he was met by one of the Queen's Band, an old German, who accosted him in so stiff and formal a manner as to create surprise. Upon enquiring what might be the matter, the reply was, "Vy, Sare, was you not at de Queen's concert?" "The Queen's concert!" returned Barthélémon, with astonishment: "Good God! Sir, I have a letter in my pocket which informed me that it was put off." "Oh! Sare," replied the German, "I am very sorry to hear dat; I must wish you a good morning." Barthélémon, feeling extremely hurt that any apparent disrespect should alter her Majesty's gracious disposition towards him, immediately acquainted Lord Kelly with this distressing circumstance. His Lordship endeavoured to quiet his uneasiness by assuring him he would do all in his power to have it explained to the Queen's satisfaction. But, after many attempts, Lord Kelly never had an opportunity of making known to her Majesty the truth of this injurious and mortifying affair."

Mr. Barthélémon composed an opera, *Pelopida*, for the King's Theatre, this year, after his arrival. It was completely successful.

"Garrick was induced to pay the composer a visit, for the purpose of enquiring whether he thought he could set English words. On Barthélémon's replying in the affirmative, Garrick asked for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote down the words of a song to be introduced in the play of the "*Country Girl*." While the great actor was thus engaged, Barthélémon, looking over his shoulder, actually wrote an accompanied melody to the song as quickly as the other penned the poetry. 'There, Sir,' at length exclaimed the manager, 'is my song.' 'And there, Sir,' returned Barthélémon, 'is the music to it!'"

He subsequently composed several works for the English stage, amongst which was the music to "*The Maid of the Oaks*—a farce which was the delight of the public in the days of our youth, and which we still remember with the fondness that belongs to early associations.

In the course of a foreign tour, taken for the benefit of the health of his wife (who was the niece of Dr. Arne by marriage) Mr. B. was requested by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to set a poem written by the Abbate Semplici on the subject of Jephtha's

vow. He accomplished the task in the short space of ten days, and from this oratorio are the selections before us.

It is one of the characteristics of genius to demonstrate the strength and vigour of its conceptions by the apparent ease and quickness with which they are produced, and accordingly *Jefte in Masfa* may be considered as amongst the finest, if not as the very finest of the works of its composer.

Before we can justly estimate the merits of any author, we must take a survey of the taste of the times in which he lived. This preliminary is not less necessary to the formation of a correct judgment, than to compute the value of a production *per se*, that is, with relation to its intrinsic excellence as expressive music.

Habits, feelings, and tastes, change almost as frequently as the seasons, and the progression of art is so constant that the works which obtained the highest celebrity when first produced, are often either under-rated or fade into comparative insignificance, when brought into competition with the reigning favourites of more recent times. The most prominent feature of the present style of music is exaggeration. Simplicity, generally speaking, has been almost entirely superseded by a desire for effects, which are frequently of a kind only to gratify those who are thoroughly initiated, thoroughly imbued with the taste of the times. Now it happens that simplicity and pleasing melody are the principal characteristics of the selections before us. They consist of the overture, *Con Inni e cantici*—a duettino and chorus, *Dove brami*—a tenor song, *Omnipotente Iddio*—a tenor and soprano recitative and duet, *Contra la mia Gloria*—a rondo, a choral hymn, and a quartett and chorus, which we imagine to be the finale.

Every one of these pieces have the charm of melody to recommend them. The *Duettino con coro di vergine* was performed by Mad. Pasta and Miss Wilkinson at one of the Antient Concerts in the season of 1826, was encored, and is indeed worthy the attention of those who admire the chaste and flowing melody of days gone by. No. 2 is a very sweet cantabile song, with a flute or oboe accompaniment of considerable merit, considering the little scope for display that was at that time allowed to instruments. No. 3 is a duet in rather a more ambitious style, but with scarcely so many claims to notice as the former pieces, at the same time the andantino is capable of considerable effect. No. 4, the rondo,

is curious, since it shows the difference between the style of execution of those days and the present. The hymn (for which the Pope presented the composer with two gold medals) is a short piece of simple but appropriate harmony, and we may remark, as a curious coincidence, that it is constructed somewhat on the same plan with the morning hymn from Mehul's *Joseph*, which is now so much admired. It has an accompaniment of oboes, flutes, and tenors, and is very soothing and sweet.

The concluding quartett displays more than all the rest the science of the composer, and it has on the whole considerable beauty.

The excellent lady, who has given to the world this proof of her father's talent and her filial affection, expresses a hope that as Mr. B. will have been dead twenty years in 1828, the whole oratorio may be performed at the Antient Concert. This computation proceeds apparently upon the supposition that no music can be produced there until such a period after the author's decease. We believe that it is only necessary for the music to have been written twenty years to bring it within the regulations. We know not what grounds may have been given for such a hope, but we cannot help cautioning our fair Editor against too sanguine expectations of "justice due," either from the directors of concerts, or from the public. The one are oppressed and distracted with conflicting claims, and the other besides their natural and acquired predilections have ever more calls upon their attention—so many indeed that it is almost physically impossible to lend a sufficient hearing to any amidst the storm and roar of the voices by which they are assailed.

Songs for Summer Days ; the Poetry by Thomas H. Bayly, Esq. the Symphonies and Accompaniments composed and arranged by Henry R. Bishop, Professor of Harmony and Composition to the Royal Academy of Music, and Composer to the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. London. Goulding and D'Almaine.

No. 1, Songs of the Trobadore ; Music and Words by George Linley, Esq. London. Goulding and D'Almaine.

The author of the first of these collections is an amateur already known by one or two publications in the same manner, but more especially by the song which has of late given and received so much celebrity from Mr. Phillips' singing—" *O no we never mention her.*" He with others follows in the track (*post longum intervallum*) of Mr. Moore in the National Airs. Mr. Bayly's lines have one of the attributes which fits him for a song writer, namely, that they are simple both in their ideas and construction—they are neither loaded with images nor complicated with verbal involutions. Take for example—

See the summer leaves are coming
On the plants and on the trees,
And the birds that have been roaming
Under brighter skies than these :
Breezes breathe so soft, they only
Curl the surface of the sea ;
But my heart feels sad and lonely
Without thee, love ! without thee.

Come and I will weave you bowers,
Cool and shady all day long ;
Every path is full of flowers,
Every grove is full of song :
Sunny when we roved together,
E'en the winter seemed to me,
And how sad is summer weather,
Without thee, love ! without thee.

The *worst* of these imitations is, that the master original always rises to recollection to the infinite disadvantage of the scholar, for where is to be found any thing approaching the beauty of Moore's imagery, the intensity of his feeling, the judgment of his adaptations? Yet somehow or other none of his followers can escape from the use of his figures—we could produce numberless instances in the pieces before us. The *best* of these imitations is, that they are novel at least in their combinations, and are often pleasing. Such appears to be the true character of the work before us.

There are eight songs—the melodies are, four French, one German, one Venetian, one Tyrolean, and one original (by Mr. C. S. Whitmore.) The last is decidedly the best—both for its simplicity, its originality, and its expressiveness. The Venetian stands next, and then the German. Mr. Bishop has given so many proofs of his delicacy in polishing gems of this description, that it is a sufficient eulogy to say he has exhibited his usual care and good taste, and has embellished the original drafts with some bright tinting. As a whole we consider this work to be superior to either the *Miniature Lyrics*, or *Melodies* of various nations, by the same author, and they stand perhaps next in degree to the Spanish melodies.

The songs of the *Trobadore* we understand are the production of an amateur, and probably an early if not the maiden work. Mr. Linley has obviously a taste for the assimilation of passages of agreeable melody, and he not less obviously aims at giving a poetical character to his compositions. These are qualities which may lead to success, because they indicate fancy and taste, and a desire to rise above the ordinary level in expressiveness. Thus much praise undoubtedly belongs to our author, and all that is to be recommended to him is the study of various and the best masters, for the danger appears to us to be, that his ear should be attracted by common but high sounding phrases. The book is however very creditable to an amateur—we have seen hundreds of songs from the hands of professors much inferior to these.

Ecole de Harpe, being a Treatise on the Harp, including a Systematic Mode of Fingering, with numerous Examples to render the hands independent of each other, explanatory Drawings for the positions, and pleasing Lessons and Exercises, written purposely to illustrate and explain the principles of his method ; by F. Dizi. London. Chappell.

The First Six Weeks of Daily Precepts and Examples for the Harp, on a plan entirely new, and particularly adapted to beginners on that instrument ; the whole illustrated by progressive and useful Exercises, and attractive and improving Lessons, by N. C. Bochsa.

Tasteful Exercises for the Harp, on a favourite Melody by Bishop, being the first class of an Appendix to the foregoing work, by N. C. Bochsa.

Books 1 and 2 of the Pupil's Companion for the Harp, consisting of forty progressive Studies, by N. C. Bochsa.

All by Goulding and D'Almaine.

The author of the first treatise is not only a fine player, but an instructor of long and extensive experience. The knowledge of these facts cannot fail to give weight to the internal recommendations of his book, which are those of a method clearly explained and scientifically demonstrated. The difference between this method and the one ordinarily practised lies in the fact, that Mr. Dizi gets rid of the slide with the thumb, which he contends is at once ungraceful and useless—being totally irreconcilable with good performance. He simply maintains that the best system of fingering is “that which requires the fewest changes of position of the hand,” and says it “has been universally acknowledged ; but the author has looked into all the elementary work on this instrument in vain for this principle being carried into effect ; he has therefore been the more careful to make it one of the leading points of his system.—Experience proves that to obtain an equality of execution and strength, one finger should be placed in advance, on the succeeding note, whenever the distance will allow such preparation. It is essential that this rule be strictly observed.”

Though other masters have acknowledged the efficacy of these rules, few have we believe acted up to them, while our author has strictly maintained them in his practice both as a master and a teacher.

The work is divided into nineteen heads, and illustrated with very copious and complete examples upon 70 pages. Various rules, tersely but clearly communicated, are superadded, which render it very complete, not only as an elementary work, but as an aid to expressive and scientific performance in the more advanced stages.

In Mr. Bochsa's books it is evidently no less the intention of the author to lay before the public a progressive and complete course of instruction for the instrument by which he has gained such celebrity, and no one can be better qualified.

The plan comprehends the earliest commencement of the pupil's education, and enters into the details of the business with such clearness, and particularity, that it will be of nearly the same advantage to the master as the scholar. The first part of the general course of instruction is divided into 36 days, with the exercises to be given on each, explained and illustrated by plates and directions for the tutor as well as pupil. These lessons are so divided as to prevent any confusion arising from too rapid an advance or from too tedious expositions. Mr. Bochsa's position* of the hands and fingers is succinctly explained, like Mr. Dizi's, and every step is facilitated to the scholar as much as possible. This circumstance will operate greatly in favour of the treatise on the minds of those who are aware of the folly of hurrying on pupils too rapidly. The more we see of royal roads to acquirement, the more certain we are that the way to teach well is by laying a solid foundation, and that the old proverb of "slow and steady wins the race," is the best axiom that can be adopted by both masters and scholars. The appendix to the First Six Weeks, or "Tasteful Exercises," is intended to afford some relief to the continual practice of mere studies. Each variation is therefore written for the purpose of exemplifying some particular passage of execution or mode of

* Mr. Bochsa in these instructions recommends most strongly the use of M. Erard's *Bracelet*, especially for the first fortnight.

fingering, and is preceded by a short explanation of the manner in which it is to be performed, and although the whole assumes the form of a regular lesson, it is equally useful with a set of exercises, and may be considered in the light of a pleasing allure-ment to the learner.

The studios, which are designed to be practiced at the same time with the last, are a series of progressive exercises formed on those easier ones which the scholar has already gone through in the daily practice, and leading him on gradually to the greater difficulties of execution.

On the peculiarities of style belonging to M. Bochsa, and of his method of teaching, it is unnecessary here to enlarge. Various opinions will be formed on the merits of every master. Of Mr. Bochsa's talents as a player and composer for the harp we have always entertained the highest opinion, and it is but natural to suppose that the instructions and method of such a master should correspond with his works and performance. His present book appears to us to be clear, comprehensive, and conducted on just principles. To the country professor it will be a treasure.

Here then are two books from the hands of two great masters, and Mr. F. C. Meyer has also given to the world his system.* The student of the harp has therefore not only a choice but the experience of all the most celebrated instructors to consult at leisure. We cannot imagine how more can be done for the advancement of this elegant branch of musical art.

* See vol. 7, page 249.

Book 1, of Twenty-four Preludes for the Piano Forte, in all the Major and Minor Keys, being an Introduction to the Art of Preluding; by Fred. Kalkbrenner. Clementi and Co.

Three Rondos on Airs de Ballet from Mosè in Egitto; by Henry Herz. Goulding and D'Almaine.

Brilliant Polonaise for the Piano Forte; by Charles Schunke. Boosey and Co.

A New Grand March for the Piano Forte; by Carlo della Torre. Clementi and Co.

"The art of preluding," like all other arts, has changed with the times, or perhaps, from the progression it has undergone, in common with every other branch of music, we are induced to dignify with the name of an art, what was formerly only considered as a subordinate branch of art. If we understand rightly the original purposes for which the prelude was intended, it was merely to prepare the hand of the performer by a few appropriate passages for the execution that was to follow, and to accustom the ear of the auditor to the modulation of the succeeding lesson; now however the prelude bears a much more extended signification, and has frequently almost as many and varied shades of character as an actual lesson, and indeed it is amusing to observe the difference between the preludes of Sebastian Bach, and those of the present day. Preludes have at all times been published, for although it is supposed that those played by professors are unpremeditated, the amateur can hardly be expected even to attempt extempore performance of any kind, and consequently preludes may be considered as a very useful species of composition. Mr. Kalkbrenner has set about his task with the boldness and decision of his genius, as well as with the method of one long accustomed to work, and to work successfully. His plan appears to be that of giving, to a certain degree, a species of practical illustration of the character of each key*, which is by no means an uninteresting subject, and will serve for a useful guide to the

* A work on this subject by one of the great masters, practically and theoretically treated, would be of immense use to the musical world for a standard.

attentive observer, to be followed upon all minor occasions. Thus No. 1, in C major, is showy and brilliant, which are the general characteristics of this key, and No. 2, in C minor, is in a more energetic and fiery style, united with cantabile passages of a plaintive character. No. 3, in D flat major, partakes of the melancholy that is inherent in most flat keys, and which in this one is unmixed with any other characteristic. No. 4, in C sharp minor, is legato, but in the cheerful tone that belongs almost singly to this minor key; No. 5, in D major, has all its proper brilliancy and spirit; and No. 6, in D minor, is treated with the simplicity and force that is suited to its grandeur of expression. Nos. 7 and 8, in E flat major and E flat minor, are in equally appropriate styles; No. 9, in E major, departs a little from the original plan, and modulates so much as to prevent its being strictly characteristic of this particular key. No. 10, in E minor, is simply constructed, but this key is not susceptible of any particular expression. In No. 11, in F major, Mr. Kalkbrenner has again approached the confines of a regular composition, but this is a key for quiet and unpretending melody and execution, and these are the leading features of the prelude. No. 12 is finer, more original, and yet more in the legitimate style of preludes than any of the rest. It is in F minor, and requires all the attention of the performer to give its proper share of *expression*, for it is purely expressive. The character of the key, which is peculiarly adapted to various shades of feeling, is finely developed, and the prelude is worthy the highest praise.

These are all that are yet published, and in them Mr. Kalkbrenner has displayed, beside the inspirations of genius that always attend upon his call, and the science which is the result of laborious and various study, the greatest taste and judgment in the adoption of his plan; retaining as much of the original and legitimate style as would shield him from the charge of an indifference to established principles, whilst he has introduced a sufficient quantity of originality to prevent their being either tedious or stale.

The principal purpose however which such works as the present are calculated to effect, is to serve as a guide to enlightened persons, who know how to apply their principles judiciously, and by such assistance to write preludes for themselves, since it is

obviously impossible for a composer to publish preludes in the superior style of Mr. Kalkbrenner's that shall be adapted to the character of every species of composition. But any person who will study with care such works as the one before us, may store his mind with ideas that may be brought to bear through his own tact and discrimination, at times when no such work, as a whole, would answer his purpose. Let us be clearly understood. We would by no means have it inferred that Kalkbrenner's preludes are not adapted to performance. The very reverse; we merely wish to point out the additional and far better employment of them in the way of a text book.

Mr. Herz has the eminently useful power of writing in two distinct styles, of which the one entitles him to the admiration of fine judges and performers, whilst the other gains for him the more profitable favour of the multitude. It is in this latter style that his three rondos are written. The first is particularly elegant and pleasing, and though there is a degree of similarity pervading them all—an appearance of their having been written in quick succession, the composer going on from one to another, with his mind still imbued with the same ideas—they have nevertheless many traits of beauty to recommend them to the notice of the player who does not care to encounter difficulties.

Mr. Schunke has displayed much originality in his polonaise, and it contains more intrinsic worth than we are accustomed to meet with in compositions generally so light. Here however there are novelty, energy, and spirit in the subject, which contains considerable scope for variety of expression, and the different contrasts of which it is capable are introduced with great effect, whilst the construction of the passages, especially some one or two for the left hand, display the composer's advancement in the practical portion of his art.

M. De La Torre's march makes us desire to see more of his compositions. It is evidently the production of one who has studied deeply and profitably, and who is possessed of no ordinary talent.

Second Fantasia for the Piano-forte on Parlar! Spiegat! by John Barnett.

Divertimento for the Piano-forte on two Airs, from Bishop's Opera of the Rencontre; by T. A. Rawlings.

Bishop's Duet of "Say what is Love," arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte, with a Flute Accompaniment (ad lib.) by T. A. Rawlings.

"O no we never mention her," with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte; by G. Kiallmark.

All by Goulding and D'Almaine.

A Rondoletto for the Piano-forte, on an air from La Dame blanche; by G. F. Kiallmark.

"The blue Bonnets are over the border," as a Rondo for the Piano-forte; by G. F. Kiallmark.

Both by Clementi and Co.

We have rarely seen any thing from Mr. Barnett's pen that did not bear some marks of genius, but he does not succeed so well in instrumental as in vocal music; at present he is evidently not at home. He must beware of seeking to produce novel effects by means which outrage the laws of taste even on the most trifling occasions. For instance, such an uncouth passage as the following should never have been printed.



The introduction to the fantasia is very clever.

Mr. Rawlings' lessons are in his accustomed style of ease and elegance, but we should like to see a little less sameness, lest the uniformity of his method of arrangement and modulation should become wearisome. The three last lessons on our list are, the first by Mr. Kiallmark, the two last by his son. They are all very much in the same style, that of pretty lessons for beginners. For what reason we cannot tell, but a weekly journal it appears

has severely attacked one of the young composer's rondos. It is a trifle to be sure, but considered in the true light of an early attempt, it is very creditable, and there is no just reason why Mr. K. should be discouraged for being cautious at first, and for not attempting more than he can accomplish.

Allegrì di Bravura, No. 7, Il Vispo e la Fuggita, composed by C. Potter.

Variations non difficiles pour le Piano Forte, sur la Gavotte de Vestris, by H. Herz. Both by Boosey and Co.

First Grand Concerto for the Piano Forte, with Accompaniments for a full Orchestra, by J. Cohan. Mori, Lavenue, and Co.

The publication of the *Allegrì di Bravura* commenced in 1821, and it has now reached the seventh number, by the most celebrated composers, although it is not, as we at first imagined it would be, confined entirely to German masters. Mr. Potter, however, though not a German by birth, is so by his musical education in the German school, and to this peculiar style he adheres with great pertinacity—indeed we might almost be tempted to say at times with a little too much. The style of the "*Allegrì di Bravura*" is, as is shown by the title, confined very much to brilliancy and effect, and hitherto each of the numbers have been distinguished by difficulty of execution. Mr. Potter has further appended to the two movements that compose the present number, the names of *Il Vispo* and *La Fuggita*, and upon the ideas suggested by these appellations he appears to have formed his plan. *Il Vispo* is full of spirit and originality—the first page, and the first two lines of page 4, are masterly passages, possessing that nerve and freedom of construction that mark the mind confident of its own powers; yet a fault that attends some of Mr. C.'s compositions is observable in this—a degree of monotony arising from too frequent a recourse to the more profound depths of science, and too little use of the light and shade, the colouring which is imparted by the charms of melody and ornament, which,

though we are quite willing to allow do not so completely attest the superiority and erudition of the composer, are yet the delightful means of displaying his taste and fancy, and act at least as an useful allurement to the less scientific. *La Fuggita* partakes largely of the nature of a *studio*, but is distinguished by the same marks of science and ingenuity as its companion.

Mr. Herz's lesson is one of those little fugitive pieces that appear to be produced when the mind is in a happy state, creating, without effort, trifles, which are nevertheless so bewitching as always to leave an agreeable impression, and often to draw us back to them anew. It is full of naiveté, elegance, and feeling.

We had the pleasure some time back of noticing a fantasia by Mr. Cohan on the *Jager Chorus*, for it does give us real pleasure to watch and (if our opinions can have such an effect) to encourage the efforts of talent. Mr. C. is a young composer, and as such he has still much to learn. But he has chosen his course highly—he does not confine himself to frivolous compositions, which though they may be at first more lucrative, will never acquire that fame which the active mind is desirous of attaining. His concerto abounds in instances both of feeling and fancy, but at the same time his mind is not sufficiently ripened by study, nor his judgment by experience, to bear him loftily through an undertaking of such importance. The fantasia at the end is constructed with considerable ingenuity in the first instance, but the idea with which he starts does not accompany him far; it is therefore evident that he possesses the germs of a good composer, and only lacks the polish and fullness of mind to be acquired by the study of the best models alone, and the nice discrimination which attends on experience and observation of effects.

Grand brilliant Rondo for Two Performers on the Piano Forte ;
by J. Moscheles.

Six Valses à trois mains pour le Piano Forte ; par Marie-Szymanska. Both by Boosey and Co.

It is amusing to observe the voluminous titles with which it is now thought right to grace almost every piece of music that

comes before the public. On opening Mr. Moscheles' duet we expected, from its designation, to find something at least very difficult—but no, we find a graceful and elegant piece, possessing some share of execution, but certainly not enough to warrant so much distinction, and we quarrel with him the more readily in this instance, because Mr. Moscheles has no need of parade—his name is all sufficient to introduce his compositions to the regard of the public, and to uphold them in estimation. The duet is really beautiful—it is as stated in the title, “freely arranged from the rondo to the author's first concerto,” and possesses all that exquisite playfulness and airiness that so entirely captivate the fancy. We have seldom met with any thing even by this composer more bewitching.

Madame Szymanowska's is a singular fancy. A flute would have played the part of the *third hand* with greater effect, and would have avoided the inconvenience of squeezing in at the corner of the piano forte. Nevertheless the waltzes are very pretty, and if the upper part were delicately played on such instruments as have the tone of a musical snuff box in the additional keys, which is now frequently the case, it must have a good effect.

A Course of Preceptive Lessons for the Spanish Guitar, designed for the mutual assistance of Master and Pupil; by James Taylor, in two Books. J. Lindsay.

L'Aurore, ou Journal de Guitare, Choix des plus beaux Morceaux pour cet instrument, Nos. 1 and 2. Ewer and Johanning.

Thanks to the efforts of Messrs. Sor, Sola, Huerta, and other professors, the guitar instead of remaining an almost unknown instrument, or at least considered only as proper to the romantic cavaliers of Spain, and Spanish serenades, has gradually made its way into the circles of fashion, and is now pretty generally to be found in the saloons of her fair votaries. The instrument is become an object of manifest importance in the art, especially to all *arrangers* of music, for arrangement is

peculiarly adapted to the powers of the new favourite, and accordingly we have in our latter numbers had to notice some quantity of guitar music for guitar alone—for guitar and piano-forte—for guitar and flute, &c. &c. and a great deal of this has been very good, but we have never yet, we think, met with a book of instructions on so simple and yet judicious a plan as Mr. Taylor's. In his preface he very sensibly observes that the principal use of the guitar is to accompany the voice,* and to this purpose his lessons are especially and admirably adjusted. The first book consists of clear directions for tuning and holding the instrument, scales, exercises and different methods of accompanying the voice in the scale in some easy airs, and the second of progressive illustrations of the key of G, with lessons and songs. The work will consist of several numbers, progressive also in style, and we do not hesitate to say that any body might teach themselves the guitar with no other assistance than this clear and comprehensive little work will afford. *L'Aurore* is an elegant publication, each number containing some of the most favourite airs, arranged as lessons, and some very sweet little ariettes at the end. It is a work of considerable merit.

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Terzetto Originale "Tremate, empi tremate," per voci di Soprano, Tenore e Basso, con Accompagnamento di Cembalo all' uso di Concerti, composto dal Sig. Maestro Luigi von Beethoven. Op. 116. Vienna. C. Steiner and Co.

This beautiful terzetto, unknown we believe in this country until very lately performed at the Philharmonic, is one of the last

* We cannot help observing the powerful inducement to ladies to learn the guitar, which the publisher has ingeniously added to the author's preface. "For the display of graceful attitude, the guitar is admirably well calculated, and when in the hands of an accomplished female, a skilful performance on it gives fascination to beauty by affording such opportunities for uniting graceful action to elegance of person, as perhaps no other instrument possesses." Can any lady resist these instances, and not purchase Mr. Lindsay's publication in gratitude for such a recommendation?

compositions of its lamented author, who has proved his superior feeling for this style of writing, by the melodious and effective combinations he here presents to us. It commences with a very spirited passage for the base :

ALLEGRO.



“ Tremate, empi tremate,
Dell' ire mie severe ;
Sù quelle fronti altere,
Il fulmine cadra.”

The composer was evidently warm with his subject, as the music is finely expressive of the feeling of the above passage.— After this base-solo the soprano and tenor appear—

(Soprano)—“ Risparmi o Dio quel sangue.”

(Tenor.)—“ Fa ch' io sel cada sangue.”

in *reposo* melody, which is soon interrupted by the base—

(Base.)—“ Ambi frenati io voglio,
Vittima al mio rigore,”

in the former vigorous style with which he commenced. The whole of this movement is highly dramatic, and offers considerable means to the singers for contrasted expression. The next movement is an *adagio* of the true character (the subject we subjoin), which we admire for itself, but more from the resemblance it bears to similar passages in the great Mozart's works ; the imitation however here is of the *mind* rather than the *manner*, as the true musician will see on perusing it. This movement consists of about 50 bars, and leads, in an *allegro molto*, upon the words in trio—

“ Stelle ! tiranno omai
Hò tollerato assai,”

which is well worked up, and forms an appropriate conclusion to what has gone before.

ADAGIO (dolce).

Son queste amato be-ne l'a-ma-bi-li-ca

te-ne onde m'avvinse a-mor on - - - de m' avvinse amor.

p *cres.*

The more we see of this great writer's vocal music, the more we must ever regret that he so exclusively confined himself to instrumental writing, for if any composer possessed the qualities of energy, passion, just conception, and a lofty poetical feeling, which, in despite of occasional crude harmony, and chromatic modulation, must have led him, in the present improved state of musical knowledge, to the very highest walk of vocal writing—Beethoven was assuredly that man. His best pieces are seldom or never heard. Why do such things as "*Adelaide*," or "*Ah Perfida*," sleep unobserved? We fear it must be answered, that among all our vocalists, few possess the Ithuriel spear of poetical inspiration that can touch and make them spring up in their proper shapes.

* The latter cantata has lately been very finely sung by Mr. Sapio, and to our taste, is the very best performance we have heard of his.

Rondolettos a la Mode, arranged for the Piano Forte, by Louis Camille. Lindsay.

Introduction and brilliant Variations on that favourite Russian Dance, for the Piano Forte, by J. F. Hance. Clementi & Co.

The Lancers, a Rondo, for the Piano Forte, by G. A. Hodson. J. Power.

Three French Airs, arranged in an easy style for two performers on the Piano Forte, by J. Valentine.

Favourite Airs, arranged as easy lessons for the Piano Forte, by J. Valentine.

Nos. 3 and 4, of Rondolettinos, founded on popular Airs, for the Piano Forte, by C. Dumon.

All by S. Chappell.

Twelve Fingered Lessons for the Piano Forte, extracted from Adam's Piano Forte Tutor, adopted by the Royal Conservatory of Music at Paris.

Ten favourite German Waltzes, composed for the Piano Forte, by Burno Held.

Both by Ewer and Johanning.

This list contains a store of profit and pleasure for the youthful votaries of Euterpe, for they all contain *melody*, the great charm to the untaught ear, and have besides much that is good to recommend them.

Mr. Camille's Rondos are six in number, and the publication is to be continued; they are all on very popular airs, and are arranged with considerable merit.

Mr. Hance's variations, though easy, and from this circumstance not claiming much distinction, are nevertheless very clever, and deserve to be known. They do not consist merely of triplets, scales, and arpeggios, as is usually the case with such productions, but are constructed with an evident adherence to method, and a desire to strike out from the usual common place track of variations, and although the piece is in itself trivial. Mr. Hance has succeeded in making it a superior lesson of its kind.

The "*Lancers*" is a spirited and agreeable piece.

Mr. Valentine's three airs are written for beginners, and are

well suited to the purpose. His easy lessons, and M. Dumon's rondolettinos are of the same character, and are composed on favourite airs. The fingered lessons are adapted to the very beginning of a child's studies. They consist of twelve airs by Gluck, Mozart, Dussek, Steibelt, and Adam, arranged and fingered in a very judicious manner, and are well worth the attention of masters.

Several of Mr Held's waltzes are very good.

Au clair de la lune, with an Introduction and Variations for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by C. Nicholson. Clementi and Co.

A brilliant Duet for the Harp and Violin on the most favourite Airs in Mosè in Egitto, by T. Labarre and C. de Beriot.

Sixth Air, with Variations for the Violin, with an Accompaniment of Orchestra or Piano Forte, by C. de Beriot.

Fantasia for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, in which is introduced the National Air of God Save the King, composed by J. M. Ribas. London. All by Boosey and Co.

Six Quartets for Two Violins, by J. Howell. Howell. Bristol.

We have frequently remarked on the constant improvement of instrumental music, and it is still for ever increasing in public favour; nor can this be a matter of surprise whilst our orchestras can boast of such professors as Mori, Lindley, Willman, and Nicholson.* Whilst however we admire and wonder at the performances of these and many other gifted men, if we examine the compositions for single instruments that are usually performed in public, they would in general seem to demonstrate that this

* We mention particularly these professors, because with English feelings we consider them as our standard artists, and we cannot let an opportunity escape of expressing our admiration of their talents, but we would not for this reason deny the superiority of many other celebrated artists.

particular branch of composition has not kept pace with the practical portion of the art, and that it was yet only making the first advances towards perfection; but it gives the same pleasure to the lover of art to observe these advances, however slow they may be, as it does to the florist, who watches the gradual perfection of the different species of engrafted plants, and thus we hail with joy every newly-engrafted beauty that we discover in the style of favourite instrumentalists. Mr. Nicholson, allowed every where in England to be *le premier de son espèce*, has been amongst the first to introduce a better and more solid style into his compositions, to address them to the understandings as well as the ears of his hearers, and thus to assert the dignity of his instrument. The present variations are upon a beautiful and favourite subject. The flute has in the introduction little more than cadences, in which Mr. N. has evidently studied how to bring into play the beauties of tone rather than of execution. The last we insert as most completely illustrative of Mr. N.'s style, and exquisite it is when heard with the rich tone he produces on his lower notes.

Sra. ----- loco.



Variation 1 is entirely for the display of these same lower notes.

No. 3 is a beautiful adagio, with perhaps a little too much execution, but it contains another cadence on the favourite passage in another form which we have quoted—the other three variations are purely executive. The lesson requires finished performance, but it is full of elegance, taste, and delicacy.

What may we not expect from the junction of such talents as those of La Barre and De Beriot? The two distinguished artists have vied with each other in imparting interest to his own part; the greatest share of force and brilliancy belong to M. La Barre's, of delicacy and feeling to M. de Beriot; these qualities combined produce a piece which is at once illustrative of the high practical powers of the composers, and of their perfect understanding of

the effects that are best wrought by each instrument. We observe one particularly difficult passage in M. de Beriot's part, which we believe belongs to him alone. It is this :



How this is performed we leave to those to discover who have heard the composer—no others will conceive it possible. We have more than once heard M. de Beriot distinguished as the *Velluti* of violinists, and on looking over the sixth air, we find a passage which the assimilation of feeling between the singer and instrumentalist—



They who have heard Velluti will discover the resemblance instantly, and little touches of this kind all through the piece evince who is, in a slight degree, M. de Beriot's model, and he cannot have pitched upon a finer for the minute shades of feeling, in which he (M. de B.) is so eminently successful. This air is beautiful ; it principally displays M. de B.'s power in the use of the shake, which is introduced frequently in a very novel manner. We should perhaps be inclined to find a little fault with the quantity of execution, but we are aware when men are possessed of such extraordinary powers how difficult it is to restrain them.

M. Ribas is a very excellent musician, and one of the most promising legitimate flute players of the present time ; his ability as a writer is, we believe, for the first time presented to the public in this piece. The "National Anthem" has been so often and so successfully treated by various composers, that it must now be an adventurous hand who attempts any thing "new and strange" in the mode of varying it ; but Mr. Ribas has done more than we expected, and upon the whole his work is very creditable to him. The fantasia opens with an introduction, "*Marziale*," for the piano forte, which is of an appropriate character to usher in the intended theme ; after a page, the flute appears in a forcible passage of descending semiquavers from G above, and continues

principal very effectively until page 7, where we have the air in G. Variation the 1st is brilliant and showy. Variation 2, in double triplets, is also good, though not difficult. In the 3d variation we have a chromatic *rush*, alla Nicholson, which will be found excellent practice, as it requires great steadiness. The last variation is in the waltz style, which although well put together we like not so well as the preceding, because it takes away that commanding character which all variations upon this almost sacred air should endeavour to maintain; but this we know well, that every body now a days must have their sense of hearing excited at the close of every instrumental piece, therefore this trifling alteration can hardly be visited upon M. Ribas, of whose compositions we shall be happy to see more, as his knowledge of the flute, his industry and improved taste will secure the very best points of good style, if he does not sacrifice too much to mere execution, like some of his cotemporaries.

The principal object of Mr. Howell's publication is to assist the student in that most necessary of all arts, *playing in tune*—it embraces many other useful points, and is a sequel to his violin instructions. Mr. H. has succeeded in elementary works, and the present does not fall off from its predecessors. It is written on a good plan, and is highly worthy of notice.

Fair one take this Rose ; composed by G. S. Webbe.

O dear to me ; composed by S. Nelson.

The Warrior's trumpet, } *by Alfred Bennett, Mus. Bac. Oxon.*
The Cossack's adieu, }

Three Canzonets, by George Pigott.

All by S. Chappell.

The Mountain Daisy ; composed by J. Blewett. Lindsay.

These songs are better than we usually find amongst the ephemera of the season. Mr. Webbe's has some agreeable passages, but can scarcely be said to rise above the prettinesses which the incipient words imply. Mr. Nelson's is more ambitious—has

more of melody, set off by accompaniment, though both are selections of airy rather than original passages. Mr. Bennett's songs are declamatory, and written to display the accompanying instrument and the singer. The worthy organist has appropriately interchanged intervals common to the trumpet with the voice part, yet affording a spirited air.

Mr. Pigott's compositions indicate more depth both of thought and contrivance, and are expressive, though sometimes so quaint that but for the redeeming power manifested throughout, the charge of affectation might perhaps be brought with some shew of justice. The very commencement of the first canzonet appears to us, as the lawyers say, liable. The canzonets however are marked by that rare quality in modern productions of this cast—*mind*, and that of no ordinary frame.

Mr. Blewitt's ballad is exceedingly good—melodious, yet not gaudy—with just so much of the national peculiarity as to fit it to Burns' beautiful words.

Three Italian Canzonets, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte ; by C. M. Sola.

Selve felici e care, an Italian Notturmo for two Voices ; by Pio Cianchettini. Both by S. Chappell.

Trova un sol mia bella Clori, Canzonetta di Metastasio ; composed by F. W. Horncastle. Welsh and Hawes.

Mr. Sola's canzonets are easy and elegant little things, and though not possessing much novelty, they cannot fail to please from sweet melody.

Mr. Cianchettini's is an original and really beautiful composition, in the legitimate style of the notturmo. We recommend it strongly.

Mr. Horncastle has, in the present instance, attempted a new style, in which he has been successful. The words he has selected are elegant, and his music is very sweet, and adapted to the sentiment of the poetry.

MEMOIR OF BEETHOVEN.

If it be a melancholy truth that life is allotted to the most gifted individuals no longer than to the meanest, there is yet the consolation that their works survive them to become memorials of the authors as well as instructions or gratifications to mankind. It may however be permitted us to indulge our grief where genius is prematurely snatched from us, while those faculties which have both instructed and gratified are yet in all their vigour, and when more, much more, might have been hoped from the prolongation of existence. It is with such sentiments that we can but regard the notification of the death of that master spirit, Beethoven, while it is a part of our duty to afford a slight record of his life.

Ludwig Von Beethoven descended from a race of singers at Baun, where his father was a tenor singer, and his grandfather had been a base in the Chapel of the Electors, was born in the year 1770. Neefe, the organist of the place, was his instructor in the rudiments of music, but his education was in other respects much neglected. He was however soon to be removed to a field of action, where full scope and encouragement would be given to his aspiring genius, for aspiring it was even at this early age, and accordingly the Elector of Cologne, struck with his rare ability, sent him to Vienna to study under the great Haydn, who two years after transferred his scholar to Albrechtsberger. The refined artist and profound theorist planted good seed in a soil already enriched by the hand of nature. Beethoven was at this time about 13, and the compositions which he hazarded evince the preponderance of that fearlessness and independence of character which have distinguished him through life, but he was harshly treated by the critics—he was accused of crude modulation, and a constant attempt at originality; by the same writers he is however most highly applauded as a piano forte player, in which he is said at that time to have rivalled all the finest masters of the day. In extempore performance he ranked next to his great

predecessor, Mozart, and he has been since only rivalled by Hummel.

After the death of his patron, the Elector of Cologne, Beethoven fixed his residence at Vienna, one of the cities in Europe most distinguished for the encouragement of the fine arts; here however he had much to combat, for the taste and the fashion of the day were against him, and moreover his extreme singularity and eccentricity of manner made him many enemies, whilst he was of too independent a mind to advance himself by the arts of flattery or submission to the great. As a composer he had to work his way up, he had a steep hill to climb, but when he did reach the summit, it was a proud eminence whereon he stood alone, and looked down in triumph on his competitors in the race. Would that the loneliness of greatness had been the only solitude he was doomed to suffer, but before the age of 28 he almost entirely lost the sense most precious to one in his situation, the sense of hearing,* and from that unhappy period he appears, both from his own confession and the relations of others, to have been driven from the "haunts of men," and compelled to a total dependence on his own resources for his enjoyments in life. One of his most intimate and enlightened friends has favoured us with the following distressing picture of his feelings at this period, translated from a document addressed to his brother, and which was found amongst his papers after his death, and our correspondent has likewise added a postscript of his own, of considerable interest. After the perusal of these papers, there is not probably a man who will not sympathise with the afflictions of Beethoven, not only as a musician, but as a fellow creature, who will not look

* A Correspondent has favoured us with the following fact:—It is well known that Beethoven laboured under the severe deprivation of deafness, but the cause of this affliction so peculiarly distressing to a musician is not so generally known. This great composer was at his cottage in the neighbourhood of Vienna one summer, and during the afternoon of a sultry day being seized with the furor of composition, seated himself at a small table in the garden, where he wrote with his well-known velocity and abstraction, unconscious how fast the day was closing, until towards the evening a heavy shower of rain began to descend—still however the composer was so intent upon his work, that he remained until he was literally drenched to the skin, when he found, by the obliteration of nearly every note he had written, that he had staid too long. The consequence of this imprudent want of care was, that a violent cold and deafness attacked him which became incurable.

with increased veneration on an art which possessed in itself sufficient charms to induce one who was suffering so acutely, to wish for the continuance of life merely for the sake of its cultivation, and which could form the only solace of that melancholy existence.

Posthumous letter of Ludwig von Beethoven, addressed to his brother Charles, &c. written by him in the year 1802.

Heiligenstadt,* Oct. 6th, 1802.

Oh ye, who think and declare me morose, obstinate or misanthropical, how much do you wrong me! You know not the secret causes, the appearance of which you thus misconstrue in my conduct. Both my heart and mind were ever attentive, even from my earliest days, to the softest accents of benevolence. I have ever been prone to the performance of great actions; but you must consider that for these six years I have been afflicted with a malady, aggravated by the unskillfulness of physicians—my hopes one year after another disappointed, and at last obliged to submit to an evil, the cure of which may require years, and which perhaps can never be effected at all! Born with a vivacious and ardent temper, and susceptible of all the charms of society, I have been compelled, at an early age, to separate myself from the world and to live in solitude. If occasionally I would defy my condition and go into company, oh how severely do I then feel its wretchedness! I am driven back by the increased conviction of my deafness, and yet how can I tell the people, “speak louder—bawl, for I am deaf!” Alas! how could I avow the deficiency of a sense expected to be more perfect in me than in others, and which I once did possess to such a degree of perfection as few have ever enjoyed. Oh I could not make such a declaration!—Therefore you must pardon me if you see me retire from those circles which I would so willingly join. My misfortune grieves me doubly, because it subjects me to be misunderstood. To me the refreshing recreations of society, the mutual out-pourings of the soul, with all the endearing charms of intercourse, are lost for ever!—Alone, scarcely venturing among my fellow creatures any more than is absolutely necessary, I live like an outcast; for

* A very beautiful country spot, near Vienna, frequented by invalids, on account of the purity of the atmosphere.

if I go among them, I am overcome with burnings of uneasiness, caused by the apprehension that I feel of exposing my deplorable condition. During my last half-yearly residence in the country, my judicious physician advised me to save my much-impaired organ as much as possible, which advice accorded with my own intentions, yet sometimes I was carried away by inclination, and suffered myself to be drawn into society; but what was my humiliation, when a person near me perhaps was listening to the distant sound of a flute, or to the rural song of a shepherd boy, *which I could not hear!* Oh these were moments which almost drove me to despair; little was wanting to make me terminate my life with my own hands. *The art* (die Künste) alone restrained me! Oh it seemed to me impossible to leave this world before I had produced all which I felt myself capable of, and thus I preserved this wretched life, yes, so truly wretched did I feel my existence! I was born with nerves so very irritable, that a somewhat quick transition could throw me from the heights of extacy into a most desponding condition. "Patience," you will say, yes *patience alone*, shall be my guide, and I trust she will not forsake me until it shall please the Fates to cut asunder the thread which still binds me to life, but to be compelled, at the early age of twenty-eight, to become a recluse, was no easy task, and less so for an artist (Künstler) than for any other individual. Oh Eternal Being! thou seest my heart and knowest its inmost recesses—thou knowest that it harbours love and benevolence for mankind! Oh my friends, if one day you peruse the present writing, consider that you have wronged me much, and let the unfortunate console himself with the idea, that there was one, who in spite of all the obstacles of nature, yet did all in his power to be received among the number of distinguished artists and men.

I beg my brother Charles, when I am dead, if Professor Schmidt should yet be alive, to request him in my name to write the history of my malady, and add this declaration to the publication, that the world may, as much as possible, be reconciled to me, at least after my death.

I declare at the same time herewith, you, both my brothers as heirs of my little property, if indeed it may be called by that name. Share it honestly between you, bear with and assist one another; you know the wrongs I have received from you are long

since forgiven. To you my brother Charles I return my thanks for the attention you have shewn to me latterly, I wish that you may lead a happier life, and one freer from care than I have.—Recommend to your children the practice of *virtue*, for virtue alone, and not *wealth* can render men happy; this I know from my own experience; it was virtue that has upheld me even in my misery, and to her, together with the art (*Künst*) I am indebted for not having become a suicide. Farewell, and love one another. I give thanks to all my friends, especially to Prince Lichnowsky and Professor Schmidt. I should like the musical instruments of Prince Lichnowsky to be kept by one of you; but do not quarrel about them, and if the disposing of them can be of any service to you, dispose of them, and I feel happy that I may be useful to you even in the grave.

Thus all is done—I now go joyfully to meet death, but if it comes before I have been able to develope all my powers in the art, I shall regret its coming, notwithstanding my wretchedness, and I may wish to live a little longer—but even then I shall be content, as it will free me from much evil. Come therefore when it likes, I shall meet it with courage. Farewell, and do not entirely forget him in death, who has deserved your remembrance, for he has often thought of you in life and wished to make you happy—may you ever be so!

To my brother Charles, &c. to be read after my death.

P. S.—Thus I take leave of you, a melancholy leave, for I must now abandon the hopes which I had brought hither of being at least partially benefited. Those hopes are vanished and faded, and like the withered leaves in autumn, they have dropped off. I leave the country just as I came, and even the high flow of spirits which so much animated me in fine summer days, has left me. Oh Providence! vouchsafe that I may yet enjoy, if but one day, of pure and unadulterated joy, the sweet echo of which has been to me so long a stranger. Oh when? oh when, Eternal Being! shall I feel thy benign presence once more in that temple of nature* and of ment†—when may I hope?—No, never! Oh cruel destiny!

* We suppose the arbour mentioned in the following postscript.

† Probably a church.

P. S. by the Translator.

In order to throw more light on some of the passages in the above posthumous document, the translator begs to observe, that, when he had the singular good fortune to be introduced to this extraordinary individual, who is now no more, he by some happy coincidence gained his friendship and confidence. It was in the year 1824, at Baden, a small but beautifully situated town in Austria, a short distance from Vienna, where Beethoven then resided, when on a very fine morning, this singularly organised but excellent man, happening to be in good humour and spirits, he (the translator) ventured an observation to him, that his pastoral symphony seemed to be most beloved by a British audience, speaking as an eye-witness, and judging by the effect its performance never failed to produce, especially on the fair part of the audience, causing so many bright eyes of those fair listeners to sparkle with delight, and how its charm seemed to transport their souls to the rural sports of shepherds and shepherdesses in the Arcadian fields. On this Beethoven smilingly proposed a walk, and seemed much pleased at the delight with which his proposal was accepted. A circumstance must not be omitted here, namely—that Beethoven had desired the writer some time before to speak loud into his ear, (a favour it seemed, that he seldom granted), and that on complying with his request and articulating besides very distinctly, almost every word was understood by him.

Beethoven now offering his arm, both were mounting soon a gently rising hill, covered with shrubs, chiefly vines loaded with grapes in great abundance, and on the top of which was seen the ruins of some castles of great antiquity, that gave the whole a very picturesque appearance. At last, arriving through some underwood, at an apparently large and stately wood, with lofty trees of beautiful foliage surrounding a spot which was truly enchanting.—“Here you see,” he said, his eyes sparkling like diamonds,—“here you see is nature’s laboratory (Werkstatt), roofed by heaven itself. Behold how glorious is this roof, how beautiful its azure colour, unobstructed by men’s works of clay; and yonder, behold the great luminary, full of majesty, distributing to all which his paternal influence has fostered into life, nourishment and clothing of such beautiful colours as the rainbow

exhibits. Here, Sir, we ought to worship, *in the temple formed by nature herself*, and inhabited by numberless creatures, adoring their Creator in the enjoyment of their existence, warbling contentment in countless accents. Here the soul of man expands with joy and awe ! Sometimes I feel myself tempted to pourtray some of my emotions like birds, in songs, essaying to fix impressions inhaled with my pen, but alas ! how different is that which I write to that which I meant to write ! I believe it altogether an useless attempt to convey one's mind to another, in any shape. Alas ! we must be contented with the rough sketch our unskilful hands will make of the dictates of a glowing imagination." Beethoven after this burst into a singular fit of laughter, which the pen of the writer would try in vain to describe.

The translator begs leave further to observe, that he should feel exceedingly happy should the above recital answer the purpose he has laboured to effect, namely—to throw more light on a character which has been so often mis-interpreted, but who deserves to be better known *as a man*—and since some of his productions are calculated to hand down his name to posterity, the knowledge of which may be very desirable to the yet unborn, as well as the living admirers of this extraordinarily gifted man and composer.

Now, alas ! his voice is hushed in silence, and will never be heard again on this side the grave ! Cold is the heart that dictated the strain, and the hand that struck the lyre, the sound of which could raise the soul above this gloomy atmosphere to the abodes of the pure, in the regions of light and uninterrupted happiness.

Cold is the heart, that once with fire sublime
Had overflowed, which felt in ev'ry clime ;
Cold is the hand that eagerly convey'd
The soul's dictates—now all in dust is laid !
But hark the tale :—Once in some cheerful mood
Beethoven reach'd the thought his mind pursu'd,
Prepared to fix it with an eager hand,
When lo ! a spectre rose and wav'd its wand,
Then vanish'd straight—malignant was its sneer—
And deafness seized, alas ! Beethoven's ear,
Which never more shall listen to those strains
His soul shall vent—save in celestial plains !

Beethoven resided nearly all his life in Vienna, but until the year 1809 he had very little other emolument than what he gained by his compositions. At that period an offer was made to him of the situation of Chapel Master to the Court of Jerome Bonaparte, in Westphalia, which the composer was dissuaded from accepting by three of the Austrian Princes, who settled on him the yearly pension of 400 florins,* on the simple condition of his remaining in his own country. Whether this annuity has been since discontinued we know not, but his latter years have been passed in great obscurity, and at times he has been in actual poverty, although this may have arisen from untoward circumstances of a domestic nature. But whatever may have been the causes in addition to his unfortunate deafness, which kept him apart from society, it is equally painful to feel that a being so eminently gifted by nature for the prosecution of a divine art, warmed by the noblest and purest virtues, and exquisitely susceptible of the beauties of nature, should be thus thrown upon himself, debarred from the pleasures of reciprocal intercourse with his fellow creatures, and even from the actual enjoyment of music for which he lived, with a mind harrassed and worn by the acutest of all suffering, that of extreme sensibility, and a head frosted by the hand of care, before time had laid a finger on him.

Thus lived Beethoven, admired by the world, revered by the professors of his art, respected and loved by the few friends admitted into his intimacy, and worshipped by his own countrymen, as appeared from the address presented to him in 1824, and in compliance with which he assisted at two performances of his own works at the Karnerthor Theatre before an immense audience. Yet this great man is represented to have been morose, unyielding, and eccentric. Beethoven was endued with a mind of uncommon strength, and nerves of the extreme delicacy of texture that supply the artist with half his power; he was a stranger to the interchange and wholesome exercise of the domestic affections, afflicted by a calamity which with his pursuits was doubly wretched, and obliged at the same time nearly to earn his subsistence, which however honourable to him who does it creditably, must have been galling to one of Beethoven's sensitive and exalted feelings, one

* Seventy-two pounds English.

who seems almost to have regarded his art as too sacred to be applied to the ordinary uses of life. It may be said that Beethoven was a proof of the unhappiness that attends even genius when secluded from the society of men ; it is true that he suffered, but this suffering was increased by the consciousness of his inability to enjoy that which might have been so delightful to him. Some doubt may perhaps arise whether the composer was formed for society with his extreme irritability of nerve and temper, but we cannot doubt that if the tenor of his life was not one of tranquil happiness, he yet frequently passed in solitude moments of such refined intellectual enjoyment as could scarcely have been compensated to him by any or all the pleasures he might have had in the world.

Beethoven had been in a dreadful state of health for some months before his death. In December, 1826, in returning from the country to Vienna, he caught a violent cold, which terminated in inflammation on the lungs, and this complaint was immediately followed by symptoms of dropsy, which increased rapidly. Between the 18th of December and the following 27th of February, he underwent the operation of tapping four times. Nature was exhausted ; the sufferer lingered in a deplorable state till the 26th March, when he breathed his last in the midst of a violent thunder-storm, as if he who had rejoiced in the grandest scenes of nature was summoned to his last home by the sounds he had so finely portrayed.

We have abstained from a detailed account of his last moments because we would willingly draw a veil over the periods of infirmity and suffering that frequently darken the last hours of great minds, but we turn with pleasure to record facts connected with them, that do equal honour to our country and to individuals eminent in his art. It appears that of late years England had been a spot to which Beethoven looked with feelings of peculiar interest ; he has been heard to declare his admiration of her laws, customs, and national character, and has always expressed a strong desire of visiting this country. This feeling may in some degree be accounted for by the celebrity which his works have obtained here, by means of the Philharmonic Society, and by the unbounded reputation sustained by that Society, which must naturally have awakened in the composer a desire to witness so great a concen-

tration of talent; added to which, England, by the proud distinction she invariably bestows on celebrated men, come from whence they may, evinces at once her generosity, and that she esteems genius to be of no country. Even after Beethoven was seized with his last illness he expressed his determination to visit England on his recovery, and had actually calculated the expences of his journey. He however became worse, and being then, as was supposed by his friends, in great necessity, he wrote (it appears without their knowledge) to the Philharmonic Society in London, to request that they would arrange a Concert for his benefit: the Society met, and agreed to the proposal, but hearing that Beethoven would in all probability be no more before it could take place, it was resolved to send him immediately a present of £100,* which was done through Mr. Moscheles, with the further understanding amongst the members, that the concert should still be given in case of Beethoven's recovery.

How gratefully this noble conduct was felt by the composer is shown in a letter which he addressed to his friend Mr. Moscheles on the receipt of the donation, the last he either dictated or wrote, which we quote below, from the *Harmonicon* for May last.†

* It is reported on good authority that it was his Majesty's intention to have sent the composer the same sum; probably the Ambassador at Vienna heard of his death, as we have not understood that it reached him.

† *Letter of Beethoven to Mr. Moscheles, dated Vienna, March 18, 1827.*

My dear good Moscheles—With what feelings I read your letter of the 1st March, I cannot find words to express. The generosity with which the Philharmonic Society have almost exceeded my request, has moved me to the innermost of my soul. I request you therefore, my dear Moscheles, to be the organ by which I convey to the Philharmonic Society my heartfelt thanks for their kind sympathy and distinguished liberality. With regard to the concert which the Society intend to arrange for my benefit, I trust they will not relinquish that noble design, and beg that they will deduct the £100 which they already have sent me, from the profits. Should after that any surplus be left, and the Society be kindly willing to bestow it upon me, I hope to have it in my power to evince my gratitude by composing for them either a new Symphony, which already lies sketched on my desk, or a new Overture, or any thing else that the Society may prefer. Should Heaven only be pleased to restore me soon again to my health, I will prove to the generous English how much I value their sympathy in my melancholy fate.

Your noble conduct, my dear friend, will ever remain in my remembrance. I hope shortly to return my thanks to Sir George Smart and Mr. Stumpff. Farewell! I remain, with the kindest sentiments and esteem,

Your friend,

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

England can never be too proud of men who thus practically demonstrate the truth of that beautiful position, that the effect of the cultivation of the arts is not only to refine the mind, but to stimulate it to the performance of acts of benevolence.

Now however we are arrived at a point in our narrative which is a matter of astonishment to all parties. After Beethoven's death, there were discovered, in taking an inventory of his effects, in an old chest, seven bank bills to the amount of £1000 English, besides £100 sent by the Philharmonic Society. This circumstance appears to have created the greatest astonishment in Vienna, awakening a feeling of mortification that one whom it belonged so especially to his own countrymen to cherish and support, should in his latter days have applied for assistance to a foreign nation, and some of the Austrian papers unfairly attacked the English, and, "not remembering," as one of our correspondents most aptly remarks, "that such a man belonged to all Europe."

Now Beethoven undoubtedly must and did possess many valuable private friends, but it is not from such sources that a man of his independent character would seek to derive assistance, and we find that he was with difficulty persuaded to accept of the most trifling assistance of this nature.

Mr. Schindler, who is most anxious to preserve the memory of his friend free from any imputation, says in a letter to Mr. Moscheles, since published, "Now it is here the universal cry that Beethoven had not stood in need of foreign assistance. But they do not consider that Beethoven being only fifty-six years of age, and of a strong constitution, might hope to attain an advanced age. His illness, moreover, made him timid and nervous, and his

P. S. I send herewith for the Philharmonic Society, the *Tempos* of my last Symphony, Op. 125, marked according to Maelzel's metronome.

This letter was accompanied by one from Music Doctor Schindler, who, in Beethoven's last days, paid him the most unwearied attention, giving a distressing account of the state into which he fell two days after writing the above, and of his still frequent recurrence to the noble conduct of the Philharmonic, and of his desire, even when he occasionally awoke from constant lethargy, to write to Sir G. Smart, who had been greatly instrumental in obtaining the £100 for him, and to his friend Mr. Stumpff, neither of which letters did he however live to write. Mr. Schindler deplores the extreme caprice and irritability which increased upon him with his disorder. How generously did he fulfil the duties of friendship in thus bearing to the last the foibles as well as the miseries of the sufferer.

physicians had told him he must not work for some years to come. It was therefore natural to fear that he might be under the necessity of selling one bank bill after another; and for how few years could he subsist upon seven bank bills without getting into distress?"

Beethoven indeed does not appear to have been aware of his approaching dissolution till he was steeped in the lethargic symptoms of his disease, and thus deprived of his faculties, or it is probable that he would have revealed his secret; and above all, does it appear a matter of astonishment that Beethoven should have been content to live in indigence in the prime of life, in order to save sufficient to support him in his old age, when the comforts of life would become requisite to him? It is perhaps rather a subject of regret that such penury should have been deemed necessary by one who claimed the admiration and respect of all who have souls to feel and acknowledge the supremacy of talent. The secrecy is the only singular circumstance, yet it is a natural occurrence, in perfect accordance with the eccentricity of his character.

His funeral was performed with a magnificence that did honour to those who directed it, and to his country at large. It took place on the 29th April, and the arrangements were made by Mr. Haslinge and Messrs. Schindler and Hart. The crowd which began to assemble at an early hour to witness the last rites towards the greatest ornament of their country, was immense, and had increased about noon to upwards of 20,000 persons. Order was however tolerably maintained throughout this vast concourse of people. At half-past four the procession began to move towards the place of interment,* the way being cleared by a party of soldiers. The body was borne by eight choristers of the royal chapel, and the pall bearers were eight chapel masters—viz. Eybler, Hummel, Seyfried, Kreutzer, Weigl, Gyrowetz, Gansbacher, and Würfel; a large body of singers chaunted a fine choral movement from B. A. Weber's *Wilhelm Tell*, and amongst the torch bearers were Castelli, Grill-

* It was first intended to have buried Beethoven without any parade in the church-yard of Döbling, a romantic village about three miles from Vienna, but he was really interred in Währing, one of the suburbs of Vienna; the grave-digger was secretly offered 100 florins for the composer's head.

parzer, Anschütz, Czerney, Mayseder, Weiss, Lablache, David, Pacini, and many other distinguished artists, the procession terminating by a body of the pupils of the conservatory. Beethoven was a Catholic; after the ceremonies over the body were performed, the *Miserere* being adapted to an original melody by Beethoven with an accompaniment of four trombones, by chapel-master Seyfried, it was conveyed to the burial ground of *Der Friedhofe* in a hearse drawn by four horses, and followed by more than two hundred carriages. Here a poem by the celebrated Grillparzer, in honour of the deceased, was recited with great feeling by the tragedian Anschütz, and then all that remained of him who but so short a time since possessed the power to awaken and exalt the finer feelings of our nature, was closed for ever from mortal sight.

Two requiems were also performed to the memory of the great composer; Mozart's, in the Augustine High Church, in which Lablache appears to have put forth all his powers, and excited great admiration, and Cherubini's in the Church of St. Charles, under the direction of Chapel Master Hummel.* A musical performance was also held, the profits of which were to be applied to the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Beethoven, and it succeeded completely.

In closing the history of so great a life, we are naturally led to remark on the attributes of one who has for so long a time held the first place in a peculiar branch of art. Little however remains to be added, for conspicuous characters are always the objects of such continual discussion, that the theme is frequently exhausted before their lives are ended, and so it is with Beethoven. Born with an energy of mind that taught him to despise the rules by which common intellects are guided, by the fearlessness of genius he accomplished effects that others would have shrunk from attempting; the same force of character which, when applied to the every day occurrences of life, prompted him to hold the established forms of society in contempt, and to chafe like a fiery steed at the

* We cannot forbear inserting a noble trait of the generosity of this artist's character. He had had some difference with Beethoven, but just before his death, forgetting all injuries, he travelled from Weimar to Vienna, was reconciled to the composer, and assisted as we have seen in paying him the last respect.

curb and the rein, made him irritable, gloomy, and eccentric; but his moral character was unimpeachable. Beethoven was great in every thing; as a composer his beauties and his faults were alike in extremes, and it is to be regretted that his defects are so dazzling, and sanctioned by such a name as to mislead many. He has not been such a benefactor to art as either Haydn or Mozart, because he has made no splendid inventions like the former, nor did he possess the fertility of the latter, but his dauntless mind has ventured further than either in the untried regions of harmony. It remains for time to prove if in these researches he has collected materials sufficiently solid to build a fame that shall endure like his great predecessors, unrivalled and unshaken.

It appears somewhat strange that Beethoven should have made such comparatively few attempts in vocal music. *Fidelio* was the only entire opera he ever composed, and a correspondent, whom we have before quoted, gives us the following reasons for its being his first and last.

The opera of "*Fidelio*," which has been performed in a selection at the oratorios, is the only opera Beethoven ever wrote. It was composed nearly twenty years ago, and the continual disputes between the principal singers, particularly the females, who were constantly objecting to some, and insisting upon other more showy passages being introduced for their display, the annoyance he met with at rehearsals from copyists, mistakes and delays so irritated a mind little calculated to cope with such interruptions, that he vowed he never would write another opera, which determination, unfortunately for the lovers of his style, he strictly adhered to. How well he could have written, the "*Fidelio*" is an ample proof. The beauties of this work, like Weber's "*Oberon*," cannot be appreciated until it has been heard several times.

We are not however inclined to think that these could be the only reasons that prevented Beethoven from composing more vocal music; the bent of his genius inclined evidently towards instrumental, and we believe the impulses of genius to be so strong, that no minor considerations would prevent obedience to their dictates. Besides this, constant experience leads us to think that he who writes vocal music finely, must have a differently constructed mind to him who cultivates instrumental. In

the first case the musician has to deal with a ductile and pliant organ, which is in itself capable of affecting the mind in various ways, and which is further aided in its impressions by the agency of speech, whilst in the second his tools consist of a combination of differently formed instruments, each distinguished by a particular character and requiring different treatment, and almost all to a certain degree limited in their powers—in the former the whole interest of the piece is usurped by one—in the latter it is supported by, and divided amongst many, and he who has been accustomed to develope and work upon the complication of ideas that is requisite in instrumental music, can with difficulty curb his fancy sufficiently to treat finely the few (comparatively speaking) that are admissible in vocal music. Thus we should be inclined to think that Beethoven never had a very strong desire to cultivate compositions for the voice; as it is, he has quitted this world in undiminished glory.

OPERA AND RECITATIVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

YOU and your correspondents have laboured hard and often to demonstrate the satisfaction, the utility, and even the necessity of placing our English Opera upon a legitimate footing, and when we see such men as Sir George Smart, Messrs. Bishop, Braham, and Kramer, at the head of the musical department, or turning attention to composing for the theatres—it is astonishing that no more approaches are made to the regular lyric drama. I perfectly coincide with those who fix the foundations of the musical character of nations in their sensibilities and passions—but I must still believe that very much depends upon the turn and direction given to these natural qualities as well as to national habits. It will be said that it is exceedingly difficult to discover the origin or trace the course of what we know and observe only in its perfect accomplishment—thus it is next to impossible to separate the effects of these reciprocating agents, or the inherent sensitive desire for forcible expression, which we find in the disposition, and the dramatic school for its cultivation and exaltation, which exists in the operas of the Italians; for if the former has given birth to the latter, it cannot be denied that the predisposing faculty has been incalculably enlarged and heightened by the continual indulgence of that display of passion which is most properly and most energetically exhibited upon the stage. For this reason I think it may be safely laid down, that until the taste of a nation is confirmed—until in a word the entire effects of the various and the whole range of art is developed, we have no right to pronounce that the genius of the country is limited by those attributes which belong to nature alone. While we clearly perceive how much of what is called taste and even good taste is solely the result of an acquaintance with the progression of art, and that the adoption of graces is very much if not completely conventional, we ought not to attribute to constitutional forma-

tion, more than a certain capacity, whose extent is neither exactly indicated nor can be precisely calculated.

It will scarcely be disputed at this time of day, that the best connoisseurs no less than persons of fine sensibility, do receive exquisite pleasure from legitimate opera. Mixed audiences also call for the repetition of songs even in the most impassionate parts of the drama, without the slightest regard to the main action, or to the manifest impropriety in respect to the music which critics have assumed to be the highest possible power of the drama. Yet how strenuously have those philosophers most deeply skilled in the emotions of the human heart laboured to convince mankind of the utter absurdity of all such things! Take for example the following extract from the Count Algarotti :

“ The state of the opera deserves a particular elucidation : and to this end we must endeavour to trace it to its origin, which lies in a great measure hid in darkness. Riccoboni is of opinion, that the first ever represented, was that which the doge and senate of Venice, exhibited for the entertainment of Henry the third of France, in the year 1574. But this account is by no means satisfactory : for Sulpitius, an Italian, speaks of the musical drama, as an entertainment known in Italy in the year 1490.

“ History traces the rise of Opera no farther : but a circumstance mentioned by Sulpitius, who was a man of letters, may seem to lead us up to its true origin. He is by some supposed to have been the inventor of this musical drama ; but he ingenuously tells us that he only revived it.

“ We have seen, that the tragedy of the ancient Greeks was accompanied with music ; that the same union was borrowed, and maintained through the several provinces of the Roman empire. If therefore, we suppose, what is altogether probable, that the form of the ancient tragedy had been still kept up in some retired part of Italy, which the barbarians never conquered ; we then obtain a fair account of the rise of the modern Opera, which hath so much confounded all enquiry.

“ As Venice was the place where the Opera first appeared in splendour, so it is highly probable that there the ancient Tragedy had slept in obscurity during the darkness of the barbarous ages. For while the rest of Italy was over-run by the nations from the north, the seas and morasses of Venice preserved her alone from their incursions : hence history tells us people flocked to Venice from every part of Italy : hence the very form of her republic had been maintained for thirteen hundred years ; and from these views of security, it was natural for the helpless arm to seek an asylum within her canals, from the fury and ignorance of a barbarous conqueror.

“ Other circumstances concur to strengthen this opinion. The

carnival first appeared in splendour, and still wears it at Venice, beyond every other part of Italy. Now the carnival is, in many circumstances, almost a transcript of the ancient Saturnalia of Rome.

"In the Venetian comedy the actor wears a masque; a palpable imitation, or rather continuation of the old Roman custom.

"That the modern opera is no more than a revival of the old Roman tragedy, and not a new invented species will appear still more evident, if we consider, that it is an exhibition altogether out of the nature, and repugnant to the universal genius of modern customs and manners.

"We have seen the natural union of poetry and music, as they rise in the savage state; and how this union forms the tragic species in the natural progression of things. Hence we have deduced the musical tragedies of ancient Greece; but in ancient Rome it appears they arose merely from imitation and adoption. Nor could it be otherwise, because the Romans wanted the first seeds or principles, from whence the musical tragedies of the Greeks arose.

"The same reasoning takes place with respect to the modern opera. It emerged at a time when the general state of manners in Europe could not naturally produce it. It emerged in that very city, where most probably it must have been hid; in a city whose other entertainments are most evidently borrowed from those of ancient Rome. And if to those arguments, we add this farther consideration, that the subjects of the very first operas were drawn from the fables of ancient Greece and Rome, and not from the events or achievements of the times; and farther, that in their form they were exact copies of the ancient drama; these accumulated proofs amount to a near demonstration, that the Italian Opera is but the revival of the old Roman tragedy.

"Such being the birth of the modern opera, no wonder it inherits the weakness of its parent. For we have seen that the Roman tragedy never had its proper effects, considered in a legislative view; having been separated from its important ends before its arrival from Greece.

"As therefore it had declined to a mere amusement, when it was first adopted by Rome, and as we have seen, that in proportion as the Roman manners grew more dissolute, tragedy sunk still lower in its character, till at length it became no more than a kind of mere substratum, or groundwork on which the actors displayed their abilities in singing and gesticulation, it was altogether natural, that it should rise again in the same unnerved and effeminate form.

"From these causes, therefore, we may trace all the features of the modern opera, however unnatural and distorted they may appear. The poem, the music, and the performance, as they now exist in union, are the manifest effects of this spurious origin.

"First. That the subject of the poem should even on its first appearance, be drawn from times, and countries, little interesting,

and gods, and wonders, and celestial machinery introduced, which neither the poet, nor his audience believed in, could only be the effect of a blind principle of imitation, tending to mere amusement.

"The established separation of the poet's from the musician's art, was productive of parallel effects; for the poet, ambitious only of shining in his particular sphere, became generally more intent on imagery than pathos; or else, instead of being principal, he became subservient to the composer's views; from whence arose a motley kind of poem (calculated only for a display of the musician's art) which degenerated by degrees into a mere *Pasticcio*.

"Secondly. The same causes account for all the absurdities of the music:—The recitative, a perpetual musical accompaniment in the declamatory parts, is a practice so much at variance with modern manners, that it extorted the following censure from a candid critic: 'I beg pardon of the inventors of the musical tragedy, a kind of poem as ridiculous as it is new. If there be any thing in the world that is at variance with tragic actors, it is song. The opera is the grotesque of poetry, and so much the more intolerable, as it pretends to pass for a regular work.'

"Now if, along with Dacier, we regard the opera as a modern invention, this circumstance of the perpetual musical accompaniment is indeed unaccountable; but if we regard it as a mere imitation, or continuance of the old Roman tragedy, and trace it upwards to its true fountain, the Greek drama; and again, follow this to its original source, the savage song-feast; we there see how naturally these extremes unite; and discern the rude melody and song of the barbarous Greek tribes, gradually melted into the refinements of the modern opera.

"Again, as the separation of the poet's from the musician's art produced an improper poetry, so the separation of the musician's from the poet's character was productive of improper and unaffecting music; for the composer, in his turn, only intent on shining, commonly wanders into unmeaning divisions, and adopts either a delicate and a refined, or a merely popular music, to the neglect of true musical expression. Hence too the *da capo* had its natural origin: a practice which tends only to tire and disgust the hearer, if he comes with an intent of being affected by the tragic action, or with any other view, than that of listening to a song.*

"Thirdly, with regard to the performance of the opera. The theatrical representation is of a piece with the poetry and music;

* The *da capo*, which is so striking an absurdity in the more modern operas, was not used in those of older date. Even Colonna, who lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, employed it not, as appears by one of his operas performed at the academy in Bologna A.D. 1688. But in an opera of old Scarlatti (intituled *La Teodora*), composed in 1693, the *da capo* is found, though not in all his songs. After that period, the use of it seems to have become general: for in an opera of Gasparini, (intituled *Il Tartaro nella China*), composed in 1715, the *da capo* is found in every song."

for having been regarded from its first rise, more as an affair of astonishing shew, than affecting resemblance, it is gaudy, flaunting, and unnatural.

"The singers, like the poet and musician, being considered merely as objects of amusement, no wonder if their ambition seldom reacheth higher than to the display of an artificial execution. As a consequence of these principles, the castrati were introduced into all sorts of characters, in spite of nature and probability; and still continue to represent heroes and statesmen, warriors and women. The flourish close or cadence arose naturally from the same sources; from a total neglect of the subject and expression, and an attention to the mere circumstance of execution only.

"The frequent encore or demand of the repeated performance of particular songs, was the natural effect of the same causes. No audience demands the repetition of a pathetic speech in tragedy, though performed in the finest manner; because their attention is turned on the subject of a drama: thus if the audience were warmed by the subject of an opera, and took part in the main action of the poem, the encore instead of being desirable, would generally disgust; but the whole being considered as a mere musical entertainment, and the tragic action commonly forgot, the artificial performance of a song, became naturally a chief object of admiration, and the repetition of it, a chief object of request.

"Thus the whole farrago of the modern opera, seems resolved into its clear, and evident principles: and hence the subject, the music, the action, the dress, the execution, decorations and machinery, are such a glaring compound of trifling and absurd improbabilities, that the tragic influence is overlaid and lost; nor is it possible for any impartial and rational spectator to take part in the dramatic action, or be moved by the ill-feigned distress.

"Let not the writer be thought to derogate from the ability, or merit of all the poets, musicians, and singers, who devote their labours to the opera. He knows there are exceptions in either of these departments.* Neither let him be supposed to censure the opera, as an entertainment unworthy all attention, considered as a mere amusement: on the contrary, whoever is inclined to hear a succession of symphonies and songs, set off with all the decorations that can dazzle the eye, and all the refinement of execution that can enchant the ear, let him attend the opera, and he will find his taste highly gratified.

"But this enquiry aims at a far more important purpose; its intention is to point out the union, the powers, and primary ends of poetry and music; and when the modern opera is viewed in this light, the writer presumes its defects are too conspicuous to admit a vindication.

"It is said, indeed, that the weakness and impropriety of this entertainment is chiefly found in foreign countries, where the Italian poetry and music are not native; but that in Italy its

* Some of Metastasio and Quinault's operas are fine tragedies in three acts."

power and influence are considerable. This the sensible Rousseau affirms in his dissertation on the French and Italian music.

"But particular and well attested facts are stubborn things, and will not bend to general affirmations; and of this fact, the concurrent testimony of all observant travellers assures us, that in the Italian theatre the seats of the chief hearers resemble so many separate apartments, where the nobility sit retired, conversing on indifferent subjects, and regardless of the progress of the drama, till some celebrated singer comes upon the stage, and then only ensues a burst of rapture, of bravos, encores, and applause.

"The passion, therefore, thus expressed on this occasion, is evidently the effect, not of a true feeling of the subject or tragic action, which is entirely disregarded, but (as in the later periods of ancient Rome) of an extravagant admiration of the singer's ability and art."

These authorities, Dacier and Algarotti, and a plenty of others who might be cited, prove to a demonstration—1st, that we ought not to be pleased at all by the lyric drama, considered merely as such; but they prove also, 2dly, that if we be pleased, it must be by the effects of the music. From these premises it appears to me to be a legitimate conclusion therefore, that to enhance our pleasure to the utmost, the further we carry the employment of music the better, and this brings me to one of the main objects of my letter—the introduction of recitative in the place of dialogue, which is all that is wanted to make our lyric drama regular—all that is wanted, as I esteem the matter, to rid us of the impertinent mixture of talking and singing, and to make us more sensitive to musical passion and to exalt the general tone and expression of our vocal art, for it is in this only that the Italians excel our native singers.

To this end, Sir, I am about to maintain, that it is within the province and powers of music to exalt, greatly to exalt, those parts of our operas which are mere discourse, and which are at present spoken; but this part belongs to recitative. Is there any one who can prefer a mere colloquy to measured and melodious intervals, set off by modulation and by the ring of the arpeggio accompaniments, which sustain even the common recitativo parlante? Can any one call to mind one principal singer who ever threw one atom of spirit into his speaking part? I have no wish to derogate from those two great and delightful artists,

Mr. Braham and Miss Stephens,* but their power over their auditors is entirely lost, when they cease to sing, and begin (I dare not say endeavour) to act? Nor do they stand alone in this particular. To comic actresses as well as comic singers, Madame Vestris for instance, lively dialogue is given for the display of their (strictly speaking) dramatic powers; but the moment we depart from lively or animated or arch dialogue, there is an end not only of feeling and propriety, but of all attempts at either the one or the other. In respect then to the mere execution, and putting out of the question all sense of regularity, recitative is to be preferred.

In contradistinction to such instances, I may contrast the effects produced by Signor Tramezzani†—by Grassini, Velluti, and

* I must add, that both these favourites have certainly improved in their acting, by time: but when Braham first appeared at Drury Lane, in *Mahmoud*, which was written on purpose for him, there was not, I believe, more than one sentence, if even there was one, for him to speak. Kelly tells a similar and amusing anecdote, to the same purport, of himself.

“On the 2d of July a new musical piece was produced, entitled *The Glorious First of June*, written by Mr. Cobb, for the benefit of the widows of the brave men who fell on that day. It was well suited to the purpose, and was a sequel to *No Song No Supper*. It was all got up in three days. Mr. Joseph Richardson wrote an elegant prologue on the occasion, which was spoken, with great feeling, by John Kemble; the piece concluded with a grand sea-fight, and a sumptuous fête, in honour of our glorious victory. Storace and myself gave it some new songs; but the music was chiefly old. I had to represent the character of *Frederick*; and as I was so much employed in writing the music, I begged Mr. Sheridan (who wrote a good many speeches for it), to make as short a part for me, and with as little speaking in it as possible. He assured me he would.

“In the scene in which I came on to sing a song written by Cobb, ‘*When in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe*,’ there was a cottage in the distance, at which (the stage direction said) I was to look earnestly for a moment or two: and the line which I then had to speak was this—

‘There stands my Louisa’s cottage; she must be either in it or out of it.’ The song began immediately, and not another word was there in the whole part. This sublime and solitary speech produced a loud laugh from the audience.

“When the piece was over, Mr. Sheridan came into the green-room, and complimented me on my quickness, and being so perfect in the part which he had taken so much pains to write for me; which, he said, considering the short time I had to study it, was truly astonishing. He certainly had the laugh against me, and he did not spare me.”

In short it is now come to be proverbial that “our actors cannot sing and our singers cannot act.” How absurd then it is to attempt to make them speak, particularly where the best taste and the received usage of nations most skilled in such matters dictate that they ought not to speak at all.

† Those who remember this singer in *Sidagero* will fully bear us out.

lastly Madame Pasta, in *Medea*, *Romeo*, *Nina*, *Tancredi*, and indeed in all her characters. What portion of the airs is so full of passionate expression as the higher species of recitative, which is dedicated to passion alone? What relation in this particular does "*Ombra adorata*" (*Romeo e Giulietta*) bear to the recitative "*Tranquillo io sono?*" What is "*Di tanti palpiti*" to the preceding portions, which are either legitimate recitativo parlante or a recitativo arioso—if I may be permitted to coin a new musical term? We may multiply exemplifications by the famous instance mentioned by Tartini,* and endless citations from our own oratorios—Mr. Braham's delivery of Jephthah's vow—and others; but I am by this mode of proceeding, anticipating by general instances what I mean to perform by particular examples.

If I clearly apprehend the objection raised to the introduction of recitative, it rests solely upon one argument—namely, that musical intervals are unnecessary to the narration of common occurrences. I might plead what has been so often urged, that no continuous strain of musical adaptation can be so obviously or so strikingly absurd as the change from dialogue to song, and vice versa; but I am about to endeavour to shew, that the foundation is false in fact—for that musical intervals do actually heighten the impression made by words, and that the truth is just the reverse—namely, that not only even the most distant source of dramatic illusion is destroyed by the perpetual changes from song to speech and speech to song, but the very emotions produced upon the hearer are lowered, by the deprivation he suffers in the dialogue of the more powerful agent in moving his passions—the music.

It is the opinion of some philosophers who have had the least technical acquaintance with the art, that music per se approaches to the effects of the most impassioned eloquence, and as to its general power over the mind I cannot forbear bringing before your readers a passage from Mr. Alison's very elegant work on taste.

"In the real expression of passion in the human voice, the sound is nearly uniform, or at least admits of very small variation. In so far, therefore, as mere sound is concerned, the tone of any passion would in a short time become unpleasing from its uniformity; and if this effect were not forgot in our attention to the

* See Musical Magazine and Review, vol. 2, page 114.

language and sentiments of the person who addresses us, would be perceived by every ear. In music, on the contrary, the variety of related sounds which may be introduced, not only prevents this unpleasing effect of uniformity, and preserves the emotion which the prevailing tone is of itself able to excite, but, by varying the expression of it, keeps both our attention and our imagination continually awake. The one resembles what we should feel from the passion of any person, who uniformly made use of the same words to express to us what he felt. The other, what we feel from that eloquence of passion, where new images are continually presenting themselves to the mind of the speaker, and a new source of delight is afforded to our imagination, in the perception of the agreement of those images with the emotions from which they arise. The effect of musical composition, in this light, resembles in some measure the progress of an oration, in which our interest is continually kept alive, and if it were possible for us, for a moment, to forget that the performer is only repeating a lesson, were it possible for us to imagine, that the sounds we hear were the immediate expressions of his own emotion, the effect of music might be conceived in some measure to approach to the effect of eloquence. To those who have felt this influence in the degree in which in some seasons of sensibility it may be felt, there is no improbability in the accounts of the effects of music in early times, when the professions of poetry and music were not separated: when the bard, under the influence of some strong and present impression, accommodated his melody to the language of his own passion; and when the hearers, under the influence of the same impression, were prepared to go along with him, in every variety of that emotion which he felt and expressed himself.

“But, besides this, there is another circumstance in which the expression of music differs materially from the expression of natural sounds, and which serves to add considerably to the strength of its effect. Such natural sounds express to us immediately, if they express at all, the emotion of the person from whom they proceed, and therefore immediately excite our own emotion. As these sounds, however, have little or no variety, and excite immediately their correspondent emotion, it necessarily happens that they become weaker as they proceed, until at last they become positively disagreeable. In musical composition, on the contrary, as such sounds constitute a whole, and have all a relation to the key, or fundamental note in which they close, they not only afford us a satisfaction as parts of a regular whole, but, what is of much more consequence, they keep our attention continually awake, and our expectation excited, until we arrive at that fundamental tone which is both the close of the composition, and the end of our expectation. Instead, therefore (as in the former case) of our emotion becoming more languid as the sounds proceed, it becomes, in the case of musical composition, on the contrary, more strong. The peculiar affection we feel is

kept continually increasing, by means of the expectation which is excited for the perfection of this whole, and the one and the other are only gratified when we arrive at this desired and expected end.

"In this respect, indeed, musical expression is in itself superior even to the expression of language: and were the passions or affections which it can express as definite or particular as those which can be communicated by words, it may well be doubted whether there is any composition of words which could so powerfully affect us as such a composition of sounds. In language, every person under the influence of passion or emotion naturally begins with expressing the cause of his emotion; an observation which every one must have made in real life, and which might easily be confirmed by instances from dramatic poetry. In this case, our emotion is immediately at its height, and as it has no longer any assistance from curiosity, naturally cools as the speaker goes on. In music, on the contrary, the manner of this communication resembles the artful but interesting conduct of the epic or dramatic poem, where we find ourselves at once involved in the progress of some great interest, where our curiosity is wound up to its utmost to discover the event, and where at every step this interest increases, from bringing us nearer to the expected end. That the effect of musical composition is similar, that while it excites emotion from the nature of the sounds it excites also an increasing expectation and interest from the conduct of these sounds, and from their continued dependence upon the close, has, I am persuaded, been felt in the strongest manner by every person of common sensibility, and indeed is in itself extremely obvious, from the effect which is universally produced by any pathetic composition upon the audience. The increasing silence—the impatience of interruption, which are so evident as the composition goes on—the arts by which the performer is almost instinctively led to enhance the merit of the close, by seeming to depart from it—the suppression of every sign of emotion till the whole is completed, and the violence either of sensibility or applause, that are immediately displayed, whenever a full and harmonious close is produced; all testify in the strongest manner the increasing nature of the emotion, and the singular advantage which music thus possesses in keeping the attention and the sensibility so powerfully awake."

Nor is this the opinion of such philosophers only; those musicians who have written upon recitative, and who have traced the effects of the art profoundly and metaphysically, have maintained that recitative serves by its variety to relieve, or to sooth, or to elevate the spirits of the hearer. I shall quote upon this head the sentiments of some of the most distinguished foreign authors.

"Music," says Castil Blaze, "would lose its power, if short intervals from extreme excitement were not allotted to the hearer. A succession of impassioned airs would fatigue by too frequent emotion, and would in the end cease to make an impression on a mind which had been affected by every kind of sensation. It is true that in the church we hear a succession of duets, trios, solos, and chorusses, without cessation for hours together; but sacred music charms without agitating us violently; it is imbued with a solemn pomp which is in opposition to the passions."

"Our lyric dramas," says Rousseau, "contain too much of song to be of a perfect kind. An opera consisting merely of a succession of airs would fatigue almost as much as a single air of the same length. It becomes necessary to divide them, to separate the songs by speech; but this speech must at the same time be modified by music; the ideas should change, but the language should remain the same; to alter the language once adopted in the course of a piece, but be like speaking half French and half German. There is too great a disparity in the passage from speech to song. It at once offends against both the ear and against probability. Two characters must either speak or sing; they cannot do the one and the other alternately. But recitative is a means of uniting music to speech; it separates yet brings out the airs on which the ear reposes, whilst occupied with what has preceded, and prepares it to enjoy all that is to follow; in fact it is by the assistance of recitative that mere dialogue or narration in the drama may be given without departing from the proper language, and without displacing the eloquence of the airs.

The three species of recitative, the free, the strict, and the accompanied,* are also held to afford every sort of variety, and it is thus that Choron and La Cepede speak of them.

"Measured recitative is a species formed on the inflexions proper to recitative, but it is written in time. This species is used in the midst of common recitative to bring out some particular passage. With the same intention, an accompaniment of some wind instruments, such as horns and flutes, is frequently added. If well managed this change produces great effect. When the singer stops in the midst of his declamation, and expresses his feelings only by his attitude, gestures, or the expression of his face, the orchestra should fill up the interval by painting the passions which agitate him, or the objects which give rise to them. The instruments should respond to him, console him by sweet recollections, by persuasive and touching sounds, by the agreeable pictures of future events, or sadden, torture, and rack him by sombre harmony, frightful pictures, and hideous images. Sometimes the singer and the

* These three terms are drawn not translated from the Italian and French distinctions—*recitativo parlante*—which is equivalent to the French *recitativo simple*, *le recitativo mesuré*, and *le recitativo obligé*.

orchestra should interrupt and as it were combat with each other; they sometimes depict mutual feelings; they always are dependant on each other, as persons who appear together in the same scene, and it is in consequence of this kind of obligation to conform to one another up to a certain point, that recitative is sometimes called accompanied. This kind should be employed when the feelings by which the singer is supposed to be acted upon are very strong; but when they do not occupy the mind uninterruptedly, when they are by turns repelled and re-united, and do not present one grand and unique picture, but present successive images; when the passions are not sufficiently moved to endure long and yet overturn every thing that is exposed to their action; when in fact all the ardent affections that can be touched by the feelings are mingled with moments of reflection or despondence—moments when the person cannot express his feelings in words, when they are concentrated without being the less appalling, it is then the orchestra must express what the singer can no longer represent. Accompanied recitative possesses great power; more natural perhaps, more varied than air, more animated, lively, rapid, and effective, if it does not give such pure pleasure and excites not such ardent emotions, it awakens more impetuous feeling; if it does not cause as many tears it is more transporting; if it does not so constantly touch the heart, its impressions are deeper. Melody is made rather for situations which are present to us a longer time without disgusting us, whilst recitative may with impunity employ the more appalling traits, because they appear and disappear like flashes of lightning. The orchestral passages which this species of recitative requires should be conducted with more care than regular pieces, in consequence of their strong meaning, of the precision and tone which ought to characterize the images they represent, the species of conversation they ought to keep up, and their necessary brevity which adds to the difficulty of every kind of description.

Often, however, when in the midst of a recitative, the sentiment becomes very prominent, above all if it be tender, plaintive, or touching, however short its duration may be, the voice will for a moment quit the recitative, and have recourse to melody; it will employ more marked accent, regular measure, and decided time, bolder intervals, more removed from those of declamation.

These passages however refer to the general properties of recitative. I shall come now to some particular examples, not perhaps so well known as those grander instances which I have already cited, or as others which I might cite. Those most commonly heard are of the accompanied kind, but the position I wish chiefly to enforce, is that narration may be illustrated and rendered more agreeable, and passionate sentiments in every degree enforced by the simple speaking recitative, and rendered altogether far more effective than can be done by mere elocution—particularly when it is con-

sidered how much the graces of speaking must be lowered by their position between pieces of melody. I must however draw my examples from sacred music, for the disgraceful reason that we have none that is dramatic, save only *Artaxerxes*.

I shall recur then to the oratorio of *Samson*, which is remarkable for the excellence of its many recitatives. From thence I shall take my selections; and first, as a proof that level dialogue may be conveyed by more easy, smooth, and agreeable intervals, and gradually exalted by such modulation as speech cannot admit, to strong passion, I beg to submit the following:—

MICAH.

Matchless in might! on Israel's glory, now her grief; we come (thy friends well

SAMSON. MICAH.

known) to visit thee. Welcome my friends. Which shall we first bewail, thy bon-

SAMSON.

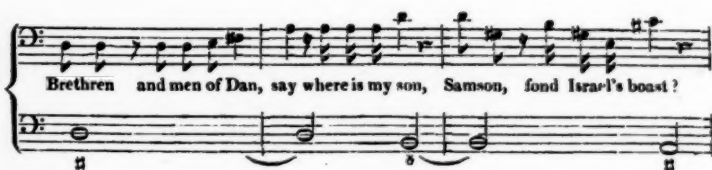
dage or lost sight? O loss of sight! of thee I most complain! O worse than

beggary, old age, or chains! My very soul in real darkness dwells!

I must draw the attention of the reader to the analysis of this fine passage. It commences in the open and therefore cheerful key of C. upon the third, and rises through the fifth to the eighth; in other words through the whole of the chord. By this arrangement, the spirits of the person addressed, *Samson*, who lies in misery and thralldom at Gaza, may be, if not raised, yet in some degree assured—it is moreover in the tone of confidence and consolation—and contrasts most beautifully with the succeeding change in the harmony and expression upon the words, "*now her grief*;" a second change upon the succeeding phrase, "*We come, thy friends well known, to visit thee*," again assumes a similar character to the first. But what inflectionⁿ could mere elocution convey that would have the power of softening the mind and making the auditors feel at once the state of depression in which the hero lies, in the same degree that belongs to the minor chord, which Handel has given to the words, "*Welcome my friends*." This has always appeared to me a touch of exquisite feeling. The question put by *Micah* bears an equal tenor that still implies fortitude and consolation. The climax is found in *Samson's* answer, every interval of which is full of true passion. It needs only to be heard, to "thrill to the heart's very core." And again how sympathetically it draws the mind to the song which follows—*Total Eclipse*. I put it to any one of common taste or sensibility, to determine whether any such effect could be produced by elocution, by simply speaking the words which are cast into recitative, even were they pronounced by Mrs. Siddons herself?

The next example I shall take is from the coming of *Manoah*, the father of the fallen champion:—

MANOAH.



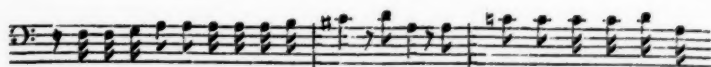
MICAH.

inform my age. As signal now in low dejected state as
in the height of power; see where he lies.

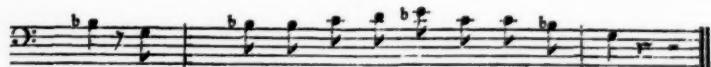
This passage is remarkable for the paternal anxiety so well illustrated by the gradual elevation of the notes and by the augmented intervals, while at the close, the sedative nature of the melody or rather inflexions is not less admirable. Then comes the reply of *Micah*, into which extreme pathos is infused. There are two other recitatives that succeed, though they are too long to quote—"O miserable change," and "*The good we wish for often proves our bane.*" Both these partake of the strict and the free species; and both are instinct with the passion that the extraordinary intervals and expressive harmonies employed alone, can bestow. They are infinitely worth the attention of the student. I would also direct him to "*My genial spirits droop,*" as to a noble exemplification of expression, of which neither the inflexions of speech nor the melody of song is capable.

My citations from the remainder of this oratorio shall be of single phrases, which will declare their own meaning, and shew how much more expression can be given by a vocal interval than by any colloquial inflexion.

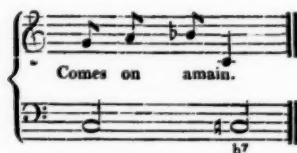
Nor less displeased.



The honor certain to have won from thee I lose, pre - - vented by thy eyes put

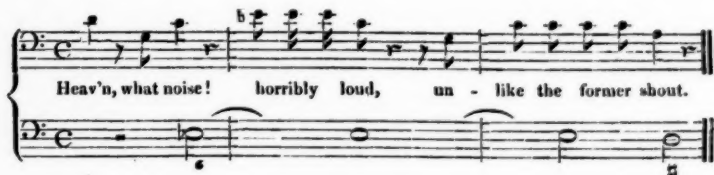


out; the combat with a blind man I dis - - dain.

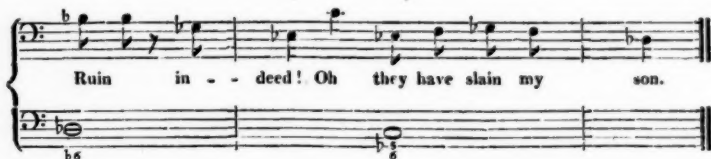


Comes on amain.

Just previous to the next example is a striking proof of the power of the interruption from continued musical dialogue, which if it had been merely spoken could never have been attempted with half the force or effect.



Heav'n, what noise! horribly loud, un - like the former shout.



Ruin in - - deed! Oh they have slain my son.

With this I conclude my quotations, and trust they demonstrate not only that level dialogue may be heightened by music, but that transitions, passionate expressions, single words of soothing import, and entire phrases of anger or pathos, may be *most* forcibly expressed by the aid of musical intervals, even in the freest recitative. If this be so, how much more scope is afforded in the other species has been sufficiently demonstrated by the authors whose opinions I have quoted above.

But, Sir, there is another and a very strong reason why recitative should be the medium of the dialogue in English opera. Nothing would tend so much to the improvement of the language employed for music—nothing would give so much aid to poetical diction. The influence would certainly be reciprocal, both upon the poet, the composer, and the singer. When the lyric drama of Italy was brought to perfection by Metastasio, he is said to have created all the artists who flourished about his time in connection with the stage. Composers and singers, painters and mechanists, alike caught his fire, and thus by the agency of one mind the lyric drama was brought to perfection. You have already translated from the philosophical work of Arteaga* the Spanish critic's very able dissertation upon the works of the great lyric poet. I think nothing affords a stronger series of arguments for the establishment of a legitimate musical drama in our English theatres.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

DRAMATICUS.

* *Le Revolutione del Teatro Musicale Italiano.* See Musical Mag. and Rev. vol. 7, page 314 *et seq.*

"A singer must be able to call up instantaneously the passion which he proposes to express. He must therefore habituate himself to give full play to his feelings, to restrain them by no false delicacies, and to associate, as far as possible, the sentiments and the action, that the one may excite the other."—*Elements of Vocal Science*, page 267.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I QUITE agree with the author of the treatise I have quoted, not only in these sentences, but in the belief that singers (and instrumentalists also) fail in expression "from a defect in this power of self-irritation" more often than from any other cause, though it must not be omitted that this cause is secondary, and the power derived first from strong sensibility, and secondly from the habit of indulging its emotions, and even of cultivating the faculty.

Musical expression in its execution I conceive, Sir, to be analogous to the qualities of the mind which have been held by metaphysicians to confer the highest intellectual pleasure and the accompanying physical sensations of rapture upon those who exercise them—namely, to invention and to imitation. By this I mean to say, that the performer who gives the highest possible expression to any passion, or to a succession of passions, feels in a great, if not in the same degree, the delight which the poet and the composer have in the invention of the passages which the performer executes, while the latter enjoys also the gratification which belongs to the imitation which the actor participates, when he represents the manners of the character it is allotted him to perform.

Of the pleasure of invention I need say very little. Perhaps (I make the remark humbly and reverently) perhaps the delight of creation might be amongst the causes of the formation of the world. Humanly speaking, there is no source of gratification so fertile—it is the spring to which we are indebted for all the productions of art, for whatever be the aims of the author in any work, it is sufficiently obvious that in its progress he feels not only

the highest excitement, but the highest satisfaction in the contemplation of what he invents. Nay, so universal is this satisfaction, that it is enjoyed alike by those whose fabrics are of the most ordinary manufacture, as well as by those whose execution is the most faultless. If the pleasures of imitation are not so intense, they are not less general. The Abbé Du Bos has made the following observations :—

“ Since the most pleasing sensations that our real passions can afford us are balanced by so many unhappy hours that succeed our enjoyments, would it not be a noble attempt of art to endeavour to separate the dismal consequences of our passions from the bewitching pleasure we receive in indulging them ? Is it not in the power of art to create, as it were, beings of a new nature ? Might not art contrive to produce objects that would excite artificial passions, sufficient to occupy us while we are actually affected by them, and incapable of giving us afterwards any real pain or affliction ?

“ Painters and poets [and I may add musicians also] raise those artificial passions within us, by presenting us with the imitations of objects capable of exciting real passions. As the impression made by these imitations is of the same nature with that which the object imitated by the painter or poet would have made, and as the impression of the imitation differs from that of the object imitated only in its being of an inferior force, it ought therefore to raise in our souls a passion resembling that which the object imitated would have excited. In other terms, the copy of the object ought to stir up within us a copy of the passion which the object itself would have excited. But as the impression made by the imitation is not so deep as that which the object itself would have made ; moreover, as the impression of the imitation is not serious, inasmuch as it does not affect our reason, which is superior to the illusory attack of those sensations, as we shall presently explain more at large ; finally, as the impression made by the imitation affects only the sensitive soul, it has consequently no great durability. This superficial impression, made by imitation, is quickly therefore effaced, without leaving any permanent vestiges, such as would have been left by the impression of the object itself, which the painter or poet hath imitated.

“ The reason of the difference between the impression made by the object, and that made by the imitation, is obvious. The most finished imitation hath only an artificial existence, or a borrowed life—whereas the force and activity of nature meet in the object imitated. We are influenced by the real object, by virtue of the power of which it hath received for that end from nature. ‘ In things which we propose for imitation,’ says Quintilian, ‘ there is the strength and efficacy of nature, whereas in imitation there is only the weakness of fiction.’

"Here then we discover the source of that pleasure which poetry and painting give to man.

"The pleasure we feel in contemplating the imitations made by painters and poets, of objects which would have raised in us passions attended with real pain, is a pleasure free from all impurity of mixture. It is never attended with those disagreeable consequences which arise from the serious emotions caused by the object itself."

There are also other reasons seated in the structure of human nature, which render the exercise of talent in this manner one of the most delightful of employments. "Selfish passions," says Lord Kames, "are pleasant, for they arise from self—an agreeable object or cause. A social passion directed upon an agreeable object is always pleasant.*" Now this exertion of talent enhances both these considerations. And further—"Some persons, nature's favourites, have a wonderful acuteness of sense, which to them unfolds many a delightful scene totally hid from vulgar eyes.**** With relation to the fine arts only that qualification seems essential; and then it is termed *delicacy of taste*. Should an author of such a taste attempt to describe all those varieties in pleasant and painful emotions which he himself feels, he would soon meet an invincible obstacle in the poverty of language.**** In forming a comparison between pleasant passions of different kinds, we conceive some of them to be *gross*, some refined. Those pleasures of external sense that are felt as at the organs of sense, are conceived to be corporeal or gross; the pleasures of the eye and the ear are felt to be internal; and for that reason are conceived to be more pure and refined."

I have taken this view of the subject and introduced these premises in the hope to encourage young students, professors especially, to the cultivation of those pursuits which lead to the highest station in art; and having, I conceive, proved the gratification of the exercise of such talents, I shall next say a few words upon the pleasures to be enjoyed in reaching them.

The attainment of exalted powers in the arts, and particularly in the musical expression of passion, I conceive must be drawn from physical sensibility and cultivated imagination. Now there is nothing so agreeable in its progress as the collection of the ideas which are drawn from the fancy. The processes of reason,

* Elements of Criticism, Part 2, chap. 2.

however beautiful, even considered as the lessons of truth, are often dry. But the study of the human affections, in which the basis of the theory of the passions is laid, develops by actions the most interesting, those workings of the heart which it is our aim to understand. Nor is it entirely by plain nature that we are led. The fictions of poets and novelists, and the romance of history, contain the situations to be sought, where man is seen under the influence, both real and supposititious, in which we are desirous to view him. Hence the student is warned by every incident, charmed by the decoration with which the subjects are invested, delighted by the analogies he is desirous to trace, his perceptions of beauty are enlarged, his powers of discovering resemblances increased, the bounds of his fancy expanded, the number of images continually augmented, and the general faculties of his mind all ennobled. And when he comes to the application of these attainments, then it is that he enjoys the liveliest perception and the most vivid sensations derived from his knowledge. It is not only that, like the poet of *Rasselas*, he will see every thing with a new purpose, but he will feel every impulse with more variety, more rapidity, and more intenseness, and will enjoy all the rapture of sensibility with all the exaltation of power.

It has always struck me, and I suppose every body else, that "the *beau idéal* of manners presented by really good novels, and plays finely acted," must be amongst the best means of forming those of their readers, and I am not without the belief that the ridicule thrown upon vulgarity, and the very romantic sense of honour generally inculcated in these books, must have a corresponding influence upon those who read not for the mere purpose of amusement, but also to draw what instruction even such *leviора studia* may afford. All this is exceedingly important, both as it augments the pleasures of the musician, and as it forwards his introduction into good society.

I have thus brought together a few of the incitements and advantages which I myself have experienced in the course of no very short pursuit of music and its analogous studies, and I would conclude my essay with the following remark. The more closely we regard, the more thoroughly we understand, and the more perfectly we appropriate the theory and the language of passion—

the more completely, in short, we personify nature in our efforts, the greater the distance to which we shall remove from those most disgusting of all things—affectation and vanity—for these deformities always rise in proportion to our want of the knowledge of truth and of ourselves. In proportion as we are natural and accomplished, we attract the estimation of all.

I am, Sir,

Your's, faithfully,

VETUS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE met with the following jeu d'esprit in a German Musical Gazette, which I translate for the use of your readers. Perhaps it contains a fair representation of what the continental nations think of each other and of us—and may probably present but too true a likeness of the grand features of national self-love. Having no little of that quality myself, I think these foreign folks under-rate us, for though I hope and trust no Englishman would prefer music to freedom, though we have few who would fiddle while the city burns—our habits will still afford superabundant proofs that as a nation we love music and cherish its professors. Indeed out of the superior encouragement we afford to all comers, arises the humourous charge of the satirist, that we merely buy music like any other commodity, which we must have because others have it. We do feel, Sir, as a nation we do feel music, but our reflective and colder temperament and manners prevent our expressing hastily what we feel deeply rather than warmly. The emotion belongs to Italy, but the passion of music, I suspect, more to the Germans and the English.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ANGLICUS.

Mein Herr,

I last night heard our * * * * * for the forty-sixth time, which will prove to you that I am a lover of music, and that I enter into the spirit of the art. Moreover I never heard any other than German music, for since Napoleon was chased from our land, I can safely say that all my feelings have been national. I despise all that is foreign, and the oftener I hear our great national masterpiece, the more I feel that I am a true German. I do not doubt, Sir, that you possess public spirit, and aim at national ends in your undertaking; you will not suffer any German composition to be neglected, whilst a foreign one is preferred; you will prove to the public that national productions alone can satisfy them, and that foreign are not congenial to this country. You may ask, does not the Frenchman compose as a Frenchman, and the Italian as an Italian, and how can we enter into the spirit of their works, who are neither French nor Italian? For these reasons we ought to stand by our own countrymen. Can we have a predilection for any people, without imbibing to a greater or less degree their modes of thinking and feeling? Should we therefore admit foreign artists and their works, our own countrymen would not only be oppressed, but would become Frenchified or Italianized. How did the ancient Lacedemonians act in a like case? Terpander of Lesbos and Timotheus of Milo, who performed before them on foreign lyres of five and eleven strings, met with no other reward than punishment from the magistrates and ridicule from the people. Do the French and Italians like German music?—No; they have not hearts for it. Should we therefore be amused by their's?—Never; we will imitate them, and be original.

It has always been amongst the greatest errors of the German people to receive whatever is foreign too readily. Germany will not *be itself*, like other nations. A voice has now and then been raised to exhort her to be concentrated in herself, as her neighbours have been long since, and I cannot conceive why she has not done so. We must not however lose our courage, and as we may sometimes learn from an enemy, I have formed a plan for applying Napoleon's system of continental restriction to German art. Your paper might lead the way. Do you understand

me? In the enclosed folio MS. volumes you will find all the details.

I am, &c.

Signore,

"The pre-eminence of Italy with regard to music is undisputed," says Count Orloff—a man who deserved to have been an Italian—in the beginning of his history of Italian music, which was written to demonstrate this very superiority. Let this be a hint to you as to what music you ought to treat upon in your paper. What country possesses so many melodies as ours? what other has produced as many singers? and what singers have introduced as many ornaments and graces? Melody is real nature and feeling, and harmony is art. Now nature is preferable to art, and consequently we Italians are pre-eminent; *q.e.d.* I do not however despise your countrymen; they possess what is called intellect, but they have no melody, and they think to replace it by incomprehensible and scrambling modulations. Is it necessary to travel through all the circle of keys to express *Io t'amo* or *Crudel tiranno*? if not, the modulations are useless. Then how you abuse the use of the orchestra! Every instrument must shew off. Do you know Gretry's reply when asked to compare your *Moza:t* with our *Cimarosa*? The latter, said he, placed the statue on the stage and its pedestal in the orchestra; the former, the pedestal on the stage and the statue in the orchestra. Gretry was only a Frenchman, who became acquainted with us Italians. I wish you well, or I should not wish to show you the right path. We ought to do every one justice, and acknowledge all useful attempts—but *genius* and *nature* are only to be sought in the right place.

I am, stimatissimo Signore, yours, &c.

Monsieur,

I address you to point out the reason why music does not prosper. Musicians want *de l'esprit*. We alone possess it.—Gluck infused it into the French, for which reason he was a Frenchman and not a German, and consequently he is immortal. The Italians have melody—the Germans harmony. Granted; and *we* have *de l'esprit*. We have treated music intellectually; we give it its true character. Every word should be declaimed;

we should sing as we speak. Do you comprehend? We should sing as Talma would speak if he were singing. This is the whole secret. If you desire to please, provide yourself with a stock of melodies from our *Chansons*, and let your orchestra manage the fortissimos and pianissimos well, taking care to form contrasts which — how should I express it in your language?—*qui frappent*.

I am,

Votre tres humble serviteur,

Sir,

It is true that I care nothing about music, for in our constitutional and commercial kingdom I know of no situation in which it would be useful—but in order that my countrymen may have their share of fame in your paper, I herewith remit you £600, with which you will procure a lot of musicians, and send them here to be naturalized. I take this opportunity to acquaint you likewise, that we have offered a prize for the invention of an orchestra to be worked by steam, in order to save a number of musicians, who might be better employed in the navy or in the counting-house.

Yours respectfully,

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN one of the former numbers of your Musical Review, and previous to the establishment of the Royal Academy of Music, I sent you a rude and imperfect sketch of a plan for the formation of a school or conservatorio; feeling, in common with other well wishers to the art, the necessity for such an establishment. The success of that academy has been such as to gratify all who have interested themselves in its formation, and to have developed much talent, that but for its genial influence and encouragement might have been a much longer time in coming to the degree of perfection now attained. But I have often thought, and still think, there remains much to be done before *one* class of the profession can attain the support they justly merit. I mean the young and rising *composers*. Of the musical societies at present existing in our metropolis, there is but one (if I mistake not) professedly devoted to the cultivation of *composition in score*—the Concen-tores Society of Glee Writers. For although some one or two of the students at the academy have produced very clever and creditable instrumental works, and are encouraged to greater exertion by the facilities they have for immediate performance and the judicious rewards bestowed upon the deserving, yet the *principal* object is evidently and properly to rear in succession singers and instrumental performers from an early age. Now, Sir, there are many professional musicians, from the ages of 18 to 25 and upwards, who, having been educated either in choirs or by their parents and professional friends, are often from adverse circumstances left to struggle on at an age when the smallest assistance in their views, from some society to whom they could look up with confidence, might be the means of fostering talent and genius for composition, at present in obscurity. Musicians are the only class of artists in this country who have no *regular school* for their best productions, and I believe I shall be borne out in the proposal for such an institution as I have in my mind, by the wish of every respectable English Professor who looks forward to the increased improvement of his art. While every small

town, nay even the villages in Germany and elsewhere on the continent, have *their* musical societies for composition, and the general encouragement of native talent, *our* young professors who have passed a probationary education, as before observed, are reduced to the necessity in almost eighty out of an hundred instances, of subduing their talent for composition (if they have any) because the uncertainty, the *hopelessness*, I might almost say, of a fair and open competition, is by fashion and prejudice denied them. The consequence of all this is, that many of these young persons when their voices are again usable, become teachers of singing, many take organs in parochial churches, others of the piano, harp and many other instruments, while not a few find it their interest to write Quadrilles, Marches, Songs, and Rondos for warehouses. This is indeed sorry work for many of them, and I do think that the time is come when something *better* should be presented to their view than merely becoming the *ripienos* and *doubles* of others.

I propose therefore through the medium of your Review, that a Society should be formed consisting of respectable and *known* metropolitan professors to be called "*The Society of British Composers* instituted for the *sole* purpose of encouraging *every species* of Vocal and Instrumental writing *in score*. The facilities for the formation of such a society are great, when it is recollected that every composer is either a singer or performer on some keyed, stringed, or wind instrument, and by the general and inclusive views entertained of "encouraging every species of composition," could aim at no partiality for *one* more than *another* class of musicians. It will perhaps be thought by many, that the chief difficulty in the way of establishing such an institution would be, that of bringing, in the first instance, a sufficient number of the *elder members* of the profession to support it by their knowledge and advice, for without that assistance little could be done. But if I know any thing of the dispositions and feelings of such men, (and I have the pleasure of personal acquaintance and friendship with most of them) they would be the first to step forward to our assistance, and cheerfully accord their advice and knowledge, in a matter likely perhaps to give a fresh excitation to a department of the art, which like the neglected grounds of a good estate, only requires proper pruning in some places, destruction of weeds in ano-

ther, a fresh plantation of young and vigorous scions on one spot, and a general management by able stewards of the whole surface, to become regenerated and even more improved than it was before the dilapidation took place. Every intelligent person who has mixed among musical society will acknowledge, that there is no inconsiderable quantity of raw material in the country for musical purposes ; but the misfortune is, we cannot afford (nor are there the same facilities to induce us) to work it as it can be worked abroad. Why then are we *always* to exist without a manufactory of our own ? Shall we never be able to produce music fit for the ears of good society ? Never be enabled to shake off the monopoly of foreign importation, and the over-weening indulgence granted to continental produce ? Are we to be for everlasting in the rear during the extraordinary and rapid march of intellect ? Are questions which many well-wishers to native talent and native productions have often asked in my hearing, and which, like the riddle of the sphinx, are likely to go unsolved for some time, unless some immediate steps are taken to provide for their solution, by such an institution as the one I propose, never to be satisfactorily answered ? Beside these reasons there are others, more immediate and analogous to our case ; one in particular that must strike every body conversant with art, which is this :—In other departments of art, science, and literature, the productions of English artists have, in a most rapid and successful manner, risen into even *fashionable* estimation ; in painting, especially, the industry, talent, power of imagination, and execution displayed for the last ten or twelve years by its professors, has, despite of continental competition, enabled them to overcome the noxious prejudices and futile depression that so long and so shamelessly kept back our countrymen from the estimation it was their right to have enjoyed. The discerning portion of the public are beginning to open their eyes to the monstrous quackery and cupidity of dealers who have, and would still, for purposes best known to themselves, deprive the British artist of his well-earned meed of praise and reward. But, fortunately, their day is gone by, and people judge for themselves. I do not see any proper reason why British musicians may not, by a similar course of zeal and perseverance, associate for purposes likely to procure for them a similar degree of encouragement ; at any rate, it surely must be

worth a *trial*. I have already mentioned my plan to several professors, who would most readily concur in any feasible scheme for improvement, if it were once fairly set on foot. The expence of copying parts for orchestral pieces would, it is suggested by a friend, be a considerable item in the expenditure of such a society; this I was aware of, and in truth many other equally binding expences; but it stands to reason that at first we must creep before we can go, and make our way cautiously and slowly. Funds would, I feel persuaded, be very soon raised, if the object was *really* found such as I intend it to be—a regular school for English composers, a rallying point for those respectable musicians, who have talent to preserve and improve, but who cannot get their works performed, either through lack of means or interest, or the more mortifying jealousies and narrow-mindedness that must ever, in such a metropolis as this, where men's interests are so much divided, interfere to obstruct genius and talent. My mere outline plan is, that each member should subscribe a certain sum—say three guineas each for the first year, to provide a suitable room for meetings, which each member should in turn preside over; let every member be of at least eight years standing in the profession, and bring to the meeting such compositions of his own, or a friend's—either glee, song, quintett, or concerto—that he may happen to have prepared for trial, and he should be at liberty to call upon all his brother members, either singers or instrumentalists, to take their parts in such compositions. Afterwards, when the society began to see the purpose and improvement to be desired from meeting in this way, many of their friends would step forward to join them, who had never heard of its intended formation. Visitors might be invited—both ladies and gentlemen, who would soon speak of such a society in the way it deserved; and, in short, I know not where might end the benefit, professionally and personally, to be derived from regular meetings, conducted in such a manner. As the most desperate lover of the fancy will see *fair play* when two persons set about using the skill acquired from Jackson, or Mendoza, it is not too much to expect that English musicians would soon (by such means as I have pointed out) have the same sort of justice done to them, their respectability, and talent.

I am, dear Sir, your's truly,

London, January 2d, 1828.

F. W. H.

ORIENTAL MUSIC.

ON THE MUSIC OF THE ARABIANS,

Proving that People to have possessed a knowledge of counterpoint in the year 1060.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE considered that my observations on the music of the oriental nations would be rendered perhaps more useful to future enquirers by embracing that of the Arabians; a people to whom chivalry and romance have been so highly indebted in every age, that we may naturally look with curiosity for some traits of poetical feeling in their music. "The Arabs had rhyme, according to Don Calmet, before the time of Mahomet, who died 632, and in the second century used a kind of poetry in measures similar to the Greeks, *and set to music*.* Some curious specimens of their poetical works I find in a work by J. D. Carlyle, Chancellor of Carlisle, (Lond. 4to. 1796); in the preface to which he observes, "the English reader will perhaps be surprised to find in these

* See Dr. Burney's History, vol. 2, page 227. In a note to the above passage the Doctor observes, "If this were proved it would fortify Mr. Warton's ingenious idea, (Dissertation prefixed to History of Poetry, vol. 1), that *modern poetry and romance* were brought into Europe from Arabia at the time of the crusades. Chivalry had the same origin; and if the wild adventures of knights errant, with which the first romances were filled, are oriental, the rhymes in which they are clad may be derived from the same source." There is no doubt but that those highly-favoured minstrels, the Troubadours, borrowed the best part of their music and poetry from the stores open to them during the crusades, and even *they* did not so far outstrip their oriental precursors as to be considered a model for succeeding minstrels, for, as Dr. B. justly observes, "the progress of taste must ever be impeded by the ignorance and caprice of those who cultivate an art without science or principle."—Does not this lead us more than ever to reflect upon the little *positive* improvement that art makes in the early stages of its existence, and does it not incline us to think more highly of the ancients of every country, when we find, as in the present instance, that *eleven centuries* had elapsed without producing (even under the most favourable circumstances) any radical improvement upon the ideas confessedly derived from Eastern poetry and music?

productions so few of those lofty epithets and inflated metaphors which are generally considered as characteristics of the oriental mode of composition ; he will probably be more surprised to hear that during the flourishing periods of Arabian literature this bombast style was almost unknown, and that the best writers, both of poetry and prose, expressed themselves in a language as chaste and simple as that of Prior and Addison." "Some of these specimens are from *the earliest time*, and continued down to the extinction of the Khaliphat, and it may not perhaps be uninteresting to notice a few of those as preliminary to the account of their music. The first piece is "an elegy by Lebid Ben Rabiab Alamary, a native of Yeman and cotemporary with Mohammed ; he was already celebrated as a poet when the prophet began to promulgate his doctrines." The subject of the poem is the return of a person, after a long absence, to the place where he had spent his early years ; it is in fact an Arabian Deserted Village, and a most beautiful specimen of simplicity and feeling it is. One stanza reminds us of Goldsmith—

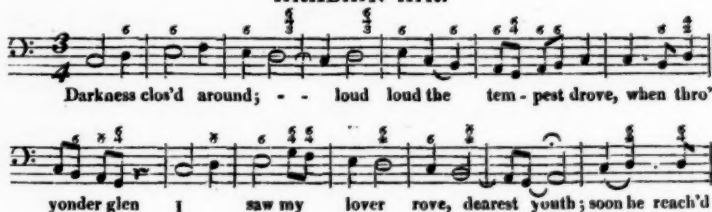
" Yet midst those ruined heaps, that naked plain
Can faithful memory former scenes restore,
Recal the busy throng, the jocund train,
And picture all that charmed us there before."

The following pieces are by later authors, chronologically arranged, a mode of preserving translated foreign poetry, which it is much to be desired every writer would follow ; they all breathe the language of true poetry. No. 17 is called "*The Adieu*," by Abon Mohammed. "This beautiful little composition was sung by its author, a musician of Bagdad, before the Khaliph Wathek, as a specimen of his musical talents, and such were its effects upon the Khaliff, that he immediately testified his approbation of the performance by throwing his own robe over the shoulders of Abon Mohammed, and ordering him a present of an hundred thousand dirhems." Those well acquainted with miscellaneous collections of poetry will recognize this little piece, beginning—

" The boatmen shout, 'Tis time to part—
No longer can we stay ;'
'Twas then Maimuna taught my heart
How much a glance could say."

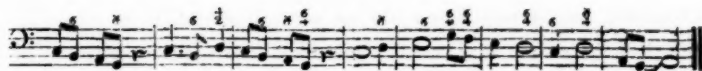
Some idea may be formed of Arabian poetry set to their music, from the last piece in these "Specimens," "*The Interview*," a song in the rhythm of the original, with the music annexed. "This little air was written down by a friend from the singing of David Zamir, a native of Bagdad." "The words are on one page, the music on another, and notwithstanding the translator's notice of the rhythm being *the same* as the original, I have found some difficulty in placing them together and making the accents agree. Some of the Arabian poets are improvisatori, as a perusal of the above elegant works will shew; see specimen 22, page 67—three songs by Mashdud, Rakeek, and Rais, the three most celebrated improvisatori poets of Bagdad, at an entertainment given by Abon Isy, son of the Khaliph Motawakkel." It does not appear that these songs were accompanied upon any instrument. The pastoral poetry of these people is considered by Mr. Carlyle superior to that of any other nation, "which the peculiar circumstances of the inhabitants have occasioned," and he also observes that "we shall meet with many Arabian productions which may justly claim to be ranked amongst epic or dramatic poems." For further particulars concerning their poetry I must refer the musical reader to the elegant work from which I have above extracted sufficient to prove that the Arabians were from a very early period attached to poetical feelings, and that music also formed part of their every-day amusement. Whether this latter art had kept pace with its sister poetry must be my endeavour to ascertain. The following example does not certainly give a very prepossessing idea of their music, though the first two or three bars are not without a slight degree of elegance, but which is afterwards entirely done away by the half cadence in the relative minor A. Here the rudest Scotch or Welsh melodies will bear a favourable comparison with it.

ARABIAN AIR.



Darkness clos'd around; - - loud loud the tem - pest drove, when thro'

yonder glen I saw my lover rove, dearest youth; soon he reach'd



our col, weary, wet, & cold; but warmth, wine, and I, to cheer his spirits strove, dearest youth.

SECOND VERSE.

How, my love, cried I, durst thou hither stray
Through the gloom, nor fear the ghosts that haunt the grove,
Dearest youth!
In this heart, said he, fear no seat can find,
When each thought is fill'd alone with thee and love,
Dearest maid!

N. B. This Air is not unlike some of the Provençal Melodies preserved in Dr. Burney's History.

Amongst a collection of curious Arabic MSS. in the British Museum, there is one containing some hymns, love-songs, &c. set to music, one of which I have copied:—

ARABIAN HYMN.



The MS. from which the above is transcribed is called "*Cantici eratici Arabice cum notis Musicae*." No. 3114 in the Ayscough Catalogue of MSS. in the British Museum.

In this appears a slight glimmering of rude counterpoint; but the constant succession of naked 4ths will not give much delight to the modern student. I am the more induced to con-

* The want of bars or any kind of measure, the extraordinary and crude method of notation, the single notes breaking in after a succession of double ones, and the discordant leap with naked 4ths, seem to speak this hymn of great antiquity, although the notes are modern, like the copy above.

It is a curious circumstance, that the Abbe Martini noticed in the concerts of the common people of Greece a similar predilection for 4ths.—"*Della consonanza che noi chiamiamo oggi quarta*." "By this he must mean that they used it as a concord in two parts; or if there were more than two parts, in positions where our harmony forbids the use of it—otherwise it would not have affected his ear as a singularity."—See Dr. Burney's Hist. vol. 2, p. 58.

sider this an ancient specimen of Arabic music from the observation of Dr. Forkel—(History of Music, vol. 1, page 140.)

"It is more than probable that the ancient Hebrews had not a peculiar time for each poem. We find this want of sufficient melodies in all ancient nations, among whom music had attained only a moderate degree of cultivation. The case was the same through the middle ages; not only spiritual but worldly songs were sung after the few generally-known melodies. This custom is still found in all countries where there is no other music than the national songs—for example, in New Zealand (see Forster's Voyages), in Siberia, Tartary, among the Courland and Livonian vassals, in all the East. Every where the national melodies are fixed once for all and unchangeable, and all new poems must be contrived to suit them. Horace even had one of his odes (*ode 2d to Augustus Cæsar*) sung to a tune known at that time, which was probably of Grecian origin, and was afterwards sung to the hymn of St. John—" *Ut queant laxis resonare fibris*," and do not we proceed in the same manner with our church hymns even in our days? Have we not at least a dozen hymns in our books, which are superscribed to the tune, "*Wer nur den lieben gott lässt walten?*" "This custom is evidently derived from the remotest antiquity, and is so suitable to the nature of the thing, that there would be more reason to wonder if it were not so, than to be surprised that it is so." (See Burder's Orien. Lit. vol. 2, p. 9.)

The date of this curious volume of Arabic MSS. is 1060, and may therefore serve to prove that at that time a rude species of counterpoint was in existence among the Arabians; it may be inferred from the titles of some of these ancient pieces of music in the Latin index, that *chorusses* were also known:

Carminem ad Choream Cantilenam pertinencia.

Item definitio amoris ex mente sapientium. Item

Hymnus seu precatio ad Deum.

Cantilena chorea & saltoria. &c. &c.

In the opinion of good classical scholars whom I have consulted, the words "*Carminem ad Choream Cantilenam pertinencia*" must be taken to mean "songs and chorusses (probably with dancers also)* by female performers," and the last word, "*perti-*

* It is certain that even the savage tribes of North American Indians possessed similar chorusses and dances. (See Dr. Brown's quotation from Padre Lafitau's "*Mœurs des Sauvages*," page 22 of his "*Dissertation*.)—"They (the Iroquois Indians) have another kind of dance, in which the whole choir dances; and this is common to both men and women. As this is very different from the preceding ones, they do not use it in their song-feasts. Their pretenders to magic often ordain it as an act of religion for the healing of the

nencia," implies their attachment to such performances. It is very evident therefore that the Arabians were well versed in music, and as I believe no other writer on the music of the ancients has yet brought proofs of the existence of *counterpoint* in any *uncivilized* nation so early as the year 1060, I may take the credit of the discovery, which will I trust set the minds of the learned at rest respecting this long agitated question.

I have not been able to discover further specimens of music among the Arabians in remote times, until their country was conquered by the Mahometans and other usurping nations; but I may mention, that in the oldest accounts of the Moors and Spaniards the *romanzas* occur in almost every other page, and the conversations on passionate subjects run into a loose kind of verse: these *romanzas* are so old that they are brought by the Arabs as proofs of their histories.* In reference to the similarity between their music and our own, it is curious to observe in their scale, that the letters of the Arabian alphabet, *alif, be, gim, dal, he, waw, zain*, answer in their order to the Italian notes, *la, si, do, re, mi, fa, sol*. As there are few Arabic MSS. extant, (save the one I have just mentioned,) from which any thing can be gleaned respecting their knowledge of our art, I must content myself with the incomplete notice already given, and pass on to an account of their music and musical instruments. To do this it is necessary to make rather a long extract from an author esteemed by literary writers upon oriental subjects—the best authority upon all matters connected with their manners and customs; and as Niebuhr's "*Voyage en Arabie*," the work to which I allude, is not likely to be found in the hands of musical students, I have translated such passages

sick; it is also one of their modes of divination. It is likewise practised at times as a mere exercise of pleasure, at the feasts and solemnities of the village. The manner is as follows:—Notice is given early in the morning through all the cabins, for the performance of this ceremony; every cabin deputed a certain number either of men or women, who dress themselves in all their finery, that they may go and perform their part. They all appear at the appointed hour (which is proclaimed by a public crier), either in the council cabin, or some other place destined for that purpose. In the middle of the place or cabin they build a little scaffold, and on this they raise a small seat for the singers, who are to accompany and animate the dance."

* See an extract from "*The Essay on Homer*," alluded to by the author of "*Some observations on Dr. Brown's Dissertation in a Letter to Dr. B*****" Lond. 1764.

freely from him, as serve to throw light upon their practise of the art in the last century.

“ People of distinction among the Turks and Arabs think that they disgrace themselves in learning either music or dancing ; and as people of quality in the east are not great connoisseurs in music, and those who do apply themselves to it *not being as well paid as with us*, it is not very surprising that this art has not reached the perfection it has in Europe. I cannot discover in Egypt, in Arabia, or in the Indies, that they can *note down* an air in music ; and although they told me in the Turkish provinces, that at Constantinople they had some great musicians, who made use of secret signs, I could not discover any one in that city who knew the notes, not even among the Derwishes of the order of Meolani, who, as they say, are the best Turkish musicians. Notwithstanding, *all* singers and musicians in the east are not equally ignorant ; I have often heard the Schechs sing some passages of the Koran : they never force their voices in singing too high, and that *natural* music pleases me much. I have assisted at concerts both at Bagdad and Constantinople ; and although they are not equal to ours, I think that all Europeans, who have not searched into the wonders of the art, would have received pleasure. A European traveller seldom hears, in oriental countries, any other music than that in the streets, which is very bad. The night before our departure from Kahira for Damiat, our sailors sang some love songs, wherein they compared their mistresses to cucumbers of Damascus, and their large black eyes to the eyes of the Gazelle ; they praised the beauty of their yellow hands, red nails, &c. All their airs they sing one after another ! that is to say, the first sings a couplet, and the others repeat the same words and air three, four, or five tones lower, after which they continue in the same manner. As they are in want of a tambourine to beat the time, they clap their hands. The airs of the oriental are all grave and simple : they wish that their singers should sing so distinctly that every note may be heard. As they play several instruments at a time, and as they are accompanied by singing, you hear them return to nearly the same melody, unless when one or another mixes a continued base by singing or playing always the same note. If this music is not much to our taste, ours in return is not much to theirs. I have seen instances. One day I planned a concert at Kahira, consisting of several merchants of some note, Mr. Baurenfeind, and myself : on returning home, persuaded that we had played some excellent music for this country, we met in the street, in the dark, an Egyptian, who was singing a song, whilst another accompanied him on the flute, that so much pleased one of our domestics, a native of Senнар, that he exclaimed, ‘ Oh ! that is beautiful ! God bless you.’ We asked him how he liked *our* concert ; ‘ your music,’ said he, ‘ is a savage and disagreeable noise, in which a serious man can take no pleasure.’ We played several times afterwards to Arabians of distinction, who came to see us, and although they did not


directly disapprove of our playing, they did not lead us to believe theirs worse, but more beautiful than ours. As I am but an indifferent musician, and have neither time nor opportunity to get instructed in the music of the east, what I could best do to give Europeans some distinct idea of that music was, to take drawings of the instruments they make use of in that country."

(In one plate the whole collection is seen ; some of them are very curious, and I regret, from the nature of these essays, I cannot introduce a copy of them, as the following description would be better understood by reference to the plate.)

"The first instrument is principally in use among the Greeks, who come from the islands of the Archipelago, in Egypt : *Icitali* is the name they give it in their own language, and *Tambra* is the name in the Arabian language : it has two strings of steel, which they draw up to the same note."

(This instrument is shaped like a mandoline, with a long neck.)

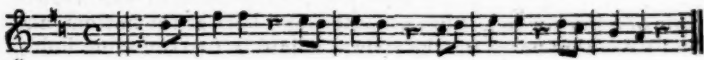
"The second is called *Sewuri* by the Greeks, (in shape like the Spanish guitar with a long neck.) It has in general four strings of steel, and a double string of brass ; two strings were wanting to the one I saw, the other three were drawn up to the notes marked at the side. The third is called by the Greeks at Kahira, *Baglama* and *Tambura*. It is probable that all stringed instruments used by the Greeks they call by the former name, and the Arabians by the latter. This instrument only differs from the former in size, and it has only three strings, one of steel and two of brass, that

they raise to the tone of the annexed notes:  Round the

handle of this instrument are fastened strings of gut ; to make the tone more piercing (or strong) they touch them with a quill, and are in general accompanied by the voice. The body of these instruments is made of slight wood, the board is but little bent, and the pegs are not always by the side of the neck, but sometimes underneath it. The fourth is an instrument with a bow that the Greeks name *lyra* : it has three strings of gut, of which the two exterior ones are much elevated, but the middle one still more so ; they do not touch it above, but by the side, with the nails as they do our harps by means of pegs. If I am not mistaken they sometimes pass the bow upon the three strings at once, and one gives a continued bass. This instrument is not of great height, but they play upon it in the same position we play base viols, and the bow is bad enough, as are all those of stringed instruments of gut that are in use among the Arabians. The bow consists of a little stick, appearing as if it had been just cut from a tree, to which the horse hair is so badly fixed that they are obliged to hold it back with the little finger while they play. The body of this *lyra* is made of a thick wood, it has a small sound hole at the bottom, and the bridge that keeps up the strings is laid in two sounding holes,

and at the end of the instrument. The fifth is an instrument with a bow that the Greeks call *repab*, and the Arabians *semendsje*.—They tell me they have sometimes three strings of gut ; but those I saw at Kahira had but two, or instead, two strings of horse hair, of which one is raised a major third higher than the other. The bow of this is as bad as that of the *lyra*. The foot of the instrument is of iron, and passes through the body into the handle. The body is generally of black cocoa wood, sometimes of other hard wood, and underneath there is a small sounding hole ; the top is a skin, stretched like the skin of our drums. This instrument is common with the indifferent players, who rove with the Egyptian dancers, and the notes marked at the side of the instrument express the time of a song with which the dancers accompany the *semendsje*, and which they often repeat.* The musicians play on this instrument in the same position as the base viol. The sixth is a bowed instrument, in use among the Arabs, and which they call *marabba*. They say this has two strings, but that one I saw at a coffee-house, at Kahira, and afterwards had sent to my house to take a drawing from, had but one string of horse hair ; it is not more than two inches thick, and the body is covered above and below with a stretched skin, and on the upper side there is a sound hole near the lower end, so that this instrument is a species of (square) violin and drum. The musicians know how to play dextrously in two ways ; at certain strokes of the bow they strike the board (or skin) in time as they beat the drum. The *marabba* does very well for the voices of ordinary musicians who sing with a full voice. The seventh is another bowed instrument, ‘formed exactly like a frying-pan ;’ it has one string and a stretched skin on the top of the board ; I drew that in the plate at *Basra*. I saw several other musical instruments in India, Bagdad, and Constantinople, but none worthy of notice. The Egyptians like noisy instruments, but the inhabitants of the southern parts of Africa appear to esteem soft music ; at least I saw among them what they call *barbari*, which are of Dongola, a sort of harp that they call in their language *kussir*, and the Arabians *tambura*, names which they give to all foreign instruments that they touch with a quill. The body is wood, with a small sounding hole underneath, and covered above with a skin stretched, more elevated in the middle than at the sides ; two sticks, which are fastened at the top to a third passing across the skin, upon which rests five strings of gut,

* I cannot help noticing, as a peculiar instance of the habits of mind in finding appropriate subjects for his operas, that the late C. M. Von. Weber, in his “*Oberon*,” has applied this very air, in a major key, in the March of the Harem Guards, finale of act the first, where it is repeated over and over again, clothed in a varied harmony, the effect of which is not surpassed by any other piece in the whole opera :—



supported by a bridge. This instrument is without pegs, but they raise each string by tying it round the stick which lies crossways, with a small piece of cloth. The notes, which are marked at the side of the instrument in the plate, indicate the tone to which it ought to be tuned; at least what I saw, and that a *barbari*, played in my presence, was tuned to them. They play it in two ways—that is to say, they pinch the strings (*'qu'on le pince,'*) and pass roughly over them a piece of leather, which hangs at the side; and my *barbari* danced when playing. The ribband which is behind the instrument assists in conveniently holding the hand and fingers against the strings. Does not this instrument resemble greatly the harp of David? Of all the wind instruments that are in use among the Turks the most noisy is what they call in Egypt *surme*. It is composed of seven pieces, and has a great resemblance to our trumpets, as is shewn in figure 1. There is another form of the *surme*, a species of hautboy, with seven holes and an octave for the thumb. There is likewise another hautboy, of a similar description, twenty-one inches long. It is apparent that as it gives only low tones it is made the same use of among the orientals as the bassoon with us. The trumpet, the hautboy, and different kinds of drums are the principal instruments for military music, and they all make a most disagreeable noise to the ears of Europeans. These instruments serve likewise to distinguish ranks; for a Pacha of *three* tails has more of each sort than a Pacha of *two*, and he more than a Bey. There is a flute called *salamanic*; it is Turkish, and made of reeds, with a ring of lead at the top, or else entirely of a handsome wood. They hold it in playing nearly in the same manner as we do our flutes. The embouchure is very difficult, for there is no reed, but it is quite open at the top. I have seen this flute among the Turcoman and Persian shepherds. It is therefore probable that they have it from their ancestors, the Turkestans, as the monks introduced music into their worship. The Derwishes *meolevie* (whom Europeans in general call the dancing Derwishes) excel in the art of playing the flute. There are found among them at present the most eminent Turkish musicians, and this flute above all seems to be their favourite instrument. There is a wind instrument called *sumara*, with two pipes and as many embouchures; they make use of the shortest pipe to play the airs on, and the longest to make a continued base, as they do the long pipe of the bagpipe. The long pipe of the *sumara* may be lengthened or shortened by means of some little pieces which are fastened to it, and according to the different notes on which they play.

* The precise form of David's harp has been a subject of considerable and extended enquiry by artists, and both literary and musical antiquaries; but, like all cases of this nature, so little has been satisfactorily adduced to establish one form or another as properly authenticated, that however wide of general opinion the idea of Niebuhr may be, it may, perhaps, serve to give a clue to future enquiry.

There is a bagpipe named *sumara el kürbe*, which they use in Egypt. The tops of the two flutes (or pipes) are of hard wood, and the large lower openings are of horn. This bagpipe is small compared to the *bulgare*. The sound of any oriental instrument which I have heard played in great companies, does not give me equal pleasure to the bagpipe in Bulgarie. I do not know if I ought to attribute it to the skill of those who played on it, or to the Bulgarian airs, that are more in the style of European airs than the Turkish or Arabian. The orientals have drums of various figures. There is a Turkish drum named *tabbel*; they hold it horizontally, and beat it on one side with a little bit of wood made on purpose; and the other side they beat with a small drum-stick. This is used in military music and in nuptial processions. Another instrument is in the form of a large hoop, covered on one side with a stretched skin; the rim is usually ornamented with plates of metal, thin and round; (this is the tambourine, on which they play precisely in the same manner as the blacks in our military bands.) This accompanies the women in singing or dancing in the harem; it is called *döff*. There is another small drum or tambourine, the bottom is usually of wood, but sometimes of copper or brass; likewise a third, formed of baked clay, "made exactly of that form, and covered with a stretched skin. They hold it in one arm, and play upon it with the opposite hand; they call it *durbeke*. Some mendicants of Yemen think it proper to announce their being in the streets, by singing some spiritual songs, which they accompany with a tambourine, but as it is inconvenient to hold this instrument with one hand and play with the other, they make a small tambourine, and fasten on each side of it a little ball, and when they turn the instrument with quickness, holding the handle, the balls strike the tambourine on both sides, and the mendicants obtain their aim without further trouble. I recollect having seen in Basra, Derwishes of the order *Kalindar* or *Karendal*, who sound a large horn before the doors of the Mahometans, to let them know they are asking alms. Castagnets, cymbals, Pan's-pipes, dulcimer, and small kettle drum, (*tympanon*), are also in the list of their instruments."

To this complete account, nothing could satisfactorily be added but their music noted down for our inspection—a task for which that traveller was not perhaps exactly qualified; but we have to thank him for shewing a certain class termed *exclusionists* in musical matters, that it is *not* to modern times or modern instrument-makers we have to bow down for every thing connected with "*pipe or string*." These romantic people of Arabia evidently finding or sharing, in common with neighbouring nations, all the first principles of forming instruments of various capacities and powers, the only merit we can take is, that of improvement upon them. I

do not wish to be understood as deprecating real improvements in any branch of our art; but I cannot help thinking, and the experience of every day confirms my idea, that by the multifarious springs, double actions, patent necks, and cast iron sounding boards, we are not smoothing the way to the much wished for return to *simplicity* in music, but are likely still further to merit the left-handed encomium passed upon European music by M. Niebuhr's domestic. Having given utterance to such determined *un-mechanic-institution like* opinions, perhaps I had best not provoke further animadversion upon my patriarchal ideas respecting these instruments, but go on with my business, which is, to bring my account of Arabian music down to the present day. The music of the Arab tribes may be examined nearer to our own times by perusing the various notices scattered through the travels of recent visitors in the east. It appears to be not much degenerated and not much improved. We will begin first with the church service, which Mr. Buckingham mentions in his "*Travels among the Arab Tribes*," page 31, in giving an account of his attendance at the church of Assalt.

"On the outside of the screen were two side altars, at each of which a person repeated certain passages of the psalms to another near him, who sung them. The individuals of the congregation criticised the faults of the singers as they proceeded, without scruple or reserve, sufficiently loud to be heard by every one in the room, and the noise and confusion arising from this general conversation, was such as to take away from the scene all appearance of an assembly met for worship. Mr. B. describes the rest of the service as being similar to that of the Greek churches of Asia Minor,* and differing only in being performed in the Arabic instead of the Greek tongue."†

* In some of the Greek churches a practise exists similar to that of our parochial clerks giving out the psalms. Rosenmuller mentions that "They have a singer, who repeats in a loud voice all the staves of a song, and the congregation always sing it after him. The congregation is, besides, divided into two choirs, which sing in turns, one as it were, answering the other. But on their Easter festivals, the leading singer is also their leading dancer, who leads through the streets of the town a great train of people, singing and leaping with strange postures and gesticulations, and with horrid cries. It seemed very much to illustrate *Miriam's Song* to me, that I was myself received in a Bulgarian village by a choir or train of young girls, with singing and leaping; in singing they reeled from one side to the other." (see Burder's Oriental Literature.

† It was the opinion of Father Menestrier, in his work "*Sur les Drame en Musique*," that hymns, canticles, and mysteries, in the vulgar tongues of

Mr. Buckingham mentions his having been present at another church service in Damascus; "after the mass a sermon was delivered in the Arabic language by a young Spaniard. It was followed up by fine peals of music from the organ, and the hymns of the choristers, who were chiefly children of both sexes, and who sang in response to each other in the Arabic tongue, in a manner resembling the songs sung in response by the boatmen on the Nile. In their common amusements music seems to hold a distinguished place. In a coffee house, encounters at a sort of single stick are animated by the sounds of a tambourine and fifes, which varied in their performance as the contest became closer."

Mr. B. also gives us an account of the manner of Arabic singing, and it is very evident they are not behind either the Cossacks, Tyrolese, or modern Greeks, in their knowledge of harmony.

"Among the party were half a dozen, who sat together in a group, and amused the rest with Arabic songs, while the listeners occasionally joined in the chorus. It was the first time of my ever having heard any thing like harmony in the music of the country; for here there were two among the rest who sang in *thirds* and *fifths*, and one who sang *an octave* to the strain."

There can be very little doubt that this manner of singing is traditional,* from a remote period, although the barbarity of Mahomedan and other conquests over the Arabians, has nearly expelled the slight remnants of poetry and music from the present race. Throughout these interesting travels, many notices occur of the author's visits to ancient vestiges of temples, mosques, towers, &c.; but among the various ornaments that time and Turkish brutality has spared, nothing to give the slightest clue to researches respecting their music appears.

According to Russell, "the music used by the Bashaws at Aleppo is of two sorts, one for the field, another for the chamber. The first makes part of the retinue of the Bashaws, and other great military officers, and is used also in their garrisons. It consists of

Europe, had their origin from the pilgrims who went to the Holy Land, (see Dr. Burney, vol. ii, page 325.) St. Francis D'Assise born 1182, was one of the first Italians who exercised their genius in compositions of this kind, called "*Le Laudi*."

* At page 537, Mr. Buckingham mentions our dulcimer, called in the Arabic "*Canone*," which was played upon by the Jewish musician.

† It was a very ancient custom to carry on immense labour by an accompaniment of music and singing. The practice still exists both in Egypt and Greece, (see Dr. Clarke's Travels, vol. iv, page 56.)

a sort of hautboy, shorter but shriller than ours; trumpets, cymbals, large drums, the upper head of which is beat upon with a heavy drum stick, the lower with a small switch. A Vizier Bashaw has nine of these large drums, while a Bashaw of two tails has but eight, the distinction by which the music of one may be known from that of the other; besides these, they have small drums, beat after the manner of our kettle drums.

Mr. Drummond (*Travels*, p. 119,) gives a similar account. Speaking of the music of a Bashaw making his public entry into Smyrna he says,

"Nothing more hideous can be conceived, than the horrid sound of their instruments, especially as they were compounded. They consisted of a *Zurnan* or pipe, about eighteen inches in length, swelled towards the extremity; nagara, or little kettle drums, no larger than a common pewter plate; brass plates, which they call *Zel*, or cymbals, which a fellow jingled together; a *Burie*, being an ugly imitation of a trumpet, and *Downie*, or large drums, of which the performers beat the heads with a little short club, having a great round knob at the end, at the same time they tickled the bottom with a long stick.* The wedding feasts of the Arabs are accompanied with music in a similar manner to that of other eastern nations."

The improvisatori poet-musicians are still to be found among the Arabs.

I have now brought my considerations upon Oriental Music to a close, which may not have been entirely without interest, Sir, to those among your musical readers who view the subject in its proper light. I have brought all the best and most recent authorities to bear upon the facts I have endeavoured to establish, which has had the effect of making my essays appear little else than a string of quotations; but I preferred this mode of letting every traveller speak for himself, to introducing my own opinions and conjectures, however cautiously formed, except where it was absolutely necessary. I confess I did not expect, when I first sat down to examine the music of the east, that I should have found their knowledge of the art so extended as the first part of this paper have

* See Burder's *Oriental Literature*, vol. ii, p. 203-4. Drums and cymbals were the instruments used by the Idæi Dactyli, who attended Jupiter in Crete, (see Burney on Greek music, vol. i, page 266.) This Bashaw among the goddesses has, in this respect at least, been closely followed by his legitimate successors, the Bashaws of Smyrna.

proved ; but I was determined not to leave the examination until I had satisfied myself, which, having now accomplished, I beg to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir, Your's most truly,

F. W. H.

London, October 26th, 1827.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE clever and entertaining author of a letter upon the present state of music in France, which appears in No. 34 of the Quarterly Musical Review, although he allows that the French "*have at all times possessed pretty romances and simple lively chansons,*" yet, towards the conclusion, asks the reader, "who in Europe, (with the exception of the sublime Marseilles hymn and *Ca ira*) thinks of singing a French air?" I cannot help supposing, that the insinuation contained in this question goes further than a person of his taste and judgment could have intended, as I can venture to aver, that with the exception of Italy, (which country has a general prejudice against all music not of its own school) the French operas are heard with delight in almost every town on the continent of Europe, between Petersburg and Vienna, and are published in various parts, translated into the language of each country. Although the music of France does not reach the grandeur, or equal in expression that of Italy, yet perhaps no other nation has so happily united the drama with music as the French,*

* Gretry, speaking of the defects in the Italian operas of his early days (1763), concludes by saying "their dullness (*langueur*) proceeds from the insipid construction of the poem ; the Italian musicians will however succeed in being good dramatic writers, for I know that our French scores are circulated in the conservatorios of Naples, and are studied for this purpose. *V. Essais sur le Musique*, tom. 1, page 115.

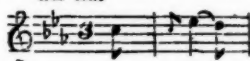
Gretry at this period was enthusiastic in his love of Italian music, and condemns, in strong terms, the psalmodic style of that in vogue at the French opera. He wrote *Le Jugement de Midas* in ridicule of the ancient style of

particularly in their opera comique. At the theatre de Feydeau, (which is devoted to this particular style) that which is usually termed fine singing is not so much sought after, as the giving dramatic effect and meaning to the music, which is in itself agreeable, through the medium of good voices and good acting. The airs and morceaux d'ensemble there executed are pleasing, brilliant, and well written. Rossini, though he has not actually plagiarised their melody, has in some instances adopted their structure with effect.* It is true the composers in the French theatres are only imitators of the German and Italian schools; but may I not be allowed to say, that these are the only great and original schools which exist, and that any peculiarity of style in the music of other nations arises from the difference of accent in the language to which the music is adapted? I do not mean in this to

French singing: in a memoir on this opera he says, "this was the most bitter satire against the ancient music, or rather against the drawing style in which it was sung. If this dull psalmody (now confined to a few corners of the Marais) was not necessary for the execution of the parts of *Midus* and *Marsyas*, it would be unnecessary to say that they must—

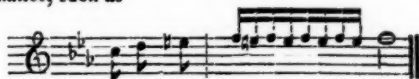
- 1st. Sing the airs very slow, and without attention to time ;
2d. Make long cadences whenever they have an opportunity ;
3d. Also portamentos well dwelt upon ;^a

tras lent



a - - wants

4th. Long shakes, such as



Qui vous plai . . . gnez

5th. To warble flourishes.^b

I could almost imagine, that some of our modern *Apollos* had studied some of these precepts: I shall not mention names for fear of hurting the amour propre of the fair sex, which I would wish to avoid as much as possible. *Le Jugement de Midas* came out in 1778. The idea of the drama is almost entirely taken from the English *Midas*: it was written by an Englishman of the name of Hale or Hales, called by the French *Helé*, whom distress had driven to live in Paris; he also wrote the dramas of *L'Amant Jaloux* and *Les Eceuenemens imprecus*: the musical part of which was composed by Gretry.

- Vide the opening of *Cendrillon* and that of the *Generentola*.

* Des ports voix bien appuyés.

^b Chevrotter des roulades. Chevrotter signifies to execute passages with a tremulous voice.

include what are called national airs, but allude to the more extended style of the church and theatre. Perhaps England is the country, with the exception of Italy, in which the dramatic music of France is least appreciated, although the composers for our stage have not disdained to introduce airs and chorusses from the French opera, and on most occasions with effect : the truth is, that the managers and musical directors of our patent theatres have never brought it fairly before the public. The dramas have generally been altered (that is to say, spoiled) to suit, as it is said, the taste of the British nation—the dialogue vapidly translated—the piece sometimes curtailed, and on other occasions new characters introduced, for the purpose of bringing forward favoured individuals, and thereby rendering the performance tedious. The principal vocal parts are frequently given to actors who do not even pretend to sing, to make up for which a dramatic deformity is introduced on the stage—that is to say, a character of no interest whatever in the drama, and who, in many cases, speaks not at all, but sings the hero's part in the concerted pieces—others are filled up by those who do sing, but so badly, that 'twere better they were not heard : a great part of the original music is generally left out, and other substituted—mawkish, common-place ballads are introduced, with music and words equally insipid and devoid of design, to gratify the vanity or caprice of the *Primas* or *Primos*, who think by their means to obtain an encore from a few noisy individuals of the half price or shilling gallery,* to the very great annoyance of the remainder of the audience, who endeavour to oppose, but are obliged to submit for the sake of quiet. †

* Perhaps for the argumentum ad crumenam, alluded to in a letter signed *Musicus*, in Number 34 of your Review.

† The public journals, although they frequently deal out the most cruel and ungenerous personal attacks upon these ladies and gentlemen, very seldom give a judicious opinion on the music they sing, or their mode of executing it : we generally see Mr. Mrs. or Miss sang pretty music in his or her delightful manner, or with their usual sweetness, and was rapturously encored, &c. &c. they generally appreciate the merit of a piece from the number of encores which it produces. Now I appeal to all real lovers and judges of music, whether this noisy testimony of approbation is not more frequently misapplied than otherwise, and whether it does not in general proceed from that part of of the audience, which is sometimes sent for the express purpose of crying encore, or from that portion of it the least capable of judging ; and whether on many occasions they have not felt themselves restrained in expressing their approbation, from the fear of producing this troublesome consequence. As I

It is not the French composer alone that is thus ill treated—the Italians and Germans are equal sufferers by this system; but the music of the former being generally known to the public, through the medium of the King's Theatre, independent of its superior beauty and expression, has a greater effect when produced before them in another shape. This ill-judged mode of proceeding has also been detrimental to the composers of our own country; it has, above all other causes, retarded our school for dramatic composition—for the advancement of which there is no deficiency of talent; but, besides the want of a good school, on which to form their ideas of the union of the drama with music, they labour under many disadvantages. They generally write for a defective company, and the drama of what is called an opera, is commonly so dull, that the music of Mozart could scarcely warm it into existence: the language of northern nations will not admit of the careless mode of constructing a plot and carrying on the dialogue, which the more sonorous accents of the southern dialect allow to be tolerated, and with us a good composer for the stage requires to be united with an author of ability. The only remedy for these defects (which arise in a great degree from the exclusive power of the patent theatres, whose directors, from their mode of proceeding, appear to be more anxious to destroy each other, than to provide rational amusement for the public) must be looked for, either in a license being granted to another theatre to open for opera alone, or from a solid agreement being entered into by the duopoly, to divide the style of entertainments,* thereby enabling themselves to excel in that branch which, by this arrangement, may fall to their share. There are already ample means for perfection in the legitimate drama, and the director of the theatre devoted to music, would then be enabled to rally round him all the vocal talent of the country; by practice and a proper distribution of the dramatic

mentioned the public journals, I cannot lose this opportunity of paying a tribute of praise to the articles on the drama, in all its branches, which have of late appeared in the *Literary Gazette*; and although the *Harmonicon* comes more under the head of a periodical work, yet as its frequency of appearance, and mode of treating on the musical drama, may admit of its being classed with them, I must also take the same opportunity of remarking on the good taste which it displays generally in its pages.

* This subject has been admirably treated upon in the *Literary Gazette* of the 15th of last December.

characters, the individuals possessing that acquirement would soon obtain the other, of being good actors, each in the particular line to which he is best adapted. Let the director then employ men of ability to write dramas, and united with good composers, (of any country provided they possess real genius) to write music incidental to and characteristic of the situations of the piece—not insipid ballads, devoid of meaning or interest, introduced apropos to nothing: let the managers of both houses above all endeavour to please the enlightened instead of astonishing the vulgar part of their audience, and they will find them both more constant in their attendance, as the latter are certain to drop insensibly into the taste of those who are better informed; the dramatic pieces will retain the public favour for a longer period, and they will add credit to their own taste and that of their nation, instead of lowering it in the opinion not only of foreigners, but of their own countrymen.

January 29th, 1828.

M.

The Actes of the Apostles,
by D^r Tye (1553).

1

The 1st Chapter.

Christ did ascende up into Heaven

As ye shall after reade :

Mathias was, of the eleven

Electe in Judas steade.

Meane
Counter-tenor
Tenor
Bassus
Organ

In the fore-mer Treatyse to Thee dere Frend The-

7 6

- o - phi - lus I have written the ve - ri - te of

- o - phi - lus I have written the ve - ri - te of

- o - phi - lus (*) I have written the ve - ri - te of the Lord

- o - phi - lus I have written the ve - ri - te the ve - ri - te of

6 4 5 7 # 6 6

(*) A point very closely taken up: almost all the rest are equally close.

the Lord Christ Je--sus Whiche he to do and eke to teache, Be-
 the Lord Christ Je--sus Whiche he to do and eke to teache, Be-
 Christ Je--sus Whiche he to do and eke to teache, Be-
 the Lord Christ Je--sus Whiche he to do and eke to teache, Be-

-gan untill the daye In whiche the Spryte up
 -gan untill the daye In whiche the Spryte up hym dyd
 -gan untill the daye In whiche the Spryte up hym dyd feache, up
 -gan untill the daye In whiche the Spryte up hym dyd feache, up hym dyd

* Here the B \flat is immediately followed by B \sharp in the Tenor part; making the relation of the sharp 8th, and is one instance of the "Mi contra Fa" of the Italians. This barbarism, which has been exhibited even in our own day, was constantly practised long after Tye.

hym dyd feache, To dwell a-bove for aye.

feache, To dwell a-bove for aye.

hym dyd feache, To dwell a-bove for aye.

feache, To dwell a-bove for aye.

7 6 6 4 5 2

The 2^d Chapter .

The comynge of the Holy Ghost
 Peter dyd preche indeede:
 Even at Jerusalem, where most
 The faythful dyd encrease .

When that the fiftye days was come Whit-sonday full of Grace

When that the fiftye days was come Whit-sonday full of Grace (*)

When that the fiftye days was come Whit-sonday full of Grace They

When that the fiftye days was come Whit-sonday full of Grace

4 1

(*) This Point, from the ease with which it works, has been in constant use ever since our Author's time. We will not say, that he was the first who employed it.

They came to-gether all and some, In- to a cer-tayne place

They came to-gether all and some, In- to a cer-tayne place

They came to-gether all and some, In- to a cer-tayne place

8 7 5 3 - 6

- to a cer-tayne place And sodayn-lye a sound out brast From Heav'n

cer-tayne place a cer-tayne place And sodayn-lye a sound out brast From Heav'n

in - to a cer-tayne place And sodayn-lye a sound out brast From

place in - to a cer-tayne place And sodayn-lye a sound out brast From Heav'n

4 3 6

..... as it had been The comynge of a myghtye blast Fyl-

6 4 8 7 2 6 3 8 7

of a myghtye blast Fyl-lyng the House with dene

mygh-tye blast Fyl-lyng the House with dene

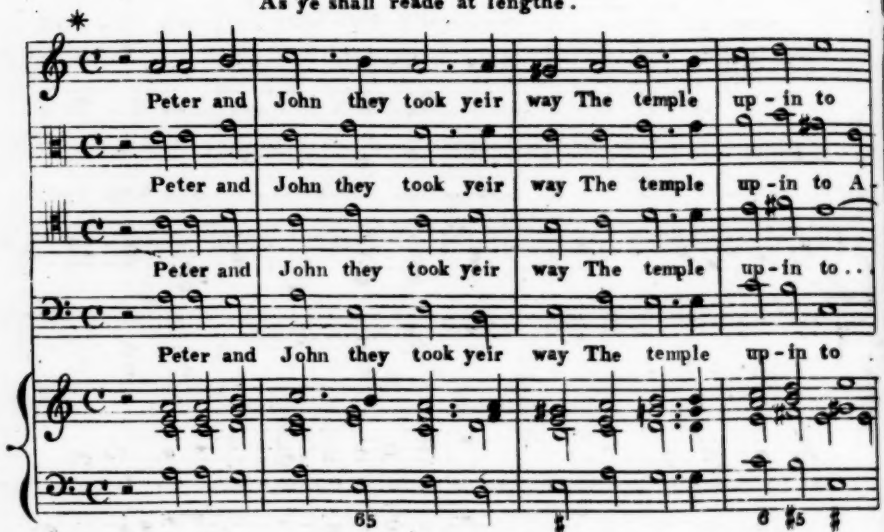
-lyng the House with dene Fyl-lyng the House with dene

Fyllyng the House with dene Fyl-lyng the House with dene

6 6 6 5 8 7 4 3

The 3^d Chapter.

The halte restored, is certayne
 Even to his perfecte strengthe:
 And Peter preached Christ right playne
 As ye shall reade at lengthe.

* 


Peter and John they took yeir way The temple up - in to

Peter and John they took yeir way The temple up - in to A

Peter and John they took yeir way The temple up - in to ..

Peter and John they took yeir way The temple up - in to

65 # 6 #5 #



A - bout the nynthhoure for to praye As they were

- bout the nynthhoure for to praye for to praye As they were

..... A - bout the nynthhoure for to praye As they were

A - bout the nynthhoure for to praye for to praye As they were

7 6 # 15

* Original Scale D.

wont to do A certayn Man both halte and lame Evn from his

wont to do A certayn Man both halte and lame Evn from his

wont to do A certayn Man both halte and lame Evn from his

wont to do A certayn Man both halte and lame Evn from his

byrtheryghtpore They brought and lay'd dayly the same, Evn at the Tem - ple dore

byrtheryghtpore They brought and lay'd dayly the same, Evn at the Tem - ple dore

byrtheryghtpore They brought and lay'd dayly the same, Evn at the Tem - ple dore

byrtheryghtpore They brought and lay'd dayly the same, Evn at the Temple dore

* This progression will appear strange to many of our readers. It shews, however, the feeling which Tye had for internal melodies - a feeling which is manifested throughout the whole of this work - and it may be remarked, that the Ancient Masters, who trusted more to the dicta of the Schoolmen than to their own experience, had not that horror of a succession of fourths which we entertain.

The 4th Chapter*

The Apostles were in Prison cast
They were to preache forbid:
But they toke them to prayer fast
Renouncyng Man for God.

When that the People taught they had There came to them doutles

When that the People taught they had There came to them doutles

When that the People taught they had There came to them doutles Priests

When that the People taught they had There came to them doutles

Priests and Ru-lers as Men nye mad And eke the.

Priests and Ru-lers as Men nye mad And eke the

and Ru-lers as Men nye mad as Men nye mad And eke the

Priests and Ru-lers as Men nye mad as Men nye mad And eke the

* This Chapter - transposed into G - is arranged to the Latin words "Laudate nomen" &c by the Rev^d Gilbert Heathcote Archdeacon of Winchester.

Sadu-ces whom it grie-ved that they should move The People and them lead

Sadu-ces whom it grie-ved that they should move The People and them lead

Sadu-ces whom it grie-ved that they should move The People and them lead

Sadu-ces whom it grie-ved that they should move The People and them lead

..... That Je--sus Christ by

That Je--sus Christ by powre a--bove Should rise up

That Jesus Christ by powre a--bove Should

..... That Je-sus Christ by powre a--bove Should rise up

** Here is a "jump up" of all the parts, and a progression between the Treble and Base, which must have made the Critics of the 16th Century shake their heads.

powre a -- bove Should rise up from the dead
 from the dead Should rise up from the dead
 rise up from the dead from the dead
 from the dead should rise up from the dead

6 5 6 5 7 7

The 5th Chapter.

Ananias untruth was knowne,
 And his wyves, to their shame:
 The Appostles were in Pryson throwne,
 Rejoysynge in the same.

A certayne Man who was nam - ed A - na - ni - as tru - ly
 A certayne Man who was nam - ed A - na - ni - as tru - ly
 A certayne Man who was nam - ed A - na - ni - as tru - ly
 A certayne Man who was nam - ed A - na - ni - as tru - ly

With Sa-phi-ra his Wife fram-ed Un-to the Lord a lye:

With Sa-phi-ra his Wife fram-ed Un-to the Lord a lye:

With Sa-phi-ra his Wife fram-ed Un-to the Lord a lye:

With Sa-phi-ra his Wife fram-ed Un-to the Lord a lye:

Who selling then a pece of land Kept back part of the pryce

Who selling then a pece of land Kept back part of the pryce

Who selling then a pece of land Kept back part of the pryce The

Who selling then a pece of land Kept back part of the pryce

* This progression — from a 3 to a 5 by a similar motion — should always be avoided, especially in the extreme parts.

The whiche his Wyfe dyd un-der-stand They wrought with

der-stand They wrought with one ad-vice.
 un-der-stand They wrought with one ad-vice.
 one ad-vice. with one ad-vice They wrought with one ad-vice.
 -stand They wrought with one ad-vice They wrought with one ad-vice.

The 6th Chapter.

Deacons appoynted, to the borde
 To minister at their nede:
 And the Apostles to the worde.
 Steven was accused indede.

In those days as the nombre playne of the Disciples grew A grudge a-

6 5 6 4 8 7 6 7 6

rose and grief cer-tayne that dai-ly did re-new Amongst the Greeks a-against th'E-

6 - 6 6 5 6 8 - 7 5 6 6 7 5 6

brues their wydows dispys - ing would not al - low but

brues their wydows dispys - - ing would not al -

brues their wydows dispysing would not al - low but them re

brues their wydows dispys - - ing would not al - low

56 6 7

them refuse in daylye ministring in day-lye mi-nistring

low but them refuse in daylye ministring mi - nistring

fuse in daylye minis - tring in day-lye mi-nis - - tring

but them re-fuse in daylyeministring in daylye mi-nistring

87 56 15 6 6 5 6 4 3 6 6 6 7 3

The 7th Chapter.

Stephen to answer doth not refuse
 To his accusers ethe;
 And doth rebuke the wicked Jews;
 They do him stone to dethe.

Then said the Chiefe Priest is it so? Ye men and eke Brethren

Then said the Chiefe Priest is it so? Ye men and eke Brethren

Then said the Chiefe Priest is it so? Ye men and eke Brethren

Then said the Chiefe Priest is it so? Ye men and eke Brethren

And all ye Fathers herke un--to my words and then dis cerne

And all ye Fathers herke un--to my words and then dis-cerne

And all ye Fathers herke un--to my words and then dis-cerne

And all ye Fathers herke un--to my words and then dis-cerne

Ther did ap-pear to A-bra-ham The God of great Glor-ye

Ther did ap-pear to A-bra-ham The God of great Glor-ye

Ther did ap-pear to A-bra-ham The God of great Glor-ye Be-

Ther did ap-pear to A-bra-ham The God of great Glor-ye

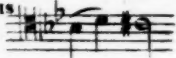
Before that he dwelt in Carran in Me-so-pa-ta-mye.

Be-fore that he dwelt in Car-ran in Me-so-pa-ta-mye.

fore that he dwelt in Car-ran in Me-so-pa-ta-mye.

Before that he dwelt in Car-ran in Me-so-pa-ta-mye.

* This Chromatic progression, of the extreme sharp second, is very extraordinary in the work of so old a master. It might have been avoided, by dividing the minim thus



The 8th Chapter.

How Philip came to Samary
 Symon the whych did fayne:
 Philip did baptyse willynglye
 Eunuch the Chamberlayne.

The death of Stev'n did Saul com-fort Who dyd a-gree with them

The death of Stev'n did Saul com-fort Who dyd a-gree with them

The death of Stev'n did Saul com-fort Who dyd a-gree with them

The death of Stev'n did Saul com-fort Who dyd a-gree with them

That wold have slain the God-lye sort then at Je-ru-sa-lem

That wold have slain the God-lye sort then at Je-ru-sa-lem

That wold have slain the God-lye sort then at Je-ru-sa-lem

That wold have slain the God-lye sort then at Je-ru-sa-lem

Figured bass notation: 6, 6, 5 5 8 7, 3 4 3

Figured bass notation: 8 7, 6, 6

Scatred they were both far and nye, and through the Regions crept.

Scatred they were both far and nye, and through the Regions crept.

Scatred they were both far and nye, and through the Regions crept.

Scatred they were both far and nye, and through the Regions crept.

Of Jurye and of Sa-ma-rye the twelve on-ly except.

Of Jurye and of Sa-ma-rye the twelve on-ly except.

Of Jurye and of Sa-ma-rye the twelve on-ly except.

Of Jurye and of Sa-ma-rye the twelve on-ly except.

* Here is the same Chromatic progression, descending, which we have before noticed.

The 9th Chapter.

19

Paul is converted to the Lord.
The Jues he doth confounde;
Tabitha's by Peter restored,
When she lay dead on grounde .

* 2 parts in one

Saul breathing out threatnings a-brode the Faythful to re-

Saul breathing out threatnings a-brode the Faythful to re-sist

Saul breathing out threatnings a-brode the Fayth-ful to re-

Saul breathing out threatnings a-brode the Fayth-ful to re-sist A

6 7 6 6 7b 5
4 - 3

sist A- gainst the lect of God the Lord, went un- to the hye

A- gainst the lect of God the Lord, went un- to the hye Priest

sist A- gainst the lect of God the Lord, went un- to the hye

gainst the lect of God the Lord, went un- to the hye

6 7 6 4 3 6 4 3

* That is, a Canon "two in one" - or two parts drawn from the same melody. The Canon will be found between the Alto and Treble: it is ingeniously constructed, and the effect of the whole Chapter is very beautiful .

Priest And earnestly did him de-syre his Letters to graunt

And earnestly did him de-syre his Letters to graunt out

Priest And ear - nest - - ly, did him de-syre his Letters

Priest And earnest - ly did him de - syre his Let-ters to graunt

5 6 6 - 6 6 4 # -

out Un-to Damasco to enquire the Sy--na-goges a-bout

Un-to Da-masco to enquire the Sy-na-goges a - - bout

to graunt out unto Da-masco to enquire the Sy-nagoges about.

out un-to Da-masco to enquire the Sy-na-goges a - - bout.

6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 5 6 7 6 5 4 3 4 3 0

* In this place, by the crossing of the parts, consecutive 5ths & 8ths are produced to the ear, though they are avoided to the eye. The Student should carefully guard against this error.

† Purcell has frequently employed this combination.

TYE'S ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

WE trust that from the commencement of this work, our earnest desire to advance the musical art has been apparent—not only from the copious information we have laboured to obtain, on many important subjects, but also from the variety of abstract reasonings on which we have entered, to illustrate points not touched or scarcely touched by other writers.

It is in furtherance of the great object which we have had constantly in view that we now purpose to amplify our original plan, by giving in this and our succeeding numbers, an appendix containing specimens of much that is curious, learned, and beautiful in composition: these specimens we shall accompany with practical remarks, which we hope will render them interesting to the amateur, and useful to the student. "Art," says a celebrated writer, "is best taught by example," and to the truth of this we are most willing to subscribe. At the same time, we think that it is possible to render a contemplation of the finest examples still more profitable, by those observations which long experience suggests, and which, even when the reader is not entirely convinced of their justness or propriety, may lead him to reflect and reason for himself.

We shall commence this portion of our labour, by presenting our readers with "The Acts of the Apostles," by Dr. Tye. Of this very curious work, we had read in Burney and Hawkins, the latter of whom gives a specimen from it; but it is only very lately that a copy of the whole is come into our possession. This copy was made in 1777 by Overend, of Isleworth, a most learned and indefatigable musician. He was a pupil of Dr. Boyce, and to his zeal and industry may be attributed much of the correctness of the Doctor's celebrated collection of cathedral music. We were therefore not a little pleased to find that our copy of Tye's work was made "from the original, and corrected" by one so capable.

Dr. Tye was musical preceptor to Edward the VI. and appears to have justly held the first rank in his profession. Indeed his

popularity must have been very great, for in a play by Rowley, printed 1613, his royal pupil and he have a scene to themselves, in the course of which the work now under our consideration is thus introduced :

"*Tye*. Enough, let voices now delight his princely ear."

(A SONG.)

"*Prince*. Doctor, I thank you, and commend your cunning,
I oft have heard my father merrily speake

In your high praise; and thus his highnesse saith,

England one God, one truth, one doctor hath,

For musickes art, and that is Doctor Tye,*

Admired for skill in musick's harmony!

Tye. Your grace doth honour me with kind acceptance,

Yet one thing more I do beseech your excellence,

To daine to patronize this homely worke,

Which I unto your grace have dedicate!

Prince. What is the title?

Tye. The Actes of the holy Apostles turn'd into verse,

Which I have set in several parts to sing :

Worthy acts and worthily in you remembered.

Prince. I'll peruse them, and satisfy your pains,

And have them sung within my father's chapel."

The following is the title to this singular production :—"The Actes of the Apostles, translated into Englyshe metre, and dedicated to the Kynges moste excellent maiestye by Christofer Tye, Doctor in musyke, and one of the Gentylnen of hys graces moste honourable chappell, wyth notes to eche chapter, to synge and also to play upon the lute, very necessary for studentes after theyr studye, to fyle theyr wyttes; and alsoe for all Christians that cannot synge to reade the good and godlye storyes of the lives of Christ hys Apostles."

There is a metrical dedication "to the vertuous and godlye learned prynce Edward the VIth," of which our readers, we have no doubt, will be satisfied with the following specimens :

* These lines prove that there was no originality in that pretty little piece of blasphemy once uttered at the opera: "One God, one Farinelli." This being too good to be left entirely to us, a French lady caught it up, and applied it to the elder Vestris.

"Your grace may note from time to time
That some do undertake
Upon the Psalms to write in ryme,
The verse *pleasant* to make.
And some doth take in hand to write
Out of the book of Kynges,
Because they se your Grace delight
In such like godlye things.
And last of all I your poore man,
Whose doings are full base,
Yet glad to do the best I can,
To give unto your Grace,
Have thought it good now to reryte,
The stories of the Actes,
Even of the twelve, as Luke do wryte,
Of all their worthy factes."

We are here compelled to acknowledge, that the Doctor's piety, in undertaking the work, is much more to be admired than the poetical spirit which he displays in the execution of it. Burney, however, with an exceedingly judicious "perhaps," considers that he may be "as good a poet as Sternhold;" as he who

'Had strange qualms
When he translated David's psalms,
To make the heart right glad.'

But our concern is chiefly with the musical portion of this work, in which we shall find much to admire. The harmony is pure, with a few exceptions, arising from the practice of the age in which the author lived—the parts sing well, and shew a feeling for melody which we have occasionally noticed, in the observations appended by us for the studious reader's consideration. That however which strikes us as most worthy of notice is, the admirable manner in which the short points of fugue are managed, and the ease and clearness with which the canons are constructed. These points appear trite and common, at the present day; but they have been in use for nearly three centuries, and, probably, were considered both novel and elegant, in the time of our author. Compositions, like the following, must not be judged according to the

standard of modern refinement; for the writers of them often proceeded on principles which their successors have either rejected or improved.* They are to be regarded chiefly on account of their antiquity, and because they speak to us in the voice of other days; exciting in our minds feelings nearly akin to those which we experience on viewing some building, venerable from its age, and the purposes to which it has been devoted.

But, in these compositions of Dr. Tye, there are positive excellences, which we have already mentioned in a general way, and, in the work itself, shall more particularly point out. They prove him to have been a musician of great learning and sensibility, and one who was worthy to be the master of Tallis, and the precursor of Byrd.

We should have observed before, that the author did not extend his labours beyond the first fourteen chapters of the Acts: it did not appear that the work became popular, and, it is probable, that he was not encouraged to proceed.

Our copy contains only the initiatory verses to each chapter—and with those, we presume, our readers will be content. The other verses, we suppose, were sung to the same music, by all “godlye persons” who had “fyled theyr wittes,” and had possessed themselves with patience sufficient for the chaunting forth of so much doggrel.

H

* In the works of our old masters nothing is more remarkable than the freedom with which they indulged in successions of unconnected chords—that is, of chords which have no one sound in common.

From this practice great harshness arises—see the 5th of the following chapters; at times, however, when not carried too far, it is productive of a wild and beautiful effect. This must have been felt by all those who have heard the music of the 4th chapter, as it is arranged to Latin words by the Rev. Archdeacon Heathcote.

ANALYSIS OF MARTINI'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Continued from vol. 8, p. 317.

DISSERTATION II.

On the Counterpoint in use amongst the Ancients.*

THIS portion of the work opens with the consideration of the question of how far the Greeks are entitled to the honour of the invention of counterpoint? "Those, says the Padre, who desire to be thought inventors, declare that the antients knew nothing of the discovery they have made, whilst in malevolent minds, self love, awakening envy, urges them to deny modern discoveries, and to draw them from the bosom of antiquity." Being actuated, however, by neither of these feelings, the Padre is inclined to agree with those learned professors who yield to the Greeks the knowledge of counterpoint, with this reservation, that their practice did not reach that artificial formation of *consonances*, to which that of modern times has attained. The following passage contains a curious admission, showing the extreme modesty of the Padre with regard to his own knowledge. Several authors, he says, have maintained that the Greeks composed as we do, by the rules of counterpoint, but though their authority is worthy of respect, yet it is singular, that during about eighteen centuries, no one should be found, who in treating of the music of the Greeks, should mention its being ornamented by our counterpoint. "But here, perhaps, I am going too far, and shall lose myself in an unknown sea, *such as the Greek idiom is to me*, and without a sufficient knowledge of which, it is impossible to make use of any thing belonging to the history of this celebrated nation." But the thanks to the modern French, so adventurous in all that regards the knowledge of the Greeks, in the music of every age, and what is much more necessary to the present question, so learned in our modern

* Canto in consonanza, detto volgarmente Contrappunto—Martini, vol. 1, page 168.

system of counterpoint, sufficient means are provided to pursue the enquiry with some degree of certainty.

The Greeks had, at all events, the good fortune to collect or to discover the principles and laws of every science and art, and to give them that form in which they were transmitted to us, and so universally are they acknowledged as skilled in every art, and especially in that of harmony, that few professors have ventured to boast of any invention totally unknown to them. Hence it arose, that at the formation of modern counterpoint, although it was unknown to us (as far as I know) until the eleventh century, there were none found bold enough to assert that it was either known or unknown to the Greeks; it was considered as new to these times, and its invention was left in obscurity. What then could be the motive of *Gaffurius* three or four centuries afterwards, in assigning to the Greeks, not only the knowledge, but the modern practice of counterpoint, it is impossible to say. He quotes as his authority, *Bacchius the elder*, putting into his mouth a definition of counterpoint, without referring to any particular work, so that we are left in doubt as to its authenticity—more particularly, as *Bontempi* confesses he has searched in vain for the quotation in the works of *Bacchius*. But whether *Gaffurius* was deceived by an apocryphal manuscript, was not well versed in Greek, or from whatever cause his assertion arose, he has at all events started the difficult and obscure question, of “whether the Greeks made use of what we call modern counterpoint.” Many have since arisen to embrace the opposite sides of the argument. For the Greeks are the above-mentioned, *Gaffurius*, *Zarlino*, *Doni*, *Vossius*, and the *Padre Zaccaria Teco*; against them, *Glareanus*, *Salinas*, *Bottrigari*, *Artusi*, *Cerone*, *Kleperus*, *Kircher*, *Wallis*, *Bontempi*, and others, whilst *Galileo* has chosen a neutral ground, espousing neither cause. The *Padre*, lamenting the uncertainty arising from this diversity of opinion, passes on to the French writers, whom he apparently considers as having considered considerably aided towards the elucidation of the point in question.

The learned *Abbè Fraguier* grounds his belief that counterpoint was in use amongst the Greeks, on a celebrated passage from *Plato*, further strengthening his position by the authority of *Cicero* and *Macrobius*. He is ably opposed by *M. Burette*, who, denying his interpretation, concludes that the Greeks had advanced no fur-

ther in the science of counterpoint, than the knowledge of the *unison*, *octave*, and *fifth*, allowing them likewise the *third*, referring with M. Perault to the authority of *Athenaeus*, *Horace*, and *Plutarch*, and with the Abbé de Chateauneuf, to a passage in *Ptolomeus*; but the celebrated Padres Bougeant and Cerceau will not allow them so much.

The Padre, again adverting to his ignorance of the Greek language, is not however afraid of engaging in the controversy, under the powerful aid of the French writers, who have so laboriously and successfully examined and propounded the text of the Greek authors; accordingly, he commences by allowing to the Greeks to have received as real consonances, the *octave*, *fourth*, and *fifth*, and with M. Burette, the *third* also. Before proceeding any further, the Padre, observing on the necessity of a clear understanding of terms in all controversies, wishes first to illustrate the exact meaning of the word counterpoint.

Many and various have been the definitions given to this word, which, however, all tend to determine that counterpoint is the art of so disposing different *melodious*, and at the same time *harmonious* parts, as to form an agreeable whole. In fact, taken in a more general sense, it is the art of forming that species of music which we call *harmony*, and which is distinguished from *melody*, by the latter making one air only pleasing, whilst the former unites several airs agreeably, and differing from each other, as a whole differs from its component parts.

The two words *melody* and *harmony*, amongst the various changes to which music has been subjected, have in modern times changed their signification. With the antients, harmony denoted the proportion of sounds disposed in a single series, and *melody* signified the union of declamation and music, and rhythm, that is to say, a perfect song. The moderns call *melody*, that, which by the antients was termed *harmony*, applying this latter term to our present system of counterpoint—that is, it signifies the contemporaneous agreement of different melodies. As for the Greeks, they were not deprived of concord or agreement in their harmonic parts; two amongst their concords, besides the *unison*, moved together in the same melody, either in *octaves*, *fifths*, or *fourths*, both in vocal or instrumental music, and this was doubtless called a *symphony*: nor was it necessary that this series should be un-

broken—the intervals might be taken alternately, and the parts also doubled, in order to render the symphony more varied and agreeable. This alone is sufficient to show how far removed the antients really were from comprehending modern counterpoint, as well as the method of expressing musical notes or characters. In order to express notes, says the Padre Mersennus, the antients made use of the letters of the alphabet, especially the Greeks, which custom was also followed by their scholars, the Romans, who even retained the Greek letters. St. Gregory did nothing more than substitute seven Latin letters for the Greek characters, which were repeated as often as requisite; capital letters being used for a *grave*, and small letters for an *acute* series of sounds. Guido Aretinus confirms this order in the *Micrologus*, and he quotes examples of the use of letters as musical characters, before the invention of the staff; the melody of a piece of music being indicated by the letters which distinguished the notes of which it was composed, being merely placed over each syllable of the words, and made to rise or fall so as to denote the distances to be struck; examples of this are printed with illustrations.

Even after the invention of the musical lines or staff, the use of letters was not discontinued, but they were introduced into the lines and spaces, in the same manner in which notes are now used; here also he cites examples and illustrations.

At length *Franchino Gaffurius** changed the letters into the syllables *Ut, Re, Mi, La, Sol, La*, to be used in the same manner. Letters were afterward entirely superseded by *dots*, at first simple, afterwards with *tails*, sometimes alone, sometimes united, and sometimes crooked, with or without lines, and these lines not limited to any certain number. He gives examples of the progression of these dots, from the unmethodized system in which they were first used, to the settled and comprehensible form which they afterwards assumed in the *canto fermo* and *canto figurato*, where a variety of form was given them in order to ascertain the musical value of sounds; and thus the different harmonical characters were established, without which there could be no complete system of counterpoint. The Padre proceeds to give a

* This is a singular circumstance that the Padre should attribute to *Gaffurius* the invention, which is by almost all others given to *Guido Aretinus*.

very simple but clear explanation of the present musical character of the position and value of notes, and thus distinguishes, with examples, three different species of counterpoint.

The contraposition of notes or sounds, moving on contemporaneously, so expressed by their position and figure, is what constitutes musical counterpoint, formed of several classes, or parts, all moving at once, though in different harmonies. If in these parts the position, and not the value of the notes, alone changes, and the change takes place in each part at the same time, the counterpoint is of the simplest kind,* a nothing more than agreeable example. In the next species of counterpoint the position and value of the notes both change, in every part, but with this condition, that the change takes place in each at the same place. In the example of the third kind, which is the present system of counterpoint, the changes are made at different times, and in different parts, both in the position and value of the notes, and together with the use of discords, which are excluded entirely from the other kinds of counterpoint, give to this last the greatest perfection; nor does it draw its highest beauty from the multiplicity and variety of its parts, but from the circumstance that each separate part is in itself an agreeable melody, and yet unites so well with the rest, that a beautiful harmony is the result of the combination.

It will be easily perceived of how much use to counterpoint are the forms or figures of notes, without which it could boast of no grace or perfection, but would possess at most the merit of simplicity, which would not save them from insipidity. Of this kind most probably was the counterpoint in use until the eleventh century, when the present musical characters were first used, for what other species could be formed by those masters of our art, who had no other means for expressing their ideas than dots, which could merely indicate the notes themselves, and their variations of position, with nothing further.

What has been said with regard to the *dots* in use before the above-mentioned century, applies equally to the letters of the alphabet adopted by the antients, and at the same time borrowed by the Greeks; which letters, if they had besides merely indi-

* Semplice, semplicissimo.

cating the notes, served to point out the value of the same, would have been further distinguished by some other marks, and yet in the specimens which have come down to us, no such marks appear. The specimens which we possess, consist partly of such as contain the series notes that compose the elements of every Greek key or mode, and partly of some reliques of Grecian composition. In both instances the notes are expressed in two lines, the upper being appropriated to the vocal part, and the lower to the instrumental, every *note* being expressed by a *letter*, either entire or broken. If we may depend on the authorities we possess, all songs were composed in this manner, the same note being always indicated by the same letter, in whatever key it might occur. Here follow examples of the elementary series of Greek notes, and of a cantilena in the lyric mode. The Padre continues to enlarge for some little way on the singular fact, that if the Greeks possessed any marks or cyphers to express the value of notes (without which there can be no real counterpoint), it is strange they should not have occurred in the specimens that remain. Mons. Burette thinks that probably the various position of letters might have determined the value of notes, in the same way that they determine the diversity of accent in words, which would however be by far too limited to produce a perfect counterpoint.

But every controversy should be conducted with liberality. Supposing the Greeks to have had some knowledge of the value of notes, and in the science of counterpoint, what else could it have been than the mere accent supposed to have been given from the various position of notes, making some of rather a longer duration than others? The Greek accents were of two kinds, principals and accessories. The former were three, *acute*, *grave*, and *circumflex*, composed of the other two, the difference between these two consisting in the *intensity* or *remission* of the vowels in pronunciation.

The accessories were many, amongst them were two of the greatest importance were the *diastolus* and the *sistolus*, the former making the vowel long, and the latter short, so that in the utterance of the vowels two short ones should exactly equal one long. These are the only authenticated vestiges of all the figures to express the value of notes that can be ceded to the Greeks, and

could only be supposed to allow merely that whilst one voice or instrument was performing one long note, another might be singing or playing two short ones. But in such an imperfect system of counterpoint it is impossible that any pleasure should have been produced that was not unmarked by insipidity, when even in our own counterpoint, although so varied, the frequent repetition of a particular passage becomes tiresome; nor can it be said that in such poverty of figures to ascertain the value of notes, the well-regulated distribution of the discords should be sufficient to impart the same perfection to the Greek counterpoint as appertains to ours.

The Greek scale contained, like ours, seven degrees, consisting of the *key note, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and octave*, and they likewise divided, like ours, into concords and discords. After premising thus much, the Padre explains with his usual precision, the preparation and resolution of discords, either simple or by suspension, with examples. Usually these discords are interspersed throughout a composition, so that you pass from a concord to a discord, but sometimes this arrangement is altered, and two discords are placed together; such instances, however, rarely occur, as the frequency would disturb the smoothness of music, and thence destroy the beauty of harmony. To this (i.e. beautiful harmony) must the Greeks have principally aspired in their music, who were so much above all other nations in their care to avoid everything like harshness to the ear, particularly in *concerted pieces*,* where from the number of parts it would be more apparent, as will appear from the following example,† where besides the discords, formed between one of the superior parts, and the base, there is one also between two of the other parts.—The point to be ascertained, however, is how the Greeks, so universally famed for delicacy of ear and fine music, avoided the differences which exist in the scale, in a succession of notes, or how, when they quitted a progressive series, those same discords were resolved. The Padre considers that he may have leaned too much towards those who are willing to allow the Greeks the power of writing in parts, by conceding to them some peculiarly convenient musical characters, some use of the discords, some

* I concerti.

† Page 223.

species of resolution, in fact a sort of simple counterpoint. It is now time, he says, to confine ourselves behind the bars of modern counterpoint, as that which we believe to have been entirely unknown to the ancients. In fact it was impossible to them, if at least those monuments speak truly that bear the proportions of their harmonic intervals.

Their favourers ought, however, to be acquainted with this our liberality, were it only to observe how many difficulties and inconveniences would still pervade the scanty counterpoint which we could allow them when applied to their established intervals, so totally opposite to the science now introduced with the *sistema partecipato*, which is now the regulator of counterpoint.

The intervals of our present system of harmony (excepting the octave) differ about a *comma*, more or less from those of the Greek. The Padre, in order to proceed with his usual minuteness of detail, gives examples of the two Greek systems:—1st, the *perfect disjunctive* of fifteen strings, which consisted of four tetrachords, two *grave* and two *acute*, divided by one tone; 2dly, the *perfect conjunctive* of eighteen strings, consisting of five tetrachords, the third being the tetrachord of conjunction, which gives its name to the system. The strings* here mentioned it may be right to state, were the ancient names applied to the *intervals* of the scale.

These intervals consisted of *consonant* and *dissonant*—the former being thus reckoned, fourth, fifth, and octave, with their repetitions, the eleventh, twelfth, and fifteenth. The octave, however, which comprises all musical intervals, from being composed of a fourth and a fifth, from the different situations of these intervals with respect to the *fundamental note*, has given rise to the two famous divisions of it, the *harmonic* and *arithmetic*—that is to say, if there was in any composition a progression from the fundamental note to the *fourth*, it was called by the latter term; but if the progression was from the tonic to the *fifth*, it would be distinguished by the former, from the complete satisfaction it gives to the ear: likewise, the same terms are applied if in the division of a regular octave, the first part consists of the fourth, when it is arithmetic—when of the fifth, it is harmonic.

Now, turning to the dissonances, it is certain that in the octave

* Corde.

there are not only several, but there are likewise many that are changeable, according to the variety of the Greek genera—for example, the third, fourth, sixth, seventh, and ninth, with their repetitions. These dissonances were all to be found in the two fourths, with their intermediate tone, which form the octave, and the diatonic fourth, as being consequently the foundation of the octave, is the first point of discussion with the Padre. The three different positions in which the semitone is to be found in the *fourth*, gives rise to a digression on the nature and arithmetical proportions of the semitone, which were so minutely considered by the Greeks, as to cause them to distinguish six different kinds; the difference, however, between the two principal divisions of major and minor, the Padre states to be a modern *comma*. Of whole tones, the ancients acknowledged five kinds; the grand division is, however, the major and minor, differing like the semitone about a comma. These are the elements of which the fourth is composed; but the third, which is also to be found in it, may, when major, be formed in three different ways, and when minor, in five, by the different combination of the various kinds of tones and semitones.

Such various combinations will not serve to ensure that perfection which is necessary to the *consonance* of the third. The division of the fifth (perfect) serves, however, as a guide to this exactness, being composed of a major and minor third—the former bearing a proportion of six to five, and the latter of five to four, which gives us an arithmetical proportion, carrying the major towards the acute, the minor towards the grave; from this we may pass easily to the well-known harmonical combination, which produces the same two thirds reversed—that is, the minor towards the acute, the major towards the grave. Any other combination in the formation of the fifth departed from the proper degree of exactness: such however were used in ancient harmony, especially if it proceeded by degrees, though not in concerted pieces.

The division of the sixth is next considered, which being composed of a fourth and third, the perfection of it depends on the proper proportion of this latter, whether it be major or minor: the arithmetical proportions should be, of the major as three to five, of the minor as five to eight. The Padre then points out the difference between the ancient and modern seventh, which consists in the tritone. With the ancients it consisted of three major tones,

with the moderns it has two major with a minor between. Having considered tones and semitones as the elements of other intervals, the Padre now proceeds to look at them more closely, and to examine them by themselves, giving a sketch of their nature, cultivation, and improvement. The tone is composed of two parts, which may be produced on two different strings; and according to the laws of Acoustics, these two sounds depend for their agreement on the *length* of the two strings alone, provided they be of the same material and size. To form the major tone we must have two strings, the one divided into nine equal parts, the other into eight; if these be struck together they will produce two sounds between, which is the interval called a major tone: in the same way, two strings divided into nine and ten equal parts will produce two sounds, between which is the interval of a minor tone. From this circumstance the proportions of different tones are derived. Thus, that of major is nine to eight—of the minor ten to nine. But as it was necessary to have some exact measure for the extension of sound which formed these intervals, by which to reckon the proportions of all others, the difference between the major and minor semitone was called a *comma*—that is to say, a *part* of the interval, which is composed of *commas*. The proportions of this measure have been altered by the many who have since added to the number and variety of intervals, but it still retains its original name.

The more primitive Greeks, and to our knowledge the first regulators of music, had only one kind of tone, two of which, with a minor semitone, composed the tetrachord; the major semitone being of no further use to them than as making part of the whole tone. Didimus, who was desirous of giving variety to their harmony, increased the measure of the minor semitone in the tetrachord, and then, in order to retain the immutable dimensions of the fourth, it was necessary to diminish the extent of the tone, by reducing it to a minor tone; thus not only were the number of intervals increased by the introduction of another species of tone, but the most ancient, as the largest, became distinguished by the name of major, the measure of which remained as before, about nine commas, five appertaining to its major half, and four to its minor. The measure of the minor tone introduced by Didimus was about eight commas, divided into

two semitones of unequal measures. These two tones remained in use till the time of *Porphyrius*, and they then suffered in conjunction with all other sciences; the minor tone fell into disuse, and remained unknown for ten centuries. It was restored by *Valla*, *Gaffurius* and others, and was at length permanently established by *Zogliano*, *Galileo*, *Zarlino*, and *Salinas*, whose works display it in its original measure of eight commas, and bearing the same proportion to the major tone.

Although there is little or no difference in our measurement by commas and that of the Greeks, yet in the extent of these intervals themselves we differ from them. The variance, though not great, is sufficient to influence in some measure the exactness of the tone, which is no longer rigorously within its just and proper limits, though we cannot compute the fractions. Yet we neither can nor ought to go further, for the fact is that these fractions would carry the major tone, not so far as the nine Greek commas, and beyond the nine modern. Not that the length of the tone itself is changed, but the parts of which it is composed are differently subdivided. This exposition is followed by examples.

The Padre then observes on some doubts having been expressed as to the ear being really sensible to the commas, but this must be the case beyond a doubt, as the difference of one comma will destroy the justness of any concord; at the same time it is not possible to the human voice to sing a more minute interval than the *diesis* or *quarter tone*, which is equal to about two commas, and if when two people are singing in unison one of them should fail in tune less than this *diesis* the ear will not discover it, although if it fail the slightest particle more it is offended instantly.

Moreover the three natural consonances by the variation of a comma become immediately discordant. The octave, composed of seven major tones, would if it failed in one comma, become imperfect, and the same effect would be produced with regard to the fifth and fourth. It cannot therefore be doubted that the ear is sensible to the interval of a comma, nor does the incapability of the human voice to sing a smaller interval than the *diesis*, consisting of rather more than two commas, stand as any objection against this fact, for as the Padre justly observes, the difference exists in the different formation of two organs; many minute appearances on the surface of bodies are apparent to the eye,

which are not in the least so to the touch, and in the same manner sounds are perceptible to the ear, which cannot be formed by the voice. Another proof of the sensibility of the ear to the comma is to be found in the temperament of instruments, which can only be determined in fact by the proportions formed by these very commas, although it is now determined more by practice than theory. The Padre quotes the names of many learned theorists who support his argument; Zarlino is the principal. Aristotle, though partially opposed to him, is nevertheless with him in reality when he says, "The voice cannot distinctly proffer a smaller interval than the diesis or quarter tone, nor the ear determine a smaller one" so *perfectly* as to decide whether it be a greater or less interval. To this rational decision the Padre agrees, allowing that although the ear would detect the deviation of a comma from the pitch, yet it would assuredly be unable to determine the exact proportion which it bore, and thus he dismisses the question.

The modern contrapuntists consider their *fourth*, *fifth*, and *octave*, as *perfect consonances*, but strictly speaking, the *octave* is the only one of the three that really is so, although the deviation of the two others from the original intervals of the same name is so slight, as to be scarcely perceptible, and to give good reason for their being considered as perfect; the *fourth*, however, is somewhat uncivilly treated by the theorists of the present day. If, in a succession of notes, it be nearest the octave—that is to say, if it ascend to the octave, it is consonant—if on the contrary it descend to the tonic it is discordant, whilst if it be combined with the fifth, it requires the treatment of the discord—that is to say, preparation and resolution. The Padre produces authorities to prove, that it was accepted as a concord by the Greeks, and agrees with several learned authors, that the fourth being considered as a discord, arises merely from a difference in terms, and that it is in fact only the *least agreeable* or *perfect* of all concords. In the same manner he quotes several examples to prove the discord produced by the octave and fifth, sometimes by means of syncopation. The Padre proceeds to give a mathematical analysis of the octave and its divisions, with examples, and of the improvements in its formation of Didimus and Ptolomeus, with a repetition of the definition of counterpoint, given at page 174. In this it appears, that the intervals

which are the *elements* of counterpoint, have not the same *mutual relations* in melody as they have in harmony ; and these relations the Padre distinguishes by the terms, *melodic* and *harmonic* : this latter embraces in modern counterpoint, *seconds, thirds, sixths, major and minor sevenths, the major fourth, and imperfect fifth*—intervals for the most part unknown to the Greeks. Such, and so many different intervals it is true, increase in modern counterpoint the variety which is necessary to agreeable music, whilst at the same time they serve to prevent the disorder which would inevitably ensue, if the exact harmonic relations were not preserved between the intervals in concerted music ; beside that they give room for those resolutions which take from the harshness of discords, and give such delightful variety to composition. Besides these advantages, we must not forget the different emotions that it is in the power of modern music to awaken. The tender, melancholy, and compassionate feelings that are alive to the minor mode, and the vivacious light and fiercer passions that are awakened by the major—to obtain this variety and this power of the mind, what means were pursued by the Greeks ? We have seen that their system consisted of five tetrachords, in a determined series, which tetrachords were composed of intervals also in a certain series : the *acute* and *grave* constituted the variety of keys and modes—the different succession of the intervals in the tetrachords formed the three celebrated *genera*, which were divided into different kinds by the fixed and moveable intervals. These varieties were the elements from which the Greeks formed the beauties of their music, by passing from system to system, key to key, and genera to genera. With such changes as these, our modern music is plentifully supplied ; the principal charm of the Greek music must have lain merely in their melodic relations, for they could not have possessed in any degree of perfection the symphony or concerted music, which is founded upon the harmonic relation of intervals and cotemporary parts ; and their changes from system to system and key to key, were effected by means that were ungrateful to the ear ; whence it is certain, that if the Greeks excelled us in purity and richness of melody, they did not equal us in harmony, to which our perfect system of counterpoint has imparted a beauty and variety, that can alone give it value ; for it must be remembered, that the Greek systems and genera, on which all their variety depended, con-

sisted merely of different intervals; and how have these been multiplied in modern days?

The Padre now proceeds to examine the systems of the different Greek theorists, in order to point out those intervals which have been discarded from modern harmony; and this he does by taking, as a standard, the *syntone* of Ptolomeus, which approaches the nearest to our present system, and comparing with it those of the other Greek masters: that of Ptolomeus, however, being deficient by one comma in the *minor third*, and having one too much in the *major sixth*. Next follows a list of the intervals which have been since introduced in modern music, with a comparison of the modern *tone* and *semitone* with the antient; and the Padre admits, that although these intervals are not so theoretically perfect as the antient, yet they are practically agreeable to the ear. Here are introduced tables shewing the state of the modern scale or octave, considered with regard to its mathematical proportions, by *Lemme Rossi*. Are all these innumerable intervals indispensable to counterpoint, asks the Padre? Variety is the source from which all beauty in music springs. Why did *Didimus* diminish the first tone of the tetrachord and *Ptolomeus* the second, but to produce this variety *Zarlino*, *Cerone*, *Kleper*, and *Mersennus*, are quoted to prove that the intervals are necessary.* The most decisive proof of the use of these intervals is however to be found in compositions in many parts; for as the beauty of such a composition depends on its *harmonic relations*, the more intervals there are, the more variety may be imparted to these relations. The superiority of the modern change of key, or system of modulation, is next considered, which of course is another benefit arising from our number of intervals. The modern accompaniment of the scale is then explained, the generation of its intervals, and the union of the chromatic and diatonic modes, from which three sources springs all the beauty and variety of modern counterpoint, and inasmuch it excels that of the ancients, to whom these sources were concealed. The dissertation concludes with the praises of the Padre, bestowed on the industry of modern contrapuntists, who have worked these changes in harmony, and added also to its perfection, by the formation of the time-table, and the improvement of musical characters.

* Page 321.

DINNER TO MR. CLEMENTI.

IF the maxim, *Laudari a laudato*, be possessed of the force, which has by common consent been attributed to it—if the estimation that is the most valuable is to be drawn from the acknowledgments of those who are the most eminently skilled in the same or in kindred pursuits, and if nothing be so difficult to attach as the homage and the regard of contemporary artists, no one has ever received a more cordial, more brilliant, or more enduring testimony of such homage and regard than this eminent person in the celebration we are now to record. There have been occasions when the age and standing of meritorious individuals have claimed similar marks of respect—in other cases superior merit has extorted such attentions—and again, personal qualities have conciliated the just expression of similar sentiments, but in the case before us all these accessories have united to originate the unsought declaration of commingled sentiments of admiration and of friendship, from a more numerous and more elevated band of admirers than any living professor of liberal art has ever before won—in this country at least.

We have no more information concerning the origin of this flattering yet faithful testimony to the merits of the individual so distinguished by talents and so dignified by years, than that Mr. Cramer, Mr. Moscheles, and some others of the best judges and of the oldest admirers of Clementi, were deeply impressed with the desire of signalizing their veneration for a master from whom they had derived so much, and not less with the propriety of invoking the general accordance of their brother professors in some public testimony of the common feeling. After some consultation, it was deemed most expedient to invite Mr. Clementi to a dinner, to be given in honour of his name. A committee was appointed—the 17th of December, 1827, was named for the day, when a party assembled at the Albion Hotel, which comprehended nearly all the greatest names connected with the musical profession in London. Sir George Smart was

placed in the chair, and Messrs. Horsley and Collard were his vice-presidents.

All the circumstances of the day were of course devoted to the leading object, and it would be a needless compliment to the well-known tact and ability of the chairman to add more, than that with a judgment and quickness that have no superior, he contrived to call forth and direct the great powers surrendered to his guidance with as much skill in the manner as satisfaction to the large party assembled. After the health of the King, the first demonstration was the announcement that Mr. Cramer would sit down to the piano forte, and with equal good taste and good feeling he chose Clementi's celebrated opera 2—a production which has now been before the world half a century, and which was the source of the new and the greatest and best style of writing for the instrument. Mr. Cramer received the rapturous applauses he had well earned.

The health of Mr. Clementi was then given by Sir George, who, after a short review of his public and private life, made himself the organ of the respect of all those around him, and expressed their veneration for the artist and their regard for the man in sensible and just terms. The feelings of Mr. Clementi can be better imagined than described; but he spoke with deep emotion, and concluded by the declaration "I consider this to be the proudest day of my long life." A glee, written for the occasion by Mr. W. F. Collard, the music by Mr. Bishop, was then sung—the words were these :

GLEE.

O for the harp whose strings of gold
Were struck by Music's god of old !
O for the voices all inspired
Divinely to its strains that quired !
For now we raise the song to thee
Great patriarch of minstrelsy.

Hail, glory of the art divine !
Whose boldness seiz'd Apollo's flame,
And with a pow'r was only thine
Made budding genius blossom fame !

Not time that toils to bury all
Shall cast his mantle dark on thee,
Thy name and works shall never fall
Till music's self shall cease to be.

The health of Mr. Cramer followed, and was received with acclamation. Mr. Moscheles then played Clementi's sonata dedicated to Kalkbrenner; and his health being given, in returning thanks, he was happy, he said, to acknowledge himself a disciple of the great master in whose honour they were met.

Mr. Braham sung "*The Year that's awa*," with the following additional stanza written by Mr. Parry.

"Here's to CLEMENTI, whose fame
Sheds a halo of light round us a',
Long, long may he live and look back with delight
On the days o' the years pass'd awa'."

Mr. C. Potter played a capriccio of Clementi's, and Messrs. Cramer and Moscheles his duet in E flat, op. 14. The consummate skill which could confer the only title to be heard in an assembly of such judgment, supersedes all commendation. After a beautiful glee, the composition of Mr. Attwood, the chairman gave "the immortal memory of Handel," and announced that "the father of the piano forte" had consented just to touch the instrument, to which he was led by the chairman, Messrs. Cramer and Moscheles.

A very long period, probably not less than twenty-five years have elapsed, since this, the greatest player of his time, has been heard even by his nearest friends, while but a very few of those present had ever heard him at all. Expectation was therefore at its very pitch. He chose a fine subject from Handel's first organ concerto, upon which he extemporised. The science, the manner, the occasion, and the personal qualities of the artist, all conspired to raise such a series of strong and contrasted emotions in the hearers, that to know could only be to feel them. Years seemed to have diminished none of his energies, and at the conclusion every one present was eager to convey and to share some token of gratulation. To Mr. Clementi these greetings were all but overpowering.

The chairman next requested Mr. Parry to sing some stanzas he had written for the day, which he did, to the air of "Fly not yet."

Around the festive board we meet
Our Master, Father, Friend, to greet ;
Though gliding down the vale of years,
His muse can still delight our ears,
And raise our spirits high !

To him the sons of science owe
More thanks than they can e'er bestow ;
His master hand, with skilful art,
Inspires the soul and charms the heart.

Fill high ! fill high !
And let the goblet gaily pass ;
To him be pledg'd each sparkling glass,
Whose fame will never die !

Chorus—Fill high, &c.

APOLLO and the Muses smile
To see the sons of Britain's Isle
Their homage thus to talent pay,
And signs of true regard display ;
While joy lights every eye.

Though born in great Imperial Rome,
England is now CLEMENTI's home.
As honour'd all his life has been
Oh ! be its Coda* as serene !

Fill high ! fill high !
And let the goblet gaily pass ;
To him be pledg'd each sparkling glass
Whose name will never die.

Chorus—Fill high, &c.

The health of the chairman was given by Mr. Braham, who spoke justly of Sir George Smart, yet with the ardour of professional respect and the warmth of personal friendship. Messrs. Braham, Terrail, Clifton, Blewitt, and others enlivened the evening with songs, and about eleven o'clock Mr. Clementi left the room, followed by his friends of the committee; and thus closed the day.

* The final close of a piece of music.

A commemoration so spontaneously and so generally taken up by the eminent in art, is indeed an honour; and we run no risk of the charge of adulation in saying it has been nobly earned, for there is not a man in existence whose deserts are so readily, so universally, so respectfully admitted. Nor is the object of this regard distinguished as a musician alone; his mind is deeply imbued with classical and various learning. Mr. Clementi has indeed enjoyed the rare fortune not only to reach the highest excellence as a writer and a player, and to give a new character to performance and to composition, but to live long enough to see the fullest efforts of his creative genius acknowledged and developed by persons of the finest talents. Nor is this all the good for which he has to thank his Creator and Preserver—a life of temperance and studious exercise has secured to him the fullest, most active enjoyment of his faculties, at a period when the majority of human beings born at the same time with himself, are mouldered into dust, or just crawling upon the verge of existence; while the variety of his attainments and the elasticity of his mind enable him to luxuriate in his intellectual possessions with far more zest, as well as for a far more protracted period, than is allotted even to the favoured among mankind. Such powers, so employed, exhibit a beautiful and an instructive subject for moral reflection, and for the imitation of young and ardent spirits, and we trust Mr. Clementi will yet live many years to animate all who desire to emulate so excellent an example, and to contribute, if not so largely as he has done, to the stock of mental refinement and of human happiness.

THE MUSIC AT THE WINTER THEATRES.

THE interval which falls between the end of September and the close of the year leaves also a void in musical transactions which is rarely occupied in any considerable degree except by the productions and the performances of the two great theatres—Drury-lane and Covent Garden. There are also causes which sometimes render this portion of the season more than commonly interesting, for it not only forms a period of trial for new singers, but is often enforced by other novelties in the desire the managers naturally feel to render more attractive a time when “the town is empty.” Both these circumstances seem to have operated this year.

The arrangements of Drury-lane for the performance of opera were exceedingly extensive and excellent. Mr. Bishop composes for the theatre. Mr. Braham’s judgment appears to have been much consulted, while Miss Paton, Mrs. W. Geesin, Miss Love, Mrs. Bedford, Miss I. Paton, Miss Grant, and lastly, Madame Feron, constitute a vocal corps of females almost unequalled; amongst the men Mr. Braham is perhaps the only name of real eminence.

The character of *Diana Vernon* was selected for the debut of Miss Grant. This young lady had been a pupil of the Royal Academy, and was after she quitted that school under the instruction of Mr. Crivelli. We have already* mentioned her successful execution of “*Parto ma tu ben mio*,” on the last night of the oratorios, and her representation of the heroine of Sir Walter Scott’s novel appeared not less full of promise. Her voice is of good quality, and of considerable power—her formation of the tone, pure, and her intonation at least as accurate as that of most dramatic singers—her knowledge of the elements of singing highly respectable, and such as to do credit to her instructor. But she is both young and inexperienced, and therefore almost, we may say, of necessity wanting in that capacity of expression which

* Vol. 9, page 90.

splendid natural endowments and maturity of attainment confer, and which are both indispensable to place and keep their possessor in the first rank of vocalists. It will be no matter of wonder, therefore, if this young singer, notwithstanding her admitted talent, should have been thought unequal to sustain the weight of the first business of such a theatre. *The Slave*, in which Mrs. Geesin takes the chief character, *The Lord of the Manor*, in which Miss Love plays *Annette*, *Artaxerxes*, in which Miss Paton appeared, and *Love in a Village* were given during the months of October and November. Such a succession of musical pieces in so short a time has very rarely been brought forward. Miss Paton, however, had not sufficiently recovered her severe indisposition to bear up against continued labour, and Mrs. Glossop, who is announced under the name of Madame Feron, arriving from Italy, she was engaged at a salary, reported to be so large in amount* as to stagger belief. Storace's opera—*The Pirates*, with various alterations and additions, was revived for the display of her talent, under the title of *Isidor de Merida*.

It is now something more than sixteen years since Miss Fearon, the then artied pupil of a violin player of the name of Cobham, first came before the public. Her voice was brilliant in its tone, very extensive in compass upward, and of great volume. Her master drew his ideas of vocal art chiefly from the branch he exercised, and cultivated execution principally, and that execution by no means in the best manner. Her talents were certainly somewhat abused in the exertion to which he submitted them, for she was taken round the country, announced with the cognomen of "the English Catalani," and exhibited wherever a few guineas were to be earned. Such a course of training was not likely to confer any real celebrity, and Miss Fearon quitted England for Italy, where she has been for many years, enjoying good instruction, and the advantage of singing in the first theatres, her husband having been joint proprietor with Signor Barbaja, of those of Milan and Naples, and she now returns with all this ripening of practice and experience. Such a singer must of course have excited high anticipations.

* It is said to be no less a sum than forty pounds a night. No wonder that theatrical speculations do not succeed.

Madame Feron is now probably at that middle and best period of life, when all her faculties, vocal and intellectual, might be expected to be found in their fullest vigour, and to demonstrate the maturity of knowledge and exercise, with the energy of youth and the power of sensibility. Her voice, however, but too clearly manifests the injurious tendency of over-exertion: the tone lacks quality—that fullness and that brilliancy, which the Italians denominate *metallo*, or perhaps, more definitely, *purezza argentina*. Madame Feron can sing soft, or she can pour fourth a swelling body of tone; but the intermediate quantity upon which the artist must rely for general use, is not at her command. Her mezzo forte is infirm and tremulous; reminding us of the defect of Signora Bonini, and conveying the notion of the coming on of age. When therefore she attempts sustained, even voicing, (*canto spianato*) she fails entirely, and indeed all her expression is reduced by this, the consequence of the organ having been early over-wrought.

If then possessing a flexibility and compass which have been very rarely attained and perhaps never exceeded, the subject of our remarks thinks proper to cultivate and display to the utmost her facility of execution and her adaptation of ornament, the artist is to be praised for a judicious employment of those powers in which she feels her superiority. In the execution of passages she is excessively light, neat, and volant. She flies with incalculable rapidity and precision of intonation through the most difficult divisions, and sings two octaves of semitones, ascending or descending with the utmost apparent ease and certainty.

Of what may be truly called her style, we have hitherto had little opportunity of judging, for the manner of the Italian and the English stage is so entirely opposite, that it would be unjust to form an opinion from adaptations of the one to the other. Perhaps where the voice refuses to obey the mind as we have described, and where florid execution is necessarily substituted for the higher modes of expression, that true dignity, that command over the passions must necessarily be wanting. It is but just however to state, that we have heard good judges aver Mad. Feron has a fine Italian style, and is seen to greatest advantage as the prima donna of the serious Italian opera. In *Isidor de Merida* (the new title of *the Pirates*) little opportunity was allowed for such a display of ability. In *the Lullaby*, a song

of pure English ballad expressiveness, she failed, both in the conception and the execution, and it was in the *arie d'agilità* alone that she shone. In spite therefore of science, facility, and extensive compass, there was little of the stamp of genuine greatness—nothing of the dignity of Mara, nothing that could at all vie with the brilliancy of Banti, nothing of the beauty of Billington, nothing of the command of Catalani, nothing of the pathos and variety of Pasta. Yet Madame Feron does not appear naturally to want the resources either of intellect, or by education, those of art. The solution of the contradiction between her promise and performance lies in the impossibility she has found of overcoming the injury done to her voice by her first exertions, and therefore with a cleverness that speaks both her ability and her judgment, she has taken the only path left open to her choice, and in which she may perhaps be said to be unrivalled. An English theatre however is not the place where the very highest powers in vocal art can be demonstrated. As an actress she is clever, smart, and easy—as a musician highly cultivated. As an artist she is of the first class, though she fails to move the affections in the degree which characterises the great singer.

The piece has been got up with much splendour and care. Mr. Braham sung with a purity of taste and execution worthy his best days—indeed it should seem that we may congratulate both the artist and the public upon a general change of manner, which has greatly enhanced the pleasure of his audience and the character of his judgment. Several additions by living composers have been made to Storace's music, the most effective of which, and very effective it proves, is a duet written by Mr. Braham, and sung by him and Madame Feron. Nearly all the rest is distinguished from the original and beautiful music by its comparative mediocrity.

Such have been the exertions in the operatic conduct of Drury Lane, while the rival theatre has not been less active in its preparations and its engagements. Sir George Smart being still at the head of the musical department, it appears, directs his attention not alone to the novelties, but to the general excellence and improvement of the music—particularly as regards its performance, which in our English theatres has been and still continues far below the superiority attained in the Italian Opera,

where however it must not be forgotten, music is the capital object of the public amusement.

The first novelty was the debut of Miss Hughes, a pupil of Mr. Watson, the director of the chorus at Covent Garden, who had made a short tour to some of the provincial theatres (Dublin particularly) to try her wing, and confirm it for a bolder flight before a metropolitan audience, which affords probably the only true test of ability—because the habit of judgment is there alone to be formed by the succession of eminent talent, and by the collision and competition kept continually alive by the struggle for precedence. Miss Hughes came to London with the strongest recommendations that a reputation earned by her brief labours in the country could afford—and at her first appearance seemed to justify the high encomiums that had been passed upon her. She possesses a voice of sufficient volume, compass, and flexibility, to have made a singer of high rank, though not we think of the very first class. It is clear in its tone, and pure, and all of one kind. Her course of instruction has been probably directed to form her for the English stage—a course we do not conceive to be the very best that can be imagined, as it is generally conducted. But there is a drawback which it is to be feared proceeds from a want of constitutional strength, and which, though her first efforts promised great success, there is but too much reason to doubt will impede her career. We gather this from her intonation, which has been found to fail in the progress of her exertions. Something of this is attributable perhaps to a want of the firmness attained by the practice of solfeggi, for we observe that in the performance of passages the first note will be in tune and the last—while all the intermediate intervals fail in that nice accuracy which is essential to perfect execution. But there is a general tendency to flatten, which we apprehend can only be accounted for by weakness of the chest, and which ought to caution the fair possessor of so many good qualities against over-exertion. Miss Hughes fails perhaps in expression from this deficiency of force, and from the want of that transmutation of tone to the nature of the passion to be delineated, so beautifully applied by Italian artists of real eminence—Madame Pasta especially. Facility is now so much cultivated and so common, *up to a certain point*—the application of ornament is also so universal, that the use or

the abuse of these qualities has reduced their value to almost nothing. Of that genuine strength which proceeds from powerful intellect exerted upon art, but little is to be perceived in Miss Hughes' singing—perhaps from the unfortunate cause we have named, the failure of constitutional power. She rises therefore above mediocrity, but certainly not to pre-eminence. Competent rest, time and study, may however greatly improve natural qualities in themselves so good. The second character selected for this young lady was *Reiza*, in Weber's *Oberon*, a part, the music of which demands uncommon abilities—but neither in this nor in Mr. Bishop's *Native Land* can she be said to have sustained the place she won in *Artaxerxes*.

Since the days of Storace it has been held and maintained by successful experiments, that the happiest mode of propagating a genuine taste for the lyric drama, is to set before the public the best works of the foreign masters the most esteemed. Time, the unanimous suffrages of the ablest critics, and the universal feeling of all nations by whom his music has been heard, have consecrated the compositions of Mozart. Under this impression Mr. Kramer, the master of the King's celebrated band of wind instruments, and who is himself no less celebrated for the judgment of his adaptations, undertook to employ his leisure in the production of Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, in the shape of an English opera, under the title of *The Seraglio*. Mr. Dimond furnished the dialogue, and this very interesting play was brought out on the 24th of November with all the aids that the most admirable scenery and decorations could confer. We have seldom indeed witnessed so much general excellence. Yet the opera was but coldly received—though it has continued to rise in public estimation ever since its first performance. But this is a subject too momentous to art to be dismissed in this our summary of the representations of the theatre. We reserve the detail then for a separate article upon the opera itself.

Mozart's *Figaro* was soon after revived in its English dress for the introduction of Madame Sala to the stage. This lady has long studied singing, and was already known to the critical audiences of London, by her appearance in some of the best both of the public and private concerts. She had of late enjoyed the benefit of much instruction from Signor Velluti, in whose academy

she had for several months assisted. We can but repeat what we have before said * of Madame Sala's endowments and acquisitions. Her voice is pure and sweet, but it is deficient in that superabundant volume which can alone *tell* in our vast theatres. Her qualities are excellent to the extent they reach, but those decide her place to be in the orchestra and the chamber, where polished style is to be apprehended and valued. The motives which led Madame Sala to this more arduous attempt, we understand to be the most praiseworthy that can influence the human heart, namely, an anxious solicitude to add to the comforts of a very large family, of which, though she is in the very vigour of life, she is the mother. Her taste and her intellect are both of a superior order, but she failed from the mere want of volume of voice. An accidental circumstance, though trivial, led to some embarrassment on the first night of her appearance—Madame Vestris played *Susanna*, and introduced the popular air of "*I've been roaming*." The audience, with very honourable discrimination, resented the admixture of so light a composition amongst Mozart's music, and a disturbance arose exceedingly embarrassing and unfavourable to the debutante. We mention this chiefly for the example it holds out, but also to shew its unfortunate influence upon Madame Sala's exertions.†

The latest introduction of the theatre was Mr. Wood, a tenor singer, the pupil of Mr. T. Phillips, of Dublin. He came out in *Hawthorn*, and subsequently appeared as *Aurelio*, in *Native Land*, during (we believe) the absence of Mr. Sapio. Of all the candidates for public fame we have heard none with so much natural promise since Mr. Sinclair, as Mr. Wood. His voice is extensive

* See Musical Mag. and Rev. vol. 7, page 207.

† There is moreover another anecdote which we have heard and believe to be true, connected with this interpolation, which, as it demonstrates much warmth of heart, we have pleasure in recording. The authorities of the theatre gave Mad. V. notice that they would not again risk the peace of the house by permitting the introduction of the obnoxious ballad. This Mad. V. resented by declaring that no power should induce her again to play the part. Such a resolve was destruction to Mad. Sala's second trial. She accordingly wrote to the fair recusant so pathetically and so forcibly, that Mad. Vestris withdrew her refusal; at the same time, we understand, assuring the proprietors that she would have seen them buried in the ruins of the house before she yielded what she granted to the request of Madame Sala, so eloquently conveyed.

in compass and sufficiently powerful—but these are by no means its richest attributes. The tone itself is touching, and few persons can hear it without being strongly moved by the mere physical pleasure, whilst its adaptation to passages of pathos and tenderness renders it peculiarly worth cultivation. As an artist Mr. Wood* is very, very far from finished, but the soul of music is in him, and we shall be much disappointed if it does not shine out. At present he sings like one who has been taught his lesson, and who dares not venture beyond his very limited instructions, though he seems to feel all he does, and that he could do more, were he not restrained by the fears of inexperience. He is however the more judicious in never attempting what he might fail to effect. He unites his head to his chest-voice easily and well—but his manner is not yet sufficiently formed or decided to allow any fair analysis of his merits. He is to be considered rather with respect to nature than acquirement, and nature has been abundantly liberal to him.

Such have been the arrangements at the two great national theatres for the musical amusement of the public; and we think they may be fairly said to have held in view the advancement of the art, if not to the extent that the musician would desire to see, yet perhaps having regard to practical possibilities as much as could be anticipated. The revival of *The Pirates* (though certainly with no slight mutilations) and of *Il Seraglio*, in a far purer and better state, are calculated to lead on the public taste to the highest models, while the selection of *Native Land* indicates attention to the progression of the times, for Mr. Bishop in this opera has availed himself of many adaptations of the most beautiful and popular modern Italian songs.† Still however

* We have heard that subsequently to his appearance as *Hawthorn*, Mr. Wood's master was called to Dublin, and the pupil left to use his own ability in the part next allotted to him—one certainly not very easy to sustain. We have every reason to believe Mr. Phillips to be an able and a conscientious man, but the practice of binding a scholar by articles, and leaving him to his fate so soon as he is launched (generally with very insufficient instruction) is now so common as to demand some strong notice. We have before explained some of the tricks of this trade, and we again earnestly caution those who may wish to adopt this means of training themselves to public life, to be careful to introduce binding clauses upon the master, by which the pupil may be secured in his attendance and instruction so long as it may be beneficial.

† e. g. "*Aurora che sorgerai*," Rossini, and "*Questo sol*," Zingarelli.

there is much to be desired when the immense distance between the Italian lyric drama and our own is considered—music, singers, orchestra—every thing but the splendour of decoration, upon which so much is lavished, are still vastly below our instructors. And this distance will never be more than slightly decreased, we are convinced, till the jargon of dialogue, and the English theatrical notion of comic singing and comic incident and comic acting—all coarse and generally excessively vulgar—are expelled and replaced by the true lyric-dramatic form of recitative, air, and concerted pieces. How is it possibly consistent, that the same individual (man or woman) should at one moment give utterance to such dialogue, and the next sing with musical expression and precision adequate to gratify the connoisseur? Whoever has seen the true Italian buffo, Pellegrini, Galli, or De Begnis, for instance, will turn with disgust from the gross deformities of the English buffoon—for there is really as much difference between the manner of their acting and singing as between the Italian denomination, which is used in an agreeable sense, and our own, which always bears with it an impression of vulgarity and contempt.

In closing such a record, we cannot however but remark the astonishing dearth of first-rate capacity amongst the singers who emulate the high places. Some years ago, when the process of musical education was neither so well understood, nor so generally prosecuted—at the time when art was not so highly remunerated, and before such characters as Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, and Miss Stephens had appeared to exalt art by the example of virtue, and by the reception of the noble, the affluent, and the polite, at that period we say, a dearth of pre-eminent talent would have afforded no such cause of wonder. But it is to be counted extraordinary, that there should be no rising candidate to fill the places of Miss Stephens, Miss Paton, and Mr. Braham, who have now occupied the public esteem for so long a term of years, that we ought rather to express our gratification that the power has been indulged for such a protracted time, than our regret for the slight apparent diminution of their executive facility and precision. We are fully aware that the advancement of science has made critics, and indeed the public at large, more nice and fastidious, in proportion as the general judgment is improved, and

that for this reason, singers who might have ranked high twenty years ago, would stand but small chance of estimation in the present day. Yet it does seem astonishing that in a period of fifteen years no singer of even comparative eminence should have appeared but Miss Paton; and no tenor approaching nearer to Braham than Messrs. Sinclair and Sapio. At the same time it must not be forgotten, that the artist first-named is in every sense a man of most extraordinary genius, of which his brilliant qualities and his defects are alike evidence.

There is one other fact to which we would point attention, namely, that all the singers who have reached eminence have passed through the Italian school. Mr. Braham was the pupil of Rauzzini, and sung upon the Italian stages, if not absolutely before he came out in England, yet he was transferred so soon after that his initiation and the formation of his style may be alike traced to that source.—Miss Stephens, the most genuine English singer we have, or that perhaps ever existed, was trained by Mr. Lanza.—Miss Paton, if we be not misinformed, owes her later, better progress to Italian instruction and Italian taste,* though in her Italian singing not much of the *gusto* can be said to be audible, so completely has it been absorbed and neutralized by the practice of English. But Madame Feron presents the most curious and complete example, for after a residence of many years upon the Continent, surrounded by all that can change and denaturalize the mind and the habits—after performing continually upon the Italian stage in Italy, and of course giving herself up entirely to Italian feeling, and conforming herself to Italian manner, she returns to England, and at once takes a supreme place upon the English boards without any trace of foreign acquisition that disturbs even the prejudices of a native and mixed audience.†

* Nothing is so creditable to this lady as the admitted fact that her early education in singing was very chance-medly and erroneous. She has attained very great general elevation, and sings with a high approach to the highest excellence, but whatever pitch she has reached, she owes it, we are persuaded from intrinsic marks, to her superior intellect and industry. The circumstance alluded to in the text is the belief, that to Mr. Pio Cianchettini and to Signor Vercellini, Miss Paton is indebted for a good deal of direction within the last few years of her successful career.

† We do not consider the imitative *who—oo—oop* with which John Bull, in the galleries, sometimes follows her passages of semitones, to afford any

The inference we draw from this fact is, that besides the technical excellence of the mode of forming the voice, which the Italian method contemplates, there is in the stronger and more impassioned expression, that which enables any one who has studied the style, to turn to any, even a purer and plainer manner, with superior advantage. And though the first lines of true passion must ever reside in the natural sensibility, yet it is obviously demonstrated that the cultivation of the more ardent manner, of that manner in short which gives a loose to the strongest display of feeling, is most likely to produce the end desired by all singers—to move their hearers. And further, since we are persuaded that the original cause is seated not more in the temperament of the Italian constitution than in the fact of their musical education being always conducted with a view to its dramatic application, so the introduction of legitimate opera to the English stage would be the most likely method to attain the eminence in vocal art we so much envy and so strongly desire to see attained by our own countrymen.

contradiction to our statement. Science has not yet rendered John insensible to the ridiculous, however difficult in execution.

THE CONCERT AT GUILDHALL FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ITALIAN & SPANISH REFUGEES,

FEB. 13, 1828.

A Celebration so noble as this concert presented must not be suffered to pass without an especial record—for whether the benevolence of the object, the patronage by which it was supported, the alacrity and good-will with which it was taken up by the musical profession, the excellence of the selection or the superiority of the performance, be considered, it is alike entitled to the highest commendation. We cannot put the case in better terms than it has been stated by the Editor of the *New Times* newspaper, who thus prefaces his narrative of the morning:—

“There is something which makes an Englishman proud of his country, in the knowledge that even his amusements are made the channel by which blessings are to be distributed to those who are in distress—exiles in *distress*; and that the great, the learned, and the highly gifted, are found so generally willing and anxious to contribute towards the success of an effort so honourable and so humane. The list of patrons and patronesses, on this occasion, contains the names of a number of individuals, from the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Wellington down—equally distinguished by high rank and by long-continued exertions in the cause of suffering humanity, and it is a fact which ought to be recorded to the honour of the parties, that the professional aid was gratuitous. When it is known that no less than two hundred persons* thus gave their labour and attendance, we may be permitted to allude to the circumstances in terms of no ordinary praise. To them and to their generosity the Refugees of Spain and Italy will be indebted for much of the comfort they can during the next few months obtain, and the recollection of so noble an occurrence will no doubt lessen the feelings of melancholy reluctance with which assistance will be received.”

Sir George Smart was the conductor, and Mr. Edward Taylor, who acted in the capacity of secretary to the committee of management, we believe, assisted Sir George in the execution of all the arrangements, which were so well digested that the performance was in every respect, perfect. The avenues to the Hall, notwith-

* We suspect this was a mistake. Some of the instrumental band and chorus were paid, for which there is abundant reason, without reproach to the individuals.

standing the press which double lines of carriages, extending through a considerable part of Cheapside, superadded to that scene of daily throng and business, were commodiously accessible to the parties incessantly arriving from half-past ten in the morning, when the doors were first opened. The Hall itself was made warm in its temperature and comfortable in its accommodations, and the facility of entrance complete by the attendance and courtesy of the committee, who acted as stewards. A space for the patrons was portioned off in front of the orchestra—the whole area floored, matted and fitted up—the benches were covered with crimson cloth—the orchestra being placed at the East end. The building itself—a large gothic hall of one aisle, without an interrupting column—was peculiarly adapted both for the music and the spectacle, which perhaps has only been surpassed in York Minster and St. Andrew's Hall at Norwich, upon the occasions of the festivals there held. We subjoin the bill, which presents in every respect a model of fine taste and judicious arrangement :

PART I.

A Selection from Handel's Sacred Oratorio, The Messiah, with additional Accompaniments by Mozart.

Overture.

Recit. and Air—Mr. Braham, "Comfort ye my people."

Chorus—"And the glory of the Lord."

Recit. and Air, Miss Wilkinson; and Chorus—"O thou that tellest."

Air, Miss Paton—"Rejoice greatly."

Chorus—"For unto us a child is born."

Recit. and Air, Mr. Phillips—"The trumpet shall sound." Trumpet Obligato—Mr. Harper.

Grand Chorus—"Hallelujah."

Air, Miss Bacon—"Holy holy Lord." (Redemption).

Handel.

Luther's Hymn, Mr. Braham, accompanied on the Organ by Sir George Smart; Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Harper.

Duet, Mr. Horncastle and Mr. E. Taylor—"Here shall soft charity repair."

Boyce.

Anthem—"I was glad;" composed expressly for and performed at the Coronation of His Majesty.

Attwood.

From Haydn's Sacred Oratorio, The Creation:

Recit. accompanied, Mr. Braham—"In splendour bright."

Trio, Miss Bacon, Mr. Braham, and Mr. E. Taylor; and

Grand Chorus—"The heavens are telling the glory of God."

PART II.

Grand Overture to "Der Freischutz."

C. M. von Weber.

Glee, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Horncastle, Mr. E.

Taylor, and Mr. Phillips—"When winds breathe soft."

Webbe.

Aria con Coro, Madame Feron—"Porgi la destra amata." (Mose in Egitto).	Rossini.
Recit. e Duetto (first time of performance), Madame Pasta and Signor Curioni—"Presso un ruscello." Harp Obligato, Mr. Chipp. (La Pastorella Feudatoria).	Vaccai.
Cantata, Mr. Braham—"Alexis;" accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. Lindley.	Pepusch. Rossini.
Aria, Mademoiselle Brambilla—"Alma Rea." (Sigismondo).	Nicholson.
Fantasia Flute, Mr. Nicholson.	
Terzetto, Madame Feron, Mademoiselle Brambilla, and Signor Curioni—"Cruda sorte." (Ricciardo e Zoraide).	Rossini.
Scena, Mr. Phillips—"Angel of life." Bassoon Obligato, Mr. Mackintosh.	Calcott.
Duetto, Miss Bacon and Signor Pellegrini—"Qual torbido aspetto." (Torvaldo e Dorliska).	Rossini.
Aria, Madame Pasta—"Il soave e bel contento." (Didone Abbandonata).*	Pacini.
Sestetto, Miss Bacon, Mademoiselle Brambilla, Miss Wilkinson, Signor Curioni, Mr. E. Taylor, and Signor Pellegrini—"Alla bella Despinetta." (Cosi fan tutte.)	Mozart.
Finale—Verse by the principal Singers; and Chorus, "God save the King."	

Upon the manner of a performance supported by talents so well tried we can have little to observe. The very prominent part allotted to Mr. Braham was sustained with all his extraordinary power, and of course the greatest share of applause lighted upon his exertions. *Luther's Hymn* was encored. The public approbation was extended in the next degrees to Miss Paton, Madame Pasta, Miss Bacon, and Miss Wilkinson; the other vocalists enjoying a pretty equal distribution. Mr. Lindley† and Mr.

* For this song Mad. Pasta substituted "*Ombra Adorata*."

† It is amusing enough to read the remarks dignified with the high-sounding title of "criticism," in the daily journals. One of the morning papers contained the following specimen of musical knowledge. Speaking of the threadbare *Alexis*, the learned Theban says—"The music is by Pepusch, a master little known in England. The cantata is however highly beautiful. In the course of the performance Mr. Lindley divided the applause with the vocalist, by the variety of notes of the most opposite character—some resembling the hoarse sound of the sackbut—others again imitating the softest breathings of the flageolet—which he was enabled to extract from his instrument." This is ludicrous enough; but that such men should be esteemed capable of deciding upon the merits of professors is really too gross, at the same time that the exercise of their function is frequently cruel. On this occasion the *Morning Chronicle*, a journal whose character should either secure to it more certain information, or avoid all compromise of its reputation by silence, eulogized Pasta for her manner of singing a song which she did not sing—and lamented the absence of Miss Paton, who did sing the air set down for her.

Harper in the obligato accompaniments, and Mr. Nicholson in his fantasia, afforded high delight to the audience.

But perhaps that portion of the concert the most sublime in its effects was the chorusses, which pealed through the Hall with a splendour and precision rarely if ever before heard within the walls of the city of London. The vocal and instrumental performers consisted of about 200, and although this orchestra is vastly inferior to those of some of the provincial meetings, yet the general effect was certainly magnificent. It adds to the triumph of our English school, that the pre-eminence of Handel could no more be denied upon this than upon any other occasion, where this mighty master can be heard and his powers wielded by a competent orchestra. For this reason, and this alone, the Italian division of the concert gave if not less pleasure—yet a delight of so opposite a kind, that the two will bear no comparison, though each was advanced perhaps by the contrast. The whole exhibited, in the most concentrated form, the very perfection of the art in most of its various styles, the admirable height to which its most skilful professors, both English and foreign, have arrived, and last, not least, the judgment and command of the conductor.

The audience was very numerous, and was composed of the quality both of Court and City. A performance has seldom appeared to afford so much of true pleasure in all the diversity of its selection. And when the comforts which will be thus afforded to a class of persons so persecuted, so unfortunate, and suffering for freedom's sake, is considered—that art may be well esteemed blessed which can be so readily and so happily employed to the succour of the distressed, and with so much gratification to those who are thus allured to become contributors as well as auditors. Nearly one thousand pounds, we are happy to say, remained for the refugees. The plan has been so successful, that a concert at Guildhall, for the benefit of the National Schools, is about to be held. It was proposed by the Lord Mayor, at a dinner he gave with civic hospitality to the principal singers, instrumentalists, and the promoters of the concert.

Samson, an Oratorio in complete score, first performed in the year 1742; the words by Milton; composed by George Frederick Handel—to which is added an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano Forte, intended as a substitute for a Band, arranged from the score by J. Addison. London. Goulding and D'Almaine.

It is a fact, of which we believe few are so completely apprized as the event should seem to justify, that the influence of a single mind upon the taste of a country has in no other instance operated with the universal force and ascendancy that the genius of Handel has wrought upon England. Some are prone to attribute this consequence to the partiality of the late King, which amounted to a prohibition of almost every other composer's works being heard—some to the establishment of the Antient Concert under the same auspices, by which they conceive that his empire has been at least prolonged beyond the date which fate has commonly assigned even to the writings of authors of the highest merit. But we must look upon these, though efficient, yet as second causes merely—as accidents which however impulsive in their effects, must still be resolved into the irresistible worth, value, and weight of the productions themselves, since without this intrinsic superiority we are convinced that no patronage, no prescription, not even the force of habit itself, would have been sufficient to have lifted the works of Handel to the pitch they at once rose, to have sustained them at their long-continued elevation, or to have bestowed upon them the popularity they still enjoy.

These compositions are not less numerous—not less stupendous we may say, on account of their variety, beauty, and magnificence, than in the triumphs they have atchieved. His Majesty's collection amounts to no fewer than eighty-two volumes, containing thirty-two operas, forty-three oratorios, eight volumes of anthems, four of cantatas and other miscellaneous works. Besides these Handel composed eleven operas, two anthems, and many other things not in his Majesty's collection. The first of his operas was produced in 1709; the last of his oratorios in 1751. For three quarters of a century portions of these compositions have continued to occupy, if not absolutely to the exclusion of similar works, yet with such

a preference as to reduce them to comparative insignificance, all the sacred concerts of the country. Till the last twenty years the works of Handel were scarcely less predominant in the evening concerts generally than they are now at the Antient. It was Handel's name and by Handel's power that those vast assemblages of musicians were gathered together towards the close of last century at Westminster Abbey, under the eminently glorious title of "THE COMMEMORATION OF HANDEL"—an oblation that was never paid to the genius of a musician before. These are however really of small significance, when compared with his universal occupation of the mind, not only of the musicians, but of the people of the country. One of his works may indeed be almost said to have become a part of the religion of England, for *The Messiah*, whenever performed, is not only the most generally attractive of all oratorios, but from its sublime illustration of the most sublime parts of revelation, it is attended by those pious persons who will be present at no other musical performance, and who never fail to perceive and to avow that their devout feelings are exalted by this solemn exercise.

It is not the least curious part of these effects, while it is certainly the most interesting to the philosopher, because it serves to elucidate strongly the national character of the English,* that

* "It hath been anciently held and observed, that the sense of hearing, and the kinds of music, have most operation upon manners, as to encourage men and make them warlike—to make them soft and effeminate—to make them grave—to make them light—to make them gentle and inclined to pity, *etc.* The cause is, for that the sense of hearing striketh the spirits more immediately than the other senses, and more incorporeally than the smelling, for the sight, taste, and feeling have their organs not of so present and immediate access to the spirits as the hearing hath. And as for the smelling, which indeed worketh also immediately upon the spirits, and is forcible while the object remaineth, it is with a communication of the breath or vapour of the object odorate; but harmony entering easily, and mingling not at all, and coming with a manifest notion, doth by custom of often affecting the spirits, and putting them into one kind of posture, alter not a little the nature of the spirits, even when the object is removed; and therefore we see that tunes and airs, even in their own nature, have in themselves some affinity with the affections; as there be merry tunes, doleful tunes, solemn tunes; tunes inclining men's minds to pity; warlike tunes, *etc.* So as it is no marvel if they alter the spirits, considering that tunes have a predisposition to the motion of the spirits in themselves. But yet it hath been noted, that though this variety of tunes doth dispose the spirits to variety of passions, conform unto them, yet generally music feedeth that disposition of the spirits which it findeth. We see

with very few exceptions, the sacred parts of Handel's productions are not only those which have given him his celebrity, but those alone which live. Even his most popular and only surviving opera airs are adapted to sacred words,* under which form they seem to have attained not only a permanent but their most beautiful and perfect state of existence. This striking fact leads at once to the conclusion, that however the world has admired the amazing fertility, the diversity, the delicacy, and the power of the mind that has given birth to such an infinite variety of conceptions, it is to the sublime elevation of his thoughts that Handel owes his vast superiority over the genius of all other composers. This was the faculty that led him to grapple with such subjects, and to astonish while he delighted mankind—this it was that enabled him to inspire feelings so profound by means so noble—and it was the contemplation of such of his works, that led Mozart, the beautiful, the tender, the elegant, the profound Mozart, to exclaim—"this man is the master of us all."

The more we examine the productions of this mighty mind, the more we are struck with the extreme simplicity of the means by which his great ends have all been accomplished—for the clearness of his perceptions is not less visible in his most complicated chorusses than in the plainest of his airs. The ear and the understanding follow his most intricate fugues and his most stupendous effects with the same ease. And thus indeed are we led on to the finest, the most elevated, the sublimest emotions, because the sensation is never disturbed—the impression is instant—reflection may repeat and enhance the pleasure after it has been first enjoyed, but it is neither necessary nor possible to think while we listen. Who can resist the splendid terror of the chorus in *Joshua*, "*Glory to God*," or the majesty of those in *Israel in Egypt* which describe the destruction of the host of Pharaoh? The same effects are produced upon the passions and the intellect

also that several airs and tunes do please several nations and persons, according to the sympathy they have with the spirits."—Lord Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* cent. 2, sect. 114.

* "Lord remember David" is "*Rend'il sereno*," an air from *Sosarmes*; "*He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters*" is "*Nasce al bosco*;" "*Holy holy Lord*" is "*Dove sei*," from *Rodelinda*—not to mention "*Lord what is man*," "*Thou shalt bring them in*," and others defunct at the opera, but resuscitated in the oratorio.

by such airs as "*Why does the God of Israel sleep,*" even when the senses are not so strongly moved. Of the results of the tender, pathetic, and dignified airs, it is not necessary to speak, since their simplicity will not be disputed, and since we are now merely pointing out the grandeur that is the characteristic of Handel's mind and the cause of his singular power.

By dwelling however upon this the first and loftiest attribute of his genius, we do not purpose to draw off any portion of attention from his other great qualities. There is perhaps no single emotion that it is in the power of music "to raise and quell" over which this mighty master has not tried his command, and succeeded in the highest possible degree. He ascends from the simplest to the strongest, and were not the fact sufficiently known, we could cite instances without difficulty—indeed there is scarcely a score of his which does not comprehend a prodigious diversity—he extends his grasp from the feelings and sentiments of the individual, to the acclaims of multitudes—he paints our earthly sensations, and he moves those affections that lead us to eternity. If in *Acis and Galatea* he delineates with singular felicity the workings of mortal passion, in *The Messiah* he treats with a more wonderful majesty and force the triumphs of immortality in the soul of man. Nor are his works deficient in the use of the descriptive qualities which appertain to music. It is a question in our minds, whether considering the age in which he lived and the state of instrumental attainment at that time—it is a question we say, whether he has not carried this attribute as far as it could then be carried. He has much direct and more indirect imitation. When we speak of direct imitation, we mean the notes of the nightingale, when taken by the accompaniment of "*Sweet bird*"—the warbling of birds, as in the flageolet part to "*Hush ye pretty warbling choir,*" and other such things that are well known. When we speak of indirect imitation, we allude to the generally descriptive power which is scattered over the whole surface of his adaptations of sounds to sense. The air at the very opening of *The Messiah*—"Every valley," is full of such passages. "*Waft her angels*" is again beautifully descriptive of the undulating motion of an ascending flight. "*Heart the seat of soft delight*" images the limpid brook gurgling through scenery which the cultivated imagination cannot fail to supply. "*Mirth admit*

me of thy crew" paints a scene no less exhilarating, by the vocal horn passages and the echoes of the instrument—while in the development of all the grander elemental phenomena he has anticipated with unrivalled magnificence those who have written in succeeding ages, notwithstanding the superior aids they have been able to draw from instrumental advancement. If for instance we compare *Joshua's* adjuration to the sun and moon, with the creation of those lights in Haydn's immortal work, sublime as we have always thought Haydn's description to be, we still bow before the majesty and splendour of Handel. There is not indeed the pomp of description nor the brilliancy of imagination that distinguishes the rising of the sun, nor the beauty of melody which characterises the appearance of the pale orb of night—but there is a sublimity of conception attendant on its simplicity that more elaborate contrivances cannot equal. We have, we are aware, brought things utterly dissimilar into comparison—we have done so, not to depreciate but to contrast the strength of genius, and to demonstrate how it may exert itself in opposite ways—still however keeping in mind the power which the earlier musician has exhibited. Yet these seem, when we look to still loftier examples, almost puny details; for what can be their weight when placed by the side of the immense force of the tremendous combinations of elemental warfare conveyed in "*He gave them hailstones for rain,*" or "*Fixed in his everlasting seat?*"

To descend a step lower in the scale, and to come to descriptions of mundane events—what can be finer than such songs as "*See the raging flames arise*"—or of human passions, than "*Revenge Timotheus cries*" and "*Sound an alarm*"—or of still lower contests, "*Honour and arms,*" and the duet "*Go baffled coward*"—the mind may be said instinctively to follow these sounds as the surest incentives to spirited action. In this manner is the potency of Handel to rouse passion demonstrated—but his influence in assuaging its irritations is not less to be observed in such airs as "*In sweetest harmony,*" "*Peaceful rest, dear parent shade,*" (*Hercules*), "*Angels ever bright and fair,*" and "*Farewell ye limpid springs.*" We content ourselves with references to those things best known, that we may thus avoid the affectation of deeper research than the occasion requires, and for the still better reason that we may be sure that what every generation

since the author's time has stamped with renewed approbation, must afford the strongest and safest examples.

This universally national admiration of the works of Handel it is that has given occasion for so many editions, general or partial, in so many forms. Walsh's scores are become very scarce, and Dr. Arnold's are not easily to be obtained. An edition comprising his popular works may therefore find a steady demand, and fill the void standing between such incomplete publications as those which contain the songs alone, and the immensely voluminous collection* of his entire works, which are within the desires of but few. At present we are entitled to consider the work before us as an experiment, for we understand it to be the intention of the publishers not to go beyond *Samson*, *Judas Macabæus*, and *the Messiah* (which is to be printed with Mozart's accompaniments), unless the public should call for a continuation. The expence and consequently the risk are certainly enormous.

This score possesses an obvious advantage over all former editions—the concentration into a pianc forte part at the bottom of the whole. To one who can read a full score, it is useless—but the million of players cannot nor ever will. Space is æconomically spared by the contraction of two parts—first and second violins for instance—into one line, though this is done with the most complete perspicuity—any two persons may play from the score, or the parts may be copied without mistake. None of Handel's oratorios, *The Messiah* scarcely excepted, are performed entire; indices are therefore added to mark the customary omissions. The book is admirably printed, and the price not quite three-halfpence a folio page. Can more be said to recommend it?

* Arnold's edition is in 44 volumes folio. Our suggestion respecting the subscription copies of this work in the King's Library has been acted upon, and His MAJESTY has most liberally presented several copies to the Royal Academy—York, Norwich, &c. where they can be most advantageously employed.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Songs, consisting of all the Songs, Duets, Trios, and Chorusses, in character, as introduced by him in his various Dramas; the Music partly new and partly selected, with New Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano Forte, from the Works of Purcell, Fielding, Drs. Boyce, Nares, Arne, Cooke, Messrs. J. Smith, J. S. Smith, T. Linley, jun. and R. J. S. Stevens; to which are prefixed a general introduction of the subject and explanatory remarks on each Play, by W. Linley, Esq. together with an Appendix, containing a new arrangement of the Music of Macbeth, by Mr. S. Wesley. London. Preston.

It is a subject of sorrow and regret, not to say of some shame to us, that a work like the above should so long have escaped our observation, for amongst our first duties in forming the catalogue raisonnée, which our miscellany aspires to present to the professor and the amateur, is that of searching out the compositions most worthy the general acceptance, and we have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing that the books before us merit that superlative: but this is what we purpose to demonstrate in detail.

Mr. William Linley, the Editor of Shakspeare's songs, is the son of Mr. Thomas Linley, and one of the brothers of the extraordinary family of which Mrs. Sheridan was so distinguished an ornament. That Mr. William Linley partakes of the genius of his race is universally known—well educated both as a scholar and a musician (though but an amateur) with fine natural aptitudes, a polished taste, and a judgment trained to full maturity amongst the highest associations of the art—there is not to be found perhaps in the whole circle of English musical society a person better fitted for the task of giving to the public a finer selection and adaptation of the songs of the Great Bard. Such an undertaking must we conceive fall in with one of the pursuits of the time, for it accords exactly with the practice of illustration which literary men are now so fond of indulging—with this difference however. These musical illustrations are valuable for the quality rather than the universality of the collection. But Mr.

Linley's own exposition of his intentions will speak his design better than we can explain it, and at the same time prove how qualified a mind that can thus properly discriminate, must be for the task.

"His great endeavour," he says, "will be to dramatise, with precision, the music intended by Shakspeare to be introduced in his plays; that is to say, to identify it with the characters, taking care that the songs, duets, or trios, so marked by him, shall be suited, as exactly as possible, to the person or persons by whom the poet designed them to be sung. To illustrate this, by an instance—the two beautiful glees of Mr. Stevens, viz. '*It was a lover and his lass*,' and '*O, mistress mine*'—are composed for five and six voices; but how are these same words introduced in the plays from which they are taken? Why, the first are meant to be sung as a duet by two pages, in a simple quaint way, to please Touchstone the clown in *As you like it*, and the other words, as a song to be sung by the clown himself in *Twelfth Night*, to gratify the two drunken knights! Not that the melody of such intended compositions should be either uncouth or vulgar; on the contrary, *Sir Andrew* is made to exclaim 'a mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight'—and even the love-sick duke, *Orsino*, calls upon the clown to sing the air that is 'old and plain,' that

'The spinsters and the knitters in the sun

'Do use to chaunt.'

"Yet, there should be a characteristic quaintness mingled with its sweetness; the glees referred to are not only elegant compositions, but distinguished for their masterly construction. Now, in those instances where the music has already been supplied, so as to be suitable to the characters and scenes, it is not the composer's intention further to interfere than by newly arranging them for the present work. It would not be possible to invent a more fancifully appropriate fairy glee than Mr. Stevens's '*Ye spotted Snakes*,' which, were the *Midsummer Night's Dream* ever to be performed, might be most effectively warbled by the four fairies of Titania's train:—These words, therefore, it would be the height of presumption to attempt to reset; the piano forte accompaniment alone will be added. Upon the principle however above stated; and to preserve the characteristic spirit of his plan, the composer must necessarily find substitutes for many charming compositions coming under the head of glees, madrigals, &c. &c. but compilation will be his primary object, and it is far from his intention or his desire to obtrude his own compositions, where more able masters have preceded him.

"It may be necessary now to remark, that the popular taste for music having been so materially diverted from the English to the Italian school, a great and almost insurmountable difficulty presents itself to the successful progress of the present undertaking: to reflect upon the public feeling on this change, would, in an humble individual, be equally arrogant and useless;—yet, to

adapt this favourite style to Shakspeare's poetry would be to clothe Hercules in the soft garments of Ganymede: it must be the plain English school, which, even in its liveliest mood, preserves a sedateness of expression, and a rich simplicity of modulation peculiar to itself. There must be no adherence to popular passages for the sake of the music alone; no flourishes or cadences merely to show off the voice; no appearance of artificial arrangement; no triteness or poverty of harmony to avoid every little difficulty that the poet's sentiment may require; the composer's ambition is to make the sound correspond with it as closely as possible; to make it such a sound as he himself might have fancied while wandering along the banks of '*The soft flowing Avon.*' Neither the flippancy of the Italian polacca, nor the elaborate harmonies of the German cantata, could give any natural effect to the sentiment of Shakspeare.

"But however careful of adhering to the old English school, and of avoiding those superficial ornaments which too often overwhelm the melody they were intended to assist, the composer is aware of the danger of falling into the opposite extreme. A great deal of science, and contrivance too, may be observable in a composition that may still be bordering on fatuity; a monotony of manner, and a too rigid observance of any general rule, will grow tedious at last, and the ear will want the relief of variety, though the understanding may be satisfied with the preservation of propriety.

"Care therefore will be taken to render the piano forte accompaniments as airy and independent of the voice as the simplicity of the subject will admit: they will be quite new, for the airs selected from the old masters are deficient in these little embellishments which are now become indispensable to the general effect of all vocal music. In the days of Boyce and Arne, music was studied as a science; a figured bass, therefore, was sufficient for the practioner's complete comprehension of the harmony; it is now no longer studied as a science, even by some who have the modesty to profess it, and the notes must be written down. In one respect, to be sure, the use of the notes themselves, instead of the thorough bass, may be preferable, as there is undoubtedly greater latitude given to the fancy, and the composer may shape his accompaniment as he pleases, without any injury to the harmony."*

* We are glad to perceive that the recommendation we have often given to adapt English terms of direction to English songs has the support of Mr. Linley. He says, in the course of his preface, "It has for many years been the fashion to adopt the Italian language to mark the time and expression of English music; but why the notices of *slow*, *with spirit*, *tenderly*, *very quick*, should not be as satisfactory to an English ear and an English understanding, as *adagio*, *vivace*, *affettuoso*, and *presto*, it may be rather difficult to explain. To his native language only the author means to confine himself where Shakspeare is concerned, and few Englishmen, it is presumed, will quarrel with him on that score."—Mr. Moore is himself an all sufficient authority throughout

If it may be permitted to us to generalize at the hazard of anticipating future observation, we may remark that one of the principal beauties in this work will be found in its unity of style. We are aware of the dangerous opposition we should be liable to encounter had we said English style; but if pure and flowing and sweet melody, which like the modest beauty of our countrywomen, and the delicacy of their manners and conversation, charm us by the very absence of all vehement passion, if such music be characteristic of the train of English thoughts and affections as we deem it to be, then we might cite these compositions, in spite of some little obvious admixture of foreign derivation, as genuine national strains. We ought however to enforce what in reference to a former work* of his own Mr. Linley recommends—the practice and repetition of these airs, for long experience has assured us, that our tempers and dispositions at various times cause us to feel and judge so differently, that putting the necessity of a thorough acquaintance with a piece to our perfect understanding of its merits out of the question, so fluctuating is the human temperament, that frequent repetition is indispensable to a correct feeling.† Many of these things must strike at once, but even the most fascinating will we know by experience be better comprehended and far more exquisitely relished, when the mind and memory are stored with the passages.

Mr. Linley prefaces the musical part by judicious remarks on the adaptations from which he has had to select. *The Tempest* presented Purcell and Smith‡ to his choice. But the text of Shakspeare§ being his guide, Mr. L. has extracted from both such

his *National Airs*; and Mr. Bishop, in his adaptation of Mr. Planchè's *Lays and Legends of the Rhine*, have both pursued the same method, and banished the affected and unnecessary multiplication of Italian words.

* A set of canzonets.

† The person who of all others we have ever known most captivated by Haydn's *Creation* was totally insensible to its merits at the first hearing of some of its most delightful parts.

‡ John Christian Smith was a musician, and employed by Handel as an amanuensis. He composed *Teraminta* and *Rosalinda*, operas, and the *Lamentation of David*, an oratorio. There is also a life of Handel attributed to his hand.

§ In some instances not less good taste is displayed in omitting what to modern ears would be intolerable—the song of *Stephano* in act 2, scene 2, for an instance.

words as approach the nearest (for Purcell composed to Dryden's alterations) to the original. The airs, "*Come unto these yellow sands*,"* and "*Full fathom five*," are well known, and exquisite they are. Nothing indeed can well be more beautiful than the whole of Purcell's music to this imaginative play. *Ariel's* next song, "*While you here do snoring lie*," is from the pen of Mr. Mr. Thomas Linley, jun.* the brother of the Editor. The style of this air is so truly elegant and constructed with so much genius, that it completely dovetails into its place with old Harry Purcell. The change of the rhythm, which is one of its greatest beauties, occasions a slight imperfection in the accent at the very outset, as it will strike the ear at first, but it may still admit of doubt and explanation. The simple but artful close of the first strain is to our feelings perfectly exquisite.



"*E'er you can say*," is from the same pen, and not less light, airy, and illustrative. If we be less pleased with Mr. William Linley's duet that succeeds, "*Honour, riches*," it is only in the next degree.

* Sir John Stevenson has set Shakspeare's words entire for three voices in a very lively and agreeable manner.

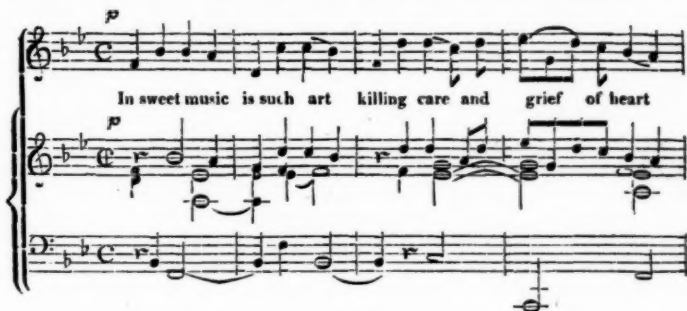
* Mr. T. L. the eldest son of the family, discovered early his genius for music and his industry in acquiring it. He played a concerto on the violin in public when eight years old, and wrote an anthem, thought worthy of being performed at the meeting of the three choirs at 17. He studied subsequently under Dr. Boyce and Nardini, became the early friend and companion of Mozart in Italy, and finally was esteemed a fine solo player on his return to his own country. His principal works were an ode on the witches and fairies of Shakspeare written by Dr. Lawrence, and *The Song of Moses*, an oratorio, together with some exquisite pieces published in his posthumous works, which however are but little known. He was unfortunately drowned by the upsetting of a boat, while on a visit to the Duke of Ancaster, at the age of 22.

Dr. Arne's, "*Where the bee sucks,*" is another popular air, and requires no comment. It completes the songs of *The Tempest*. It is questionable at least whether the "song" in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was not intended as a part-song. Mr. Stevens made it a glee, and Mr. Bishop has so set it in his late production. But we will not quarrel with so beautiful a composition as our Editor's on such a ground. We cannot but wonder that the fine taste which displays itself in the conduct of the Antient Concerts, should never have selected such a melody as this for performance. Vaughan would do it justice, and we are persuaded it would do him honour before such an audience. For delicacy it parallels with Purcell's "*I attempt from love's sickness.*" "*O mistress mine*" (*Twelfth Night*) is worthy the same talent, but we think most highly of "*Come away death,*" which by its simplicity is rendered so exceedingly nice to hit. While the melody and structure are both quaint, and must be studied to be apprehended, the imaginative portions are happily supplied—such for example is the commencement which conveys the knell of departed life—the minor key—the rhythm—and the change to the major, all of which speak to the fancy, and aid the effect of words and melody upon the affections. Nor are the repetitions to be overlooked, for they strongly enforce the sentiment, which is brought to its climax by the manner of the close. In his adherence "*to the Old English ditty style,*" the author has been very successful.

But our space will not allow us to descant upon every piece. We may generally observe that in the humorous songs there is a quaintness that sorts well with the associations derived both from the poetry, the history, and (so far as we can carry our tastes back) with such a style of musical writing as would have become the times—pleasing rather than pungent, and with the hilarity and strength of nature—in those which aim at moving the affections, depth of feeling. We may at once instance "*Orpheus with his lute,*"* in King Henry VIII. In this song by the way there is a curious coincidence. The following passage is to be found note for note in Meyerbeer's *Il Crociato*, and

* These words have been set by Mr. Bishop as a duet, and if not so catching as the two others with which it classes, "*On a day*" and "*As it fell upon a day,*" it is we think by no means inferior to either.

though the German wrote long after Mr. Linley, it is scarcely possible that he should have seen or heard it in this place. Though the phrase is one that adheres to the fancy, it yet seems to follow so naturally, that one could not conceive it remote from common invention—perhaps this is its best recommendation.



We shall now pass at once to the music of *Macbeth*, so well known, but which the learned Editor sees reason to assign to a different author than Matthew Locke. Upon this curious question we shall quote Mr. Linley's own words.

"Now in regard to this charming music a great doubt must always remain on the minds of musical researchers, whether Matthew Locke was, or was not the composer. The late Doctor Hayes, of Oxford, was of opinion that the music was *not* Locke's, and many have been inclined to ascribe it to Purcell: in the author's humble opinion it is much too modern for either composer; but, independently of this circumstance, the style of it, though possessing abundance of characteristic wildness, is very unlike the wildness of Purcell. The airs ascribed to Locke are airy, tripping, and confined (as to harmony) to very simple combinations, in one instance only, with a change of key, from F to Bb. Purcell would have been as airy and as wild, but his harmonic transitions would have been constantly and strangely varied—his style would have been graver—his melodies, though perhaps not sweeter, would have been more appallingly characteristic: those who are sufficiently acquainted with his *Indian Queen*, and particularly with a much earlier production, viz. *Dido and Aeneas*, which he composed when only seventeen years of age, will be satisfied that he could have had no concern in the present work.

"Putting Purcell, therefore, out of the question, and with no evidence whatever of Matthew Locke's claim to this fine music, it will be necessary to go back to a much later period, and examine a very curious and ingenious manuscript work of John Eccles, a man well known to all lovers of the old English school

of vocal harmony, and which is affixed to the 'original music of *Macbeth*.' The late Dr. Burney says of Eccles, that he 'never saw any composition of his in which there was not something original.' The author has attentively examined two manuscript scores of this music, one in the possession of Mr. Bartleman; the other of Mr. Windsor, of Bath: of the former gentleman's talents and research it were quite superfluous to speak; Mr. Windsor is also an excellent musician, whose pretensions, certainly in the present day, rank in the highest class, both as a theorist and a practitioner. These manuscripts both correspond: the only difference is, that to Mr. Windsor's copy Mr. Eccles's name appears as the author; to Mr. Bartleman's no name is prefixed, but it may be satisfactory to remark, that in this copy the names of the original performers appear to the part assigned to each, a circumstance which proves beyond all doubt, that the music either was, or was intended to be introduced at some period when the play of *Macbeth* was represented on the stage.

"Now after a very careful perusal of this music of Eccles's, and adverting to all circumstances respecting it, the author has no hesitation in offering it as his opinion, that it *was* the original music, and that which has been, and still is received as Locke's, is a very skilful and ingenious compressment of various parts of it, with here and there a new melody. It is scarcely possible for any person in the least conversant with vocal effects to conceive that so sweet a melodist as Eccles, could have seen the music in *Macbeth* as we have it at present, and present his own afterwards as an alteration for the better; but why might he not have been the compressor of his own original music, and adapted it *subsequently* for dramatic representation? On examining and playing over Eccles's *Macbeth* music, and comparing it with Locke's, even a child with a good ear would remark the similarity, both as to conception and execution; and the recitative dialogue, '*Here's the blood of a bat*'—the chorus, '*Nimbly, nimbly*'—the introduction to the acts, &c. &c. are, in the author's opinion, evidently the *original* thoughts upon which the compiler and arranger of the present music has certainly improved. The whole of Eccles's music bears the mark of higher antiquity than Locke's, yet Locke was a much earlier writer; the rational inference, therefore, to draw from these facts is, that Matthew Locke could not have been the composer of the music in *Macbeth*, as it now stands; but, that John Eccles might, and probably did, at a later period of his life, revise his own music. But there is another circumstance, which has in a great degree tended to invalidate Locke's pretensions. Why are there not more of this author's compositions in the same, or in a similar airy and fanciful style? There is nothing extant, besides, of the kind; and in the sacred music which bears his name, though there are fine passages, and he preserves in general a pure ecclesiastical gravity, there is nothing very remarkable either in invention or construction. Now where is there another instance in musical history of a composer

possessing such exquisite fancy and judgment as are displayed in the music in *Macbeth*, confining himself to one solitary specimen of his genius?

"However the public and the defenders of Matthew Locke may decide in future, in regard to his claim, the author has felt it his duty, in a work such as the present, to lay such information as he has been able to collect on the subject before them.

"In the investigation of the words to which the music has been set, an inquiry will be no less curious. The only words which our great bard has introduced, are

'Black spirits and white,
'Blue spirits and grey,' &c. &c.

And these are probably only a quotation. The poetry, for the most part, appears to have been selected by Davenant from *The Witch*, a tragi-comedy, written by Thomas Middleton, a dramatic writer, contemporary with Shakspeare, with whom he was probably on intimate and confidential terms; and it is pretty evident, on perusal of the same, that it was either a weak outline, which our bard afterwards so sublimely filled up, or that it was a meagre imitation of the original *Macbeth*. The author is inclined to think the former, for he cannot suppose that, after perusing such a play, any man in his senses would have the temerity, or rather the stupidity, of stealing from it, with any hope of escaping detection, and consequently, derision. It is generally thought that *Titus Adronicus*, *Pericles*, *Love's Labour Lost*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, &c. should not be classed with such plays as *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Othello*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, &c. &c. on the ground of their only bearing, here and there, the stamp of the great writer; and, doubtless, if Shakspeare condescended to apply the magic of his pen to the works of others, he would not be above borrowing an original thought from them in return, especially when he saw such an ample field for improvement, as in the present instance. Wherever the plagiarism may be, certain it is, that the introduction of *Hecate* and her infernal crew in the play of *The Witch*—the language of the incantation over the caldron, exclusively of the poetry to which the music has been so characteristically applied, bear the most striking resemblance to the scenes of *Macbeth*."

This is a very curious subject of disquisition to the musical antiquary, and one concerning which we should hesitate to agree with Mr. Linley. The date Dr. Burney assigns to the production, 1674, seems to forbid the possibility of the truth of Mr. Linley's conjecture, founded on the internal evidence, for Eccles flourished twenty years at least after this period. If then Eccles were the composer of the music attributed to Locke, what composition was it that was performed in *Macbeth* at an anterior period. We have not been able to meet with *Psyche*, the other

opera Locke is said to have written, which might perhaps throw some light upon the controversy. At all events the composer drew some hints from the very curious composition prefixed to Dr. Clarke's (Whitfield) edition of the music of *Macbeth*, and which Mr. Richard Clark, of the Chapel Royal, brought to light.* It is to be wished that Mr. Linley would carry his researches further—compare, if he have not already done so, the several productions of Locke and Eccles, ascertain the date of the first performance of *Macbeth* with this (or other) music—consider the justice of Dr. Burney's conjecture, that on the command of Charles II. Locke imitated Cambert and Lulli, and finally give his decision to the world. It is a task quite worthy Mr. L.'s leisure and his genius. In the hope that he may be induced to carry this speculation to its extent, we take our leave of his volumes, recommending them heartily to all persons of good taste, who must of consequence be adorers of Shakspeare.



"*Cuishlih ma chree*," an Irish Air, with variations for the Piano Forte, by P. Knapton.

"*Drink to me only*," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by J. A. Rawlings.

"*Le Retour de Bath*," a Divertisement for the Piano Forte, with a Flue Accompaniment (*ad lib*) by J. A. Rawlings.

Divertimento for the Piano Forte, the subjects from Meyerbeer's *Emma di Resburgo*, by G. Kiallmark.

Three of the popular Tyrolese Melodies, sung by the Ruiner Family, arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano Forte, by G. Kiallmark.

Three favorite Melodies, sung by the Ruiner Family, arranged for the Piano Forte, by J. Calkin.

All by S. Chappell.

Mr. Knapton's Lesson displays an originality and method in its construction, which is not often met with in productions of this easy

* *The Witche*, the play Mr. Linley has alluded to. See Musical Review, vol. 4, page 296 *et seq*.

nature. It contains excellent practice, and is highly to be recommended.

Mr. Rawlings is continuing his series of English glees, arranged as lessons, and when the set is complete, it will comprehend a quantity of as agreeable composition as can be found for the unambitious amateur. Not but that we must, as we have before done, caution Mr. R. against *mannerism*, which has for some time been creeping by insensible degrees into his works. An author who wishes for real celebrity must, if possible, crush this defect before it gains too strong a hold on him to be destroyed. *Le Retour de Bath* has so much of this very fault as to be partially insipid, though not without some good points.

Mr. Kiallmark's first divertimento is very pretty, and has the advantage of being on entirely unknown and new subjects.

The melodies of the Rainer family, which we have here introduced in two lessons by different composers, are not much fitted to the purpose to which they are put. They are by far too simple for an instrument, and require the peculiar style of their original owners to set them off to advantage. When stripped of their native dress they have not much to boast of. Mr. Calkin's is the best lesson of the two.



No. 1 of Mozart's Twelve Grand Concertos, arranged for the Piano Forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello; by J. N. Hummel. Published for the Proprietor by S. Chappell.

Mr. Hummel, the scholar of Mozart, and now the acknowledged head of his school, has for some years combined with his other employments that of publishing at intervals splendid arrangements of the most celebrated Orchestral Works of his Master, and other great composers. The present which belongs exclusively to his own (Mr. H.'s) instrument, and which is therefore the more valuable, has been for some time before the German public, and

is now laid before the English, by a gentleman whose fine taste and sound judgement have led him to undertake the publication of several of such standard works as the present, in this country.

But what chance is there for its success? Times are much changed, and the piano forte music, even of Mozart and Bach, is not looked upon as it was formerly. Much may be said on the progression of the art, and still more on the splendid talents of our living composers, yet we must consider that there is too much given up to brilliancy and display, and the more solid beauties of composition are too often forgotten for the more showy, but less substantial attractions of execution. We have too few *composers* and too many *players* in this country. Every professor, be he young or old, good or bad, metropolitan or provincial *must* be able to *play*, and moreover to *teach* "*The fall of Paris.*" But how few are there except the really eminent, who would not think their labour ill-bestowed on a concerto of Mozart's for any other purpose than that of merely being acquainted with it? If this however be the case, it is still more to the honour of the publisher who thus boldly stems the tide of opinion, and brings out works of science and fine taste.

The present concerto is in D minor and demonstrates all the vigour and freshness of a style that is not frittered away in unmeaning embellishments, but whose greatest charm lies in expression and the beauties of harmony, although its execution is sufficient to show the power of its author over his instrument. Mr. Hummel has moreover enriched this edition with some very appropriate cadences, and the concerto in its present form is like an antique gem in a new and classical setting, which the connoisseur will contemplate with delight, and the artist will value as a model of that perfection at which he is aiming to arrive.

Joseph—Opera in trois actes—Paroles de Monsieur Alexandre Duval—musique de Mehul. Paris. Meysenberg.

We know not whether the continual re-production of the works of Foreign composers, to which the English resort, be the

established custom of deferring to the imagined superiority of the musical taste of other countries—whether it be the result of that desire for wide research and perpetual novelty that now leaves nothing unchanged, or whether it be from a dearth of native commanding talent—we know not whether to one or all these causes this continual recurrence to foreign composers is to be referred, but that such a preference has lately obtained, is not to be disputed. The fact however sufficiently declares the intrinsic merit of those compositions which have thus been selected for the amusement of the British public, and for this reason are entitled to the regard of the reviewer, while it demonstrates a liberality that usually accompanies a consciousness of power, and therefore is honorable to our countrymen on more than one ground.

The elegant work of Mehul was first introduced to the notice of the public by the taste of Mr. Joseph Moore of Birmingham and the Reverend Mr. Webbe, Minor Canon of Gloucester, who has displayed so much classical, poetical, and musical judgment in the adaptation of words to the works of Foreign composers for the Birmingham Festivals. And while these active minds thus gave beautiful specimens of eminent art, they also set an example of departing from the old routine, which has been eminently serviceable in diversifying the selections of the provincial meetings that may justly be said to have been drawn into life and being by the successful conduct of the Birmingham plan.

Joseph, which was composed in 1816, was the last but one of Mehul's operas. The composer, who was a favorite scholar of Gluck, and who had in his early works adhered religiously to the style of this master, at a later period of his life altered his course, and in the opera of *Uthal*, which was written in 1806, he attempted an original manner, and disguised his simplicity and beautiful melody in a dress of scientific contrivance, which served only to display his learning without interesting his hearers.—Several of his succeeding operas were written in the same style, but at length as if with noble candour owning himself wrong and renouncing his errors, he regained the sympathies of his former admirers by the production of this apparently the most popular of all his works, and proved that his pristine brightness had only been partially obscured.

The outlines of the story of *Joseph* are taken from the script—
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tures, and dramatized by Mons. Duval. The music of Joseph is of a kind to render it perfectly admissible into our oratorios; its principle features are extreme simplicity and beauty of melody, and in general the same characteristics distinguish its harmony, except where the feeling of the piece calls for varied expression, and awakens more exalted emotions; this however happens but seldom, for the principal interest of the opera is concentrated in *Joseph*, *Benjamin*, and *Jacob*, whose feelings are mostly of a subdued character.

The story as arranged by Mons. Duval is briefly this:—*Joseph* is represented in the first scene as still lamenting his country and father, even in the midst of his magnificence, to his follower *Utobal*, to whom he related his early history, when strangers are announced. The sons of *Jacob* appear in the next scene, when *Simeon* is overwhelmed with remorse at entering Egypt, and is in vain reassured by his brothers; *Joseph* appears and recognises them, though he conceals his discovery. In the second act *Joseph* has sent for his father, who is arrived with *Benjamin*, and *Joseph* is going at day break to see him, when he meets *Simeon*, who leaves him in a fit of despair. The morning hymn of the Hebrews is then heard, and *Benjamin* enters; *Joseph* recognizes him, and his father is shown to him, when just as he is on the point of discovering himself, *Utobal* announces the approach of a triumphal procession to celebrate the virtues of *Joseph*. In the third act *Joseph* is again with his friends, and has just acknowledged his belief in *Israel's God*, when *Utobal* discovers a conspiracy against him; he goes before *Pharaoh*, and in the mean time *Simeon* is secured by *Joseph's* orders and conveyed to his father, to whom he confesses the story of *Joseph*. *Jacob* curses his sons, when *Joseph* enters, intercedes for his brothers, and finally declares himself, and this concludes the opera. Before we proceed farther we must remark that *Joseph* is not a regular opera, but is composed of recitation and music mingled, and therefore it does not give adequate scope for the display of Mehul's powers in recitative, which style he cultivated with great attention, and in a peculiar manner, by studying the various inflexions of speech, and for this purpose he was a great frequenter of the performances of Talma and Mademoiselle Mars. The story considered in the light of a dramatic sketch, is adapted to the French stage, but to no

other. The incidents, though unique, are not striking, and the piece fails in general interest, though it possesses it individually in the persons of *Benjamin* and his father, and the greatest credit is due to the dramatist, who has chosen some of his situations admirably, particularly in the third act, where *Joseph* is introduced watching his sleeping father, and awaiting his waking to reveal himself to him, whilst the hymns of the Israelites are heard from a distance.

The music must not be looked upon with the same eyes with which we examine that of the present day; it is free from all violent painting, it aims only at the natural expression of the passions, and those passions are chiefly of the more subdued kind; and it is this very nature which now recommends it, and would recommend it in any age to general favour, for it addresses the heart. Mehul was distinctly not a first-rate genius, there is nothing in his compositions which denotes a mind that had the power to track out its own path to fame, but they prove one that was guided by the purest principles of taste and composition, and that was susceptible of all that is refined in feeling. His science was great, yet even this knowledge (in his latter works) was chastely and temperately displayed in the general tone and character of his compositions; we should be inclined to style him a miniature Haydn. The piece ought to be known as a whole to the English public. It opens with a song for *Joseph*, consisting of a recitative, adagio and allegro. In the first he declares the insufficiency of Pharaoh's luxury and magnificence to compensate for the loss of country and friends. The second is a most beautiful cantabile movement wherein he remembers the house of his childhood and the affection of his father. It is accompanied by the violins, tenors, and violoncellos, with a few most effective notes from Mehul's favourite instruments, the horns and flutes. The weight of the accompaniment rests with the second violin, but the staccato notes from the first, almost picture to the fancy the tears of the unhappy *Joseph*. The *allegro* in which he complains of the cruelty of his brothers does not equal the *adagio*, for in the expression of vehement feeling the composer is deficient, yet when he paints the kindly emotions of the sufferers towards his persecutor, should they repent, there is a touch of beautiful expression. The celebrated

romance,* of which the subject is subjoined, wherein that composer displayed his elegance and taste to advantage, is a beautiful piece of melody with exquisite accompaniments which derive however their charm from the very manner of their distribution among appropriate instruments.

The next piece is a song and chorus for *Simeon* and his brothers, the former is seized with remorse on his arrival in Egypt, and his song in which he gives vent to his grief is composed or rather formed on two nervous phrases, which are well contrasted with the consolatory tone of the chorus in which his brothers endeavour to calm his despair. The concentration of feeling which is thus conveyed by the simplicity of the song or rather solo, is very finely imagined, whilst all sameness is prevented by the variety of the accompaniments as well as by one little touch, which the composer has introduced with a hand always true to nature, where *Simeon* alludes to the caresses of his children, as unable to soothe his mind. The conclusion of this piece is ingeniously contrived by the introduction of a movement in the style of a march to announce the arrival of *Joseph*. The voice parts are most effectively managed, and it forms an agreeable change of style, as the following finale is sombre and gloomy in character.

Mehul has chosen the simplest and surest means of expressing the passions, but these means he has used in a manner peculiar to himself. Music is a distinct *language*, into which the language of nature and the passions may be *translated*, and the various methods or styles in which this task is performed, gives birth to the difference among composers. To pursue our exemplification, many there are amongst these who will give a translation of a particular feeling, that shall be so free from the many fresh ideas introduced, as to



be more approaching a paraphrase of the original; others will give the literal passion, clothed in the most beautiful dress that can belong to his own language; whilst others again will make their translation delightful by its very truth and simplicity, and the clearness with which every idea is enforced. Of this last small class Mehul is a pre-eminent example, and the finale to the first act is a most striking proof of the fact. Here the feelings of all the characters engaged, vary: *Joseph* is struck with horror at recognizing *Simeon*, who is seized with fresh remorse at the mention of his injured brother, for whom the Egyptian governor enquires; *Utobal* is endeavouring to calm *Joseph*, at whose horror he is surprised, and the brothers of *Simeon* are attempting to console him: thus four distinct emotions are called into action, and these four emotions Mehul has aimed at expressing and combining with strength and simplicity. The first movement, which is expressive of their sudden and simultaneous burst, depends for its principal effect on a base, which consists of the repetition of a single passage in different keys, and which, from its conspicuous treatment and particular formation, is directly associated with the feelings of *Simeon*. The rest of the stringed instruments have a *tremando* accompaniment, and the wind are but little used. There is altogether scarcely force enough in this movement to convey to the mind the idea of the violent feelings that are awakened in the characters: above all, the principal fault is, that the part of *Simeon* is not prominent enough; but when in the following *allegretto*, *Joseph* relents, and resolves to exert his powers of consolation over his brother's mind, the case is altered; the composer regains his natural element, the softer affections of the heart, and a beautiful movement is the result. Here the accompaniment of the bassoons, horns, flutes, and clarinets are exquisite, as they especially describe the gradual calm of the violent feelings of the brothers. *Joseph*, in recitative, desires his brothers to offer an asylum in Egypt to their father; and the finale concludes with a spirited and well contrasted chorus expressive of their gratitude and joy.

A most beautiful *entre acte*, to express day-break, announces the subject of the second act, which opens with the now celebrated hymn of the Israelites. Here, as well as in the following romance, we have proper subjects for the peculiar style of Mehul's trans-

lation of the language of nature into that of music. The simple chaunt is the strongest idea that could be given of the music of a pastoral people, who would address their prayers to the Supreme Being with the same simplicity that pervaded every other action of their lives, whilst the proper character of solemnity that is required is imparted to the hymn by the accompaniments of trumpets and horns. Nothing can be better conceived or executed than this hymn. The romance sung by *Benjamin*, which Mad. Caradori has brought before the English public in all its native simplicity and grace, is beautiful not only in its construction and melody, but for its exquisite accompaniment. To the accompaniments of Mehul we cannot ascribe either peculiar force, brilliancy, or great originality, but they display that perfect mastery of art, that power to produce great effects from simple means that marks the refined artist. The romance, without its accompaniments, is nothing; but with the few notes that are so tastefully distributed between the violins, flute, clarinet and bassoon, it becomes a gem, and derives from its setting, the proof of the richness of the mine from whence it came. A trio follows the romance, which opens by the trumpets announcing the arrival of the people to celebrate the virtues of *Joseph* in a triumph. The orchestra keeps up this idea, whilst *Benjamin* tells him that his father is blind. The father awakes, and in a very fine solo prays to the Almighty that his bones may not rest in a strange country, and that his children may be happy; and the same ends in a trio, the two sons joining in the prayers of their father. There is more depending on the vocal parts for the effect of this trio than in most of the other pieces, especially in the solo for *Jacob*, and the whole scene is most beautiful. In the scene before the finale, he tells *Benjamin* of a dream, in which he imagined that he had brought a stranger to him, who proved to be *Joseph*. The finale opens with a solo, in which he mourns the loss of his son; *Benjamin* tries to console him, and *Joseph* falls on his knees, and is on the point of revealing himself, when *Utobal* announces the arrival of his triumphal car. *Jacob* and *Benjamin* then discover that it is the great *Cleophas* who is with them. The whole of this part of the finale is effective, but contains nothing particularly striking, except the concluding chorus, in which the people celebrate the peaceful virtues of their ruler, is very fine. A strain of confidence

and exultation is kept up through the whole, yet these words, "*Comme un tendre pere, il nourrit les Humains*" the composer, true to nature, introduces a passage for the bassoons, clarinets, and flutes, that gives to them their full meaning, and goes direct to the heart. This finale is certainly by far superior to the first, in general interest and contrivance. The second act, as a whole, is the best part; it contains more interesting situations and the music is more attractive and beautiful.

A hymn, sung by Hebrew girls, with an obligato accompaniment for the harp, opens the third act. The melody of the chorus is simple, but the solos are not very effective; the first however is curious for the accompaniment of the violins and basses, which consist entirely of shakes arranged between the instruments, and which savours rather of an affectation of ingenuity, for we can perceive no analogy between the words and this idea. The duet between *Benjamin* and his father which follows, and which has been performed at the provincial meetings with such success, depends like the romance of *Benjamin* on its extreme simplicity for its effect. Its melody and accompaniment are neither very attractive, but its style is so aptly fitted to the characters for which it is written, that it cannot fail to interest. The two pieces which conclude the opera are a chorus, in which *Jacob* curses his children on the confession of *Simeon*, and again relents at the prayer of *Joseph*, and a hymn or chorus on the discovery of the latter. It appears that the composer has had one plan on which he has constructed all the finales of this opera, and this is most probably the case from the similarity of the sentiments that are expressed in them; yet it imparts to them a degree of monotony that amounts almost to mannerism. We do not condemn the principle on which he has acted—nay, we consider that this kind of association is in some degree essential to the order and beauty of composition; but Mehul has in his practice carried the theory too far, or rather has wrongly applied it; instead of fixing upon a few leading and striking traits by which to make an impression on the minds of his auditors, that shall return whenever they are repeated, and thus keep up the chain of associations by distinct means, he has merely preserved throughout his chorusses a general resemblance, that is only sufficient to give the hearer an idea of their sameness. This is principally to be observed in

the *allegros*—there is in the present chorus a beautiful *andante* at the end, which is enough in itself to give the opera a high character, and there is also throughout great variety in the accompaniments. The short finale of scarcely three pages is beautiful, especially the violoncello part, which shows the taste Mehul exercised in writing for this his favourite instrument.

We come now to consider *Joseph* as a whole—a whole so different from what now occupies public favour in the shape of operas. The most ardent, the most vehement passions and feelings, the most uncommon, and not seldom the most unnatural situations are the subjects of our operas, and are of a kind to touch upon the more susceptible points of the human heart.

Here then all the multiplied resources of the art are called into play to express the varied shades of feeling, the minute lights and shadows that mark these subjects—thus a perfect and distinct art of *gracing* has by degrees been formed to aid the singer in the developement of the ideas of the composer, and much more licence is permitted to the orchestra than was formerly allowed, in order to assist the performer when his single efforts would be unable to obtain the purpose aimed at.

Mehul has selected a subject replete with interest, but it is interest of a peculiar kind, not that which absorbs and even temporarily agitates the whole mind, but that which warms only the more tranquil and better feelings of our nature, to which its sacred origin imparts too high a character to excite merely common sensations. It is in this light that the composer has viewed the subject, and has clothed the sentiments of his characters more in the chaste style that belongs to sacred than dramatic music, that is to say, with as little of the latter as a drama would permit. His characters all sing as they would speak, with that subdued tone of feeling that would be supposed to belong to a people entirely under the guidance of religion. Of the fitness of the subject for the stage it is unnecessary to speak. In an English Cathedral, where the feelings are attuned to a higher and more noble pitch of exaltation, there are many parts of *Joseph* that would not fail to assert the power of purity and simplicity over the human heart.

A Selection of popular National Airs with symphonies and accompaniments by Henry R. Bishop ; the words by Thomas Moore, Esq. Sixth Number. London. Power.

Few of the moments of life are gilded with such intense such homefelt delight as those which fly during the enjoyment of a certain class of productions, that interest alike all who draw any portion of their amusement from literature or music. It has been, we think, reserved, however, for the spirits of this our age to carry the perfection of the species to which we allude, much higher than to the authors and composers of any former period. It is indeed a question whether the early writers of the lighter epic, the early poets, and the early musicians, in the full possession of the first and strongest images, ever attained that dominion over the sympathies of mankind, that Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron and Mr. Moore have exerted. But whether this be or be not so, such is the hold of the universal mind of England taken by these authors, that there are few who do not read the annunciation of a new work from the hands of the survivors of the triumvirate, without the sure and certain expectation of some of these bright minutes, which however legislators, statesmen, and philosophers may provide for and secure the general happiness of mankind, are rarely if ever to be immediately traced to, although the satisfaction must be allowed to spring from their labours. We hope we shall not be suspected of any violation of the supreme respect and veneration due to such benefactors of mankind, nor of any design to depreciate the superior dignity of their calling, when we thus bring into direct comparison the lighter productions of these enchanters whose magic so transports all ranks, sexes and, conditions. We are, however disposed to think, (and, we believe, the world is coming round to the same opinion) that the claims of the latter upon society are not so infinitely below those of the former as some would have us imagine. Mr. Moore puts in a double claim even in the little work before us, for he appears both in the character of the Poet and the preserver of melodies, which are presented in a dress more beautiful than they originally wore. We may truly say our panegyrics have indeed long been exhaus-

ed upon his *numbers*, while, thanks to his industry and talent, he seems by no means to have come to the end of the series either poetically, musically, or arithmetically.

The present selection consists of Twelve *Airs*—one English, three Italian, one Spanish, one Florentine, one Indian, three French, one Austrian, and one Hindostanee. One of them is set as a duet, and another piece is for three voices—and all most elegantly printed, with two engravings, for no larger a charge than twelve shillings !*

The poetry is in Mr. Moore's later vein, and displays not much if indeed any novelty of thought,† but abounding in that exquisite power of selection, and that intensity of feeling which absorbs the hearer in sensation. We may give the following specimens :—

*Oh say thou best and brightest,
O say thou best and brightest,
My first love and my last,
When he whom now thou slightest,
From life's dark scene hath past.*

* When the sum paid for copyright and its protection be considered, Mr. Power, the spirited publisher, deserves all possible credit for his moderation.

† Mr. Moore is the last man who is liable to suffer under a charge of plagiarism, and we shall not be suspected of bringing any such charge against him, after the multiplied testimonies that exist of our unbounded admiration of the force and extent of his genius. But the study of the human mind is always matter of the highest curiosity to us, and therefore we are always eager to trace its finer ramifications. One of the most beautiful of Mr. Moore's little poems (unequalled in effect when united with the melody) is the duet "*Farewell Theresa*," in the third number of the *National Airs*. It has often struck us that this felicitous combination of feeling and imagery may have been originated, unconsciously to Mr. Moore, by the meeting of Alp and Francesca upon the sea shore in Lord Byron's *siege of Corinth*. These are the lines which lead us to this conjecture :

As he looked on the face and beheld its hue,
So deeply changed from what he knew.

* * * * *
There is a light cloud by the moon,
'Tis passing and 'twill pass full soon,
If by the time its vapoury sail
Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
Thy heart, &c. &c.

We know nothing of the periods at which the two were produced—but the scene, the persons, and the images, all conduce to render the conjecture possible, that one of those impressions which return unbidden and at uncertain intervals, may have been the parent of the composition which has afforded such throbbing sensations to thousands in "*Farewell Theresa*."

Will kinder thoughts then move thee ?
Will pity wake one thrill,
For him who lived to love thee,
And dying loved thee still.

If when, that hour recalling,
From which he dates his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah blush not while it flows.

But all the past forgiving,
Bend gently o'er his shrine,
And say, this heart when living,
With all its faults was mine.

Fear not that while around thee
Life's varied blessings pour,
One sigh of her's shall wound thee,
Whose smile thou seek'st no more.

No—dead and cold for ever,
Let our past love remain ;
Once gone, its spirit never
Shall haunt thy rest again.

May the new ties that bind thee,
Far sweeter happier prove ;
Nor e'er of me remind thee,
But by their truth and love.

Think how asleep or waking,
Thy image haunts me yet ;
But how this heart is breaking,
For thy own peace forget.

But the same unvaried theme runs not through this production ; there is much in a lighter vein ; one song is so archly expressed, that we cannot forbear adding it to our citations, which we make with the less remorse in the hope that we shall tempt some purchasers to ascertain how excellently well these lines are adapted. There is also another of the same cast but scarcely so happy—" *The*

Bashful lover " * and an excellent table song—" *Spring and Autumn.*"

When love is kind,
Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.

But when love brings
Heart-ache or pang,
Tears and such things,
Love may go hang.

If love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one.

But should I see
Love giv'n to rove
To two or three,
Then good bye love !

Love must in short,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too.

Else here I swear,
Young love may go,
For aught I care,
To Jericho.

* It is exceedingly amusing to observe how Mr. Moore's thoughts have been anticipated, and how he refines all the ore that passes through his mind. There is a very old song, of which this is but a paraphrase—we can only recollect two stanzas, for it is forty years at least since we heard it.

A courting I went to my love,
Far sweeter than roses in May,
But when I came to her by Jove,
The devil a word could I say.

Then I went with her into the house,
Determined my fortune to try,
But there was as still as a mouse,
O what a dull blockhead was I !

It is however in the unity of the sentiment and the melody, and in the graceful accompaniments—in short *in the whole* that the singular perfection Mr. Moore has attained can be entirely apprehended. In this number there is an equality which is not to be found in any of its predecessors. None of the songs perhaps rise *so* high as some of our older favourites, but they are all imbued with the peculiar characteristics, through which their author flies with a diversity most agreeable. "*O say thou best and brightest*" (to take them in the order we find them) impresses us most strongly for its deep feeling, and what makes the melody more valuable is, that it is almost entirely included in the compass of a fifth (from F to C) so that it lies within the best parts of almost every voice. The same rule applies, though not quite to the same extent, in all. Why Mr. Moore has harmonized these words as a duet we cannot imagine—to make *two* people breathe such a sentiment renders this touching and beautiful appeal perfectly ludicrous. Of the same tender cast, and distinguished by the same beauties are the airs, "*Like one who doom'd*," and "*Fear not that while around thee*." "*The Garland I send thee*" is also tinted by the memory of joys that are past, but the shadows are not so deep as in the two former pathetic songs. The rest are of a lively cast, with the exception of the concluding piece—the choice between pleasure and virtue—which is a conversational part-song between a mortal and the two beings who personify these incitements. It is most happily arranged, except that the middle part is for a tenor, an anomaly which might have been avoided. But while we derive such extreme gratification from the feeling, taste, and spirit of these exquisite adaptations, specks ought not to offend us—they are however so visible, because they lie upon snow.

A Grand Duet for the Harp and Piano Forte, by N. C. Bochsa.
S. Chappell.

Grand Duet Concertante for the Harp and Piano Forte, by Chas. Schunke. Boosey and Co.

"Plaire sans effort petite Esquisse" for the Harp, selected from Semiramide, by N. C. Bochsa. Mori and Lavenue.

Second Fantasia for the Harp, and Variations on "Kitty of Coleraine," by W. R. Hunt. Clementi and Co.

Le Petit Tambour, with Variations for the Harp, by S. Dussek.
S. Chappell.

The two first pieces on our list are equally good in many respects, and the contrary in others. It would almost have been better had the two composers joined forces, and produced one duet together. Mr. Bochsa's has all his usual spirit and brilliancy in the harp part, but the piano forte part falls off woefully; it is evidently produced by a mind so thoroughly imbued with the character of his own instrument, as to be unable to throw off its associations when writing for another. Mr. Schunke, on the contrary, whose instrument is the piano forte, has plunged into the opposite error. His harp part wants freedom; his passages are not well suited to the instrument; but the composition as a whole has indications of considerable talent. The subjects on which it is composed are an Irish air and Rossini's "*Non piu mesto accanto al foco*," from *La Cenerentola*.

This mixture of Irish and Italian may perhaps appear incongruous, but on the contrary the two airs (both beautiful of their kind) afford an excellent contrast. The subjects are hardly kept sufficiently prominent—they are not made enough of; and it is evident that Mr. Schunke's forte lies in execution, for of this the duet is principally composed, and it contains many passages of boldness and originality. As a whole it displays considerable luxuriance of fancy, which wants only the hand of time and well directed experience to bring it to maturity. The other three pieces are all of a much easier character. Mr. Bochsa's consists of a spirited arrangement of some of the most beautiful parts of *Semiramide*. But why has it a half French and half English

title! We have to be sure, titles in all languages now a days, but we never before saw one written in two.

Mr. Hunt's *Fantasia* has considerable merit, and will be found an agreeable lesson.

The *Variations on Le Petit Tambour* are also very light, easy, and attractive.

The Sigh, a ballad, the Music by W. F. Crouch. London. Chappell.

From where the moonbeams are streaming, written by J. A. St. Aubyn Esq. composed by W. H. Plumstead London. Goulding D'Almaine, and Co.—for the Author.

True Love, written by Voltaire when in London in 1727, composed by Pio Cianchettini. London. Mori and Lavenue.

A lover's vow, by Pio Cianchettini. London. Chappell.

Serenade, While my lady sleeps, by Pio Cianchettini. London. Mori and Lavenue.

The first Cup-bearer's song, } From The Epicurean
The second Cup-bearer's song, }

The music by T. Cooke. London. Power.

I weep, but tears bring no relief, a vocal duet, composed by John Barnet. London. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

The melody and words of Mr. Crouch's ballad are both pretty, but the last, "*Sensibility*," is ungrateful to the ear when set.

Mr. Plumstead's is of a class about the common; it has melody connected with the imagination and expression, though it does not reach the highest regions of fancy.

Mr. Cianchettini's differ very widely in their altitudes. In the first two, the voice part is overloaded by the arpeggio accompaniment, but the third makes amends, for it is very elegant, very delicate, and very imaginative. The "*Serenade*" brings to our recollection "*Evening's daughters*" by the same author, in the same manner, and written with the same expressive power.

Of Mr. Cooke's two songs from Mr. Moore's exquisite little book,

the first is by far the best, and it is really written with a deep feeling of the poetry. Melody is not so much the object as passion. It is almost purely syllabic, and free from the gewgaw of modern accompaniment. The second is a little more ambitious and not quite so successful.

Mr. Barnet's duet is constructed upon a plan not often adopted but still not absolutely new, namely, that while the first voice speaks in sorrow, the second replies in a tone of chearful consolation. The melody is agreeable, the points are well managed, and the duet appears capable of effect, if performed in the spirit of the composer.

Sing on thou warbling bird, a favorite song introduced by Madame Feron in the opera of the Cabinet, composed by G. Hodson. London. Chappell.

The Swiss Girl, ballad by Wm. Ball, with an accompaniment for the Pianoforte by I. Moschelles. London. Power.

Youth and age, a ballad, composed by Wm. Ball, the Pianoforte accompaniment by I. Moschelles. London. Chappell.

It is a task that by no means falls in with our inclination, to hold up such absolute trash as these three songs, to the public avoidance, but it becomes a duty to caution the unwary against names that ought not to be associated with productions so every way beneath their greatness.

"*Sing thou warbling bird*" is a genuine clap-trap for the galleries of a theatre, and if ever it was sung by MADAME FERON, we have very little doubt that Madame was rapturously applauded, and perhaps encored thrice at least. But nevertheless the song is sheer trumpery. Take it as it stands.

"Sing, sing on thou lovely bird, thy plaintive notes ne'er breath'd unheard, sing on thou lovely bird sing on. Sing on, sing on sweet warbling bird, thy plaintive notes ne'er breath'd unheard, and sweet I heard it o'er again, for echo mocks thy lively strain, for

echo mocks, for echo mocks thy lively strain. Sing on, sing on, thou warbling bird, thy plaintive notes ne'er breathed unheard, and sweet I hear them o'er again, for echo mocks thy lively strain, for echo mocks, for echo mocks thy lively strain, for echo mocks thy lively strain. Sing on, sing on, sing on, sing on sweet warbling bird, thy plaintive notes ne'er breathed unheard, and sweet I hear it o'er again, for echo mocks thy lively strain, for echo mocks, for echo mocks thy lively strain. Sing on, sing on, thou pretty warbler sing, and while you waft each downy wing, sing on, sing on, sing on, and I'll attentive list till night shall shed its dewy mist—till night shall shed its dewy mist, sing on, and I'll attentive list, till night shall shed its dewy mist—till night shall shed its dewy mist, sing on, thou warbling bird, sing on, sing on, sing on, sweet warbling bird, thy plaintive notes ne'er breathed unheard, and sweet I hear it o'er again, for echo mocks thy lively strain, for echo mocks thy lively strain, for echo mocks thy lively strain, for echo mocks, for echo mocks thy lively strain, for echo mocks thy lively strain, and sweet I hear thee o'er again, for echo mocks thy lively strain, thy lively strain, thy lively strain.

How like you, patient reader, a would-be bravura in plain English? Is it not sublime and beautiful? and this too introduced into the Cabinet by Madame Feron!! Aye, you exclaim, but this is not fair—the notes, the melody, the passages—all as trashy as the words, fair Sir. There is not one expressive note from beginning to end—not one passage that any one approaching to a singer of eminence would not fling down in a passion to be so insulted, if it was brought to her. We expected when we saw the title that it was “introduced” in order to set off the peculiar nature and brilliancy of Madame Feron’s execution, but nothing of the sort is to be found. There are solos for the flute, oboe, bassoon, &c. without end, which “mock” the singer, mock each other, and mock the hearer—in short, it is all a mockery.

Music as well as misery must make a man acquainted with strange bed fellows, when we find Mr. Moscheles’ name attached to such songs as those before us. We are sorry to check the progress of industry, but such attempts to cover mere imbecility with a name like his must be stopped. He may do a good-natured act, or may receive a small gratification for such services to an individual, but when the end is to allure the public to lay out

their money—the quality of the article should be sharply inspected before he suffers it to go forth with the imprimatur of his reputation and ability.

“*El Serene*,” a favourite Spanish Air, with Variations and Rondo for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by J. M. Ribas.

Romance from Joseph, varied for the Flute and Piano Forte, by Berbiguier and Castil Blaze. Both by Boosey and Co.

A favourite Air, with Variations by Weber, arranged for the Flute and Piano Forte, by Charles Faust. Cocks and Co.

New and complete Instructions for the Flute, comprising a familiar Treatise on the Rudiments of Music; the whole illustrated by numerous Examples; to which are added, twenty-seven Themes, for one or two Flutes, consisting of popular Airs, &c. and eighteen useful and pleasing Capriccios, and a subject varied, so as to form Exercises for the principal features of Flute Playing, by R. Dressler. R. Cocks and Co.

The practice of execution is now so universally studied in every branch of the art, that it is by no means surprising to see composers led away by the prevailing taste, and frequently producing more notes than music. We are afraid that very much such a character as this appertains to the variations of M. Ribas. Great command of the instrument is necessary to play it at all, and a great deal more practice to play it really well. When done justice to, its merits consist of very brilliant and showy execution, which would raise so much the listener's admiration for the skill of the performer, that they would have little left for the composer.

The beautiful romance from Joseph is infinitely superior. Here too there is execution, but not of that startling kind that would at once alarm all but the artist, except variation 3, which

is difficult. The lesson is concertante for the two instruments, and is well worthy the practice it would require. Mr. Saust has shown great taste and judgment both in the selection and arrangement of his lesson. The composition itself is free from the eccentricity that sometimes injures the piano forte music of Weber, and the flute part is most beautifully and characteristically written. In variation 5, the engraver has omitted a *ritardando* in the fourth bar of the second part of the piano forte part, which loses much of the effect, if it be not inserted. By many it might be thought a work of supererogation to write an instruction book for the flute, of which there are so many already before the public. There are however many reasons to be adduced in favour of such a work. Our standard book for the flute is Nicholson's, which is a complete work—taking as a whole, his instructions, appendix, and progressive lessons. Now there are few who would be at the pains of going regularly through all these books—no benefit to the student would result from their partial perusal. For these reasons, works in a more compressed form, containing all proper instructions, so arranged as to give less trouble to the student, are not only useful but necessary. Mr. Dressler is a native of Germany, and although he has now been in England for some time, yet he still adheres to the predilections of his countrymen concerning the performance of his instrument, particularly with regard to *tone*. On this essential requisite Mr. D.'s remarks are very judicious, but it is obvious that he is against the *thick English* tone, which we believe owes its birth to Mr. Nicholson, and which is now become so exclusively grateful to English ears.* He also treats of a method of articulation, which if in use, has never been considered in any instruction book before; it is by *aspiration* (see p. 8) and Mr. D. recommends it highly.

Mr. Dressler's work appears to us of a most useful kind; it embraces every species of instruction that is requisite to a beginner, from the time-table upwards, and the whole is explained in a very clear and succinct manner. The exercises are very good,

* We have good reason to believe that the want of success of Mr. Fursenau, two seasons ago, in London, who is one of the first-rate artists of his own country, was in a great measure owing to the then German tone, to which English audiences are so unaccustomed.

and the work shows that Mr. Dressler considers his art philosophically, as well as like a master.

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- The Banks of the Liffy, a Fantasia on Irish Airs, for the Piano Forte, with Orchestral Accompaniments, by J. B. Cramer.*
No. 1 of the Musical Album, for Piano Forte and Flute, containing the Fairy Rondo, by J. B. Cramer.
Theme from "Le Deux Journees," with Variations for the Piano Forte, by J. N. Hummel.
"Les Charmes de Londres," Rondo brilliant pour le Piano Forte, par J. Moscheles. All by Cramer and Co.
Rondo Characteristique pour le Piano Forte, sur la Barcarole de l'Opera de Marie, par H. Herz. Boosey and Co.
Trois Airs Variées pour le Piano Forte, par H. Herz. Cocks & Co.

Mr. Cramer borrows from no school that is gone by, and introduces none of the innovations, improvements, or whatever they may be called, of the present day. His style is formed after the best models, embellished by the taste and elegance of his own mind, and now matured by long and nobly-earned experience. Thus if his "*Banks of the Liffy*" displays no striking traits of genius and originality, it is distinguished by an equality and sterling worth which pervades the whole lesson, and which shows the mind long accustomed to treat with the difficulties both of composition and execution.

His Fairy Rondo, on Lord Mornington's glee of "*Here in cool grot*," bears a title beautifully adapted to it, for it possesses all the airiness and grace that is attributed to those imaginary beings that

"Play i' the plighted clouds,"

and though easy of execution, requires both delicacy of mind and finger to do it justice.

Mr. Hummel's lesson is written, if we may so term it, in the very science of simplicity. The subject is simple, and the varia-

tions characteristically so, yet there is that genuine delicacy and accuracy of feeling about it—that perfect mastery of the art, which makes a beauty of what in ordinary hands would be nothing, and which scorns to introduce the apparent difficulties of execution, while true expression lies at his disposal.

“*Les charmes de Londres*”! Why it is so called we cannot at all guess; n’importe; it at least possesses all the *charme* of its author’s genius, and if it has *any* allusion to London, it is to the unalloyed pleasure a young heart feels when first introduced to all the splendours and all the seductions of the metropolis. The subject is one of the most bewitching we ever heard, and the whole lesson is as buoyant and sparkling, as full of life and variety, as all the *charms of London* combined, and more so, for it is without any defects or disagreeables, of which there are but too many in the great city.

Mr. Herz has infused into his lesson more of intense feeling, more of passion than he has of late been accustomed to do, and the result is a most happy one. His subject is carried through all the several gradations of tranquillity, delicacy, playfulness, brilliancy, pathos, and intense feeling, and the whole lesson evinces the first-rate talent of the composer. One passage we cite as novel, and showing the agility which he must possess.



This is repeated several times. It is however rather a far-fetched idea, and perhaps goes a little beyond the bounds of legitimate execution.

The last on our list are three most exquisite little pieces; they consist of variations on the airs of “*Partant pour la Syrie*,” “*La Suisse au bord du lac*,” and “*We’re a noddin*,” and may be classed amongst those easy and attractive trifles that are to be performed without much effort by those who are susceptible of the refinements of art, and which make as facile an impression on the hearer. Any particular one can hardly be selected as the best—all are so good. If any thing, we should be inclined to prefer “*We’re a noddin*,” but this may perhaps arise from a feeling of

national prejudice in favour of the air. Therefore we shall recommend them equally to the notice of the amateur.

Sunday Evening's Amusement; consisting of Sacred Harmony for One, Two, and Three Voices, adapted to the use of Private Families; the Words from the Beauties of Sacred Poetry. The Music selected, arranged, and composed by J. C. Clifton. Both in London. Chappell.

This publication aims at nothing more than it professes—viz. to amuse the leisure of the Sabbath evening with an entertainment at once pleasing, intellectual, and pious. To this end Mr. Clifton has selected words from esteemed poets (Cowper for instance) or well known hymns, which he has either re-set to his own music or adapted to that of great composers. In this number we have Haydn's "*God save the Emperor*" to sacred words, a part of Handel's *Pastoral Symphony*—his *Harmonious Blacksmith*—Worgan's *Easter Hymn*—*Adeste Fideles*—hymns of Carey and Madan, with four original pieces by the Editor. These are so set that they may be sung either by one, two, or three voices, or the parts doubled—as the occasion may serve. They are clearly printed, and will answer the purpose for which they are intended.

A New and Improved System of the Art of Playing the Violin, comprising the First Rudiments of Music, with easy, original, and progressive Exercises, Airs, Preludes, &c. by R. M. Blackgrove. For the Author, by W. Blackman.

Three Grand Duets Concertante for the Piano Forte and Violin, composed by J. Mayseder. The violin part fingered by Signor Spagnoletti. No. 1.

The same, arranged for the Piano Forte and Flute, by Jean Sedlatzek. Wessel and Stodart.

The author of the violin instructions before us is himself a very clever professor, and is the father of the young gentleman of that

name who was one of the earliest and best pupils of the Royal Academy. The work was principally for the use of that son, and although we should be very unwilling to be thought to depreciate the value of the tuition which Master Blagrove has received in the Royal Academy, yet it is but just to acknowledge that his present eminence, though accelerated by his course of study, was in a good degree insured by the foundation first laid by the hand of his father. These facts are alone sufficient to prove the fitness of Mr. Blagrove for the task he has undertaken ; and if the work possesses intrinsic merit, it will make its own way.

We have already two standard violin tutors before the public ; a translation of Rode, Baillot, and Kreutzer's method, and the violin tutor of Mr. Loder. It however appears to have been Mr. Blagrove's intention to publish a work which should contain all the requisite knowledge for the student in as compact and progressive a form as possible, without rendering it so complete and formidable a treatise to the youthful student as either of the above-mentioned books. The absolute differences between instruction books cannot be very great, if they be really good ; it is therefore neither necessary or possible to point out any peculiar recommendation in the present, except that it appears to us to be arranged upon a simple and perspicuous plan, the great requisite in teaching.

Mr. Mayseder's duet is one of his usually showy and brilliant productions that require great execution in the performer, but that are so catching when done as to be certain of pleasing. Mr. M. might almost be called the *Rossini* of violin writers.

The Duet has undergone the usual fate of being *arranged for flute and piano forte*, and if it cannot be performed as originally intended it will please even in this form.

W. A. Mozart's Requiem partitur. Nene nach Mozart's und Sussmayer's handschriften berichtigte ausgabe. Nebst einem Vorbericht von Anton. Andre. Offenbach, a M bey. Joh. Andre.

This copy of the celebrated *Requiem* has been printed to ascer- the distinct portion written by Mozart and by Mr. Sussmayer, who was employed by the widow to finish the work after the death of the immortal composer. The score is marked with the initial letters of the names, M. and S. where each assumes the pen, and it is altogether curious.* We have made an abstract of the preface, which contains the evidence of the facts, so far as they can be reduced to words.

"I now present to the public the *Requiem* by Mozart, announced about a year ago. In the first place it is requisite here once more to state, *how* and *when* I came into the possession of the documents made use of in this edition, and what has led to their publication.

In November, 1800, wishing to publish a perfect piano forte arrangement of Mozart's *Requiem* for my firm (Johann André) I had occasion to enquire of the widow of Mozart, of whom I had purchased in the previous year all the remains of Mozart's original manuscripts left in her possession, whether she could likewise procure me the original manuscript of his *Requiem*.

In consequence of this application I received from her the answer inserted below,† explanatory of the expressions which

* We are surprized to perceive that Messrs. Cocks and Co. are the only music sellers in London whose names are to be found in the list of subscribers.

† FROM THE WIDOW OF MOZART.

Vienna, 26th Nov. 1800.

To procure the original score of the requiem entire is impossible, both to me and you. Dr. Sortschen, who lives here has returned it to the anonymous, and only in the houses of S. was I permitted to have it compared by Stadler with my copy, or Breitkopt's edition. The consequence of which is not only that my copy of Breitkopt's edition is more correct than this edition itself, but the improvements inserted by a master hand cause my copy to be even more correct than the original itself. I leave this, my copy, at —, and you then may with security announce that your piano forte arrangement has been made from a copy most carefully corrected and compared with the original score. I have said that my copy is better than the original. You know (*entre nous*) that the whole of the requiem is not by Mozart—for

appear in the first lines, "with my copy or with Breitkopf's edition," I remark only, that the said copy, which Mrs. M— had compared with the manuscripts in possession of Dr. Sortschens, was a printed copy of Breitkopf and Hartel's edition, which Mrs. M— calls in this letter her copy or Breitkopf's edition.

What she sent me consisted of—first, a printed copy of Br. and H.'s edition of the *Requiem* in score, in which, by means of the letters M. and S. those parts written by Mozart, and those by Sussmayer, were marked the whole way through—on which I must observe, that such parts as were marked with lead pencil with M. or S. and with notes referring thereto, had been written so by Mr. Stadler himself, and the figures to the base (which in the printed copy were entirely wanting) were added by the same person in red ink, that they might be distinctly visible.

Besides the before-mentioned notes, it is further worthy of remark, that there is in the hand writing of Mr. Nissen, on the back of the cover, the following—

Hostias, Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei (except repetitions), by Sussmayer.

Second. Mozart's original rough score, containing, from page 11 to 32, these five numbers—*Dies iræ*, No. 2—*Tuba mirum*, No. 3—*Rex tremendæ*, No. 4—*Recordare*, No. 5—and *Confutatis*,

example, many middle parts, and will therefore not blame him for the errors there are in the original. But I will do for your sake still more. I will namely procure you *Dies iræ*, *Tuba mirum*, *Rex tremendæ*, *Recordare*, *Confutatis*, and *Sanctus*, and intrust to you the following secret:—All that precedes the *Dies iræ* Anonymous possesses, the original of them Mozart only wrote in the *Dies iræ*, *Tuba mirum*, *Rex tremendæ*, *recordare*, and *confutatis*, the principal parts, and of the middle parts little or nothing—those were added by another person, and that two different hand writings might not appear, he copied likewise Mozart's writing. You now know positively all Mozart wrote of the Requiem—that I have said above, thereto may be added towards the end the mere repetitions: the *Sanctus* which I procure for you is in the original hand writing of him who composed this piece as well as all the rest. To this may be added that the middle parts of what I procure for you are different from those in Breitkopf's edition—as they are in this, so they are (with the exception of small improvements) in the original of the Anonymous; the completer must therefore have written them twice, and you may therefore choose between the two, if you think it right. The *Sanctus* is likewise entirely by the completer, but in the rest only such as has been parenthetical with pencil. You might therefore with truth assert, that your arrangement is an immediate extract from the original of six pieces—(there are but twelve in the whole.)

Signed,

C. MOZART.

No. 6. I did, it is true, at the time compare these manuscripts with Stadler's notes in Mrs. M.'s compared copy, but am now truly sorry that I returned them without taking a perfect fac simile of them.

In the mean time I had published the intended Piano Forte Arrangement, without making any public use of this information. But subsequently I received from Mrs. Mozart, now Mrs. Nissen, a letter, in which she herself requested me to publish, for the purposes of setting conjecture at rest, the compared copy which I had received from her 25 years before. This edition is in fact a *correct* reprint of Mrs. Mozart's copy, with the improved figured base by Mr. Stadler.

In addition to this, before putting the book to press, I commissioned my son, during a visit he made to Vienna last autumn, to examine such manuscripts as Mr. Stadler still possessed, and once more to compare Mrs. Mozart's copy with them. The few corrections he made are marked. This edition has also the further advantage of containing the lately published explanatory remarks by Mr. Stadler; besides which I have now only to make a few observations on some parts.

In the *Requiem* and *Kyrie* there will be found neither the letter M. nor S. as they were not inserted in the compared copy.

That however the manuscript of the whole of this piece, as well as those immediately following, were only sketched out by Mozart is proved by the words of Sussmayer in a well-known letter:—
 “To the *Requiem* and *Kyrie*—*Dies iræ*—*Domine Jesu Christe*—Mozart only wrote the four voice parts and the correct ground-base; but of the instrumental parts he had only noted the subjects here and there. In the *Dies iræ* his last verse was—*qua resurget ex favilla*, and his work was of the same nature as in the first pieces, commencing from the verse—*judicandus homo reus*, &c. The *Dies iræ*, the *Sanctus*, *Benedictus*—and *Agnus Dei* have been entirely recomposed by me, &c.”

Thus with regard to the *Requiem*, the want of the letters M. and S. at least appear in some measure recompensed.

In the *Tuba mirum*, the continuation of the solo melody, commenced by the trombone, is taken from the 6th to the 18th bar as a bassoon solo; but the Abbe Stadler has lately asserted that this melody is to be continued by the trombone and not by the

bassoon, and I now, on consideration, think I recollect to have found it so in the original manuscript, but did not think of correcting it in the compared copy, as it was then of no consequence to my undertaking, for the piano forte arrangement; I now believe however, that in the hitherto published editions, the melody having been given to the bassoon is erroneous, and that it rests on a mistake.

With respect to this piece I have further to observe, that the 11 bars of the bassoon, which I have marked in a similar manner, with the addition of a NB, in consequence of the corrections of my son, are written by Sussmayer.

In the *Lacrymosa* of the compared copy, the letter S. is only inserted in the 9th bar in several parts—but in accordance with the comparison lately made by my son, Sussmayer's labours commence in the instrumental parts from the 3d bar; and the first two bars of the violins and tenors, as likewise the six succeeding bars of the vocal parts only, are by Mozart. For the rest it is an ascertained fact, that Mozart's rough copy only went as far as the 8th bar of this piece, and that there he left the work incomplete.

The *Hostias* is marked in the compared copy as the work of Sussmayer, and this is besides further confirmed in the note of Mr. Nissen on the back of the cover. Mr. Stadler lately has assured me that this piece is in a similar degree to the foregoing, the work of Mozart.

If the *Domine* and *Hostias* really are by Mozart, I can only believe that these two pieces, which follow the *Lacrymosa*, at the 8th bar of which Mozart ceased his earthly labours, are nothing more than two of his earlier compositions, which may have been made use of to complete *The Requiem*, which he left unfinished.

The following remarks on the history of the origin of *The Requiem*, seems besides to confirm most clearly all the foregoing assertions. To the romantic story of the secret order for *The Requiem* I never gave any credit, but on the contrary, have reason to believe the truth to be as follows:—About the same time that the widow of Mozart sent me the above-mentioned score, I received another document, which proves that in March, 1792, shortly after the death of Mozart, the late King of Prussia,

Frederick William II. known as a great connoisseur and admirer of music, had received through the hands of his Ambassador at Vienna, a copy of *The Requiem*, and paid for the same 450 Imperial florins—100 ducats. This gave rise in my mind to the supposition that this occurrence might have caused the romantic tale of the order for the *Requiem* at the price of 100 ducats.

At the same time I leave the veracity of the story on its own foundation, at which in my correspondences with Mrs. Mozart neither of us ever hinted.

It was not till last spring that I learned accidentally the more probable truth of the transaction. Being then at Amsterdam I learned from Mr. J. Zawrzel, first oboe of the opera there, who, at an early period of his life, had been in the service of Count Waldseck, then residing at his country seat, at Stubbach, that this Count was the *anonymous* who ordered the *Requiem*, and his steward the person who, in the summer of 1790, executed the commission to Mozart, paid the demanded price, (which by the by was to have consisted only of 50 ducats), and made with Mozart the conditions not only to accelerate the work but likewise never to publish it.

After the death of Mozart the widow requested Sussmayer, who had been an intimate friend of the family, to assist in looking over and putting to rights the remaining manuscripts of her husband, which, as it is known, were every thing but in a regular state.

On this occasion they found the MSS. of the *Requiem*, and on Sussmayer's asking what unfinished *Requiem* that might be ? the widow recollected that this composition had been ordered and paid for in advance to her late husband, and begged of Sussmayer to finish the work.

These circumstances confirm me in my supposition that Mozart, for the better expedition of the undertaking, took a sketch of a similar composition of an earlier date, and made use of it in the work in question, (as he did almost in the same manner in 1783 with his unfinished grand mass in C minor, which he used two years after in his cantata : *Davide penitente*.)

I am also inclined to believe that the old composition extends just to that part of *tuba mirum* where, in the 18th bar, the bass solo, with the obligato bassoon (trombone), accompaniment ends.

For it is at this place from the commencing tenor-solo, which begins at *Mors stupebit*, that I recognise the magic sounds which characterise so peculiarly Mozart's later compositions, but which I do not perceive in the previous parts, the fine introduction excepted, and this charm continues throughout the *tuba mirum*, and likewise through the following pieces, till the eighth bar of the *Lacrymosa*, when at the ninth bar Sussmayer's work commences.

If the two following pieces (*Domine* and *Hostias*) are really Mozart's, they can only be two of his earlier works taken after his death to assist in finishing the Requiem.

As I have formerly stated my opinion, that the above-mentioned earlier compositions must date themselves from before 1784, I thus support my assertion.

Mozart had from February, 1784, entered every one of his compositions, with his own hand, in a manuscript systematic catalogue, which was published in 1805 at my house. That Mozart used to enter in this catalogue every one of his compositions, even if they were but sketches, is proved amongst others by the therein mentioned aria (No. 111), the original MS. of which is in my possession, and which is nothing more than a sketch of a score, such as Mozart used in general to make out for his vocal compositions with orchestral accompaniments, so that he in his rough score merely wrote the voice part and the instrumental bass complete, and of the other parts he merely noted here and there the subjects.

With regard to the manner of Sussmayer's completing the *Requiem*, the narration of Mr. Zwarzel,* who was a particular

* LETTER FROM MR. ZWARZEL.

“It was in the month of August, 1790, that I came to the Count Walseck; it was the first time after the death of the Countess. A young man, employed by the Count as a violoncellist, told me that the Count was himself composing a requiem for the Countess, and had already got some way in it, and took me into the Count's cabinet to see the requiem. I looked it carefully through, and found it finished and neatly written as far as the *Sanctus*. I examined the bass horn part, and observed to the Count, ‘instruments of this kind are not to be had in Neustadt.’ His answer was, ‘if he finishes the requiem, he will send a bass horn from Vienna.’

“I came in October to Vienna. You yourself know that in the interval Mozart had written the *Zauberflöte* and *Titus*. Of the requiem he thought no more, but was present at the coronation of the Emperor both at Frankfort and Prague, where a short time after he was taken ill and died. Sussmayer,

acquaintance of Mr. Sussmayer, is by far more credible than that which Mr. Sussmayer states to the house of Breitkopf and Hartel, for it must be evident that Mozart himself might have executed the unfinished parts of his work ten times quicker than to have expended so much time with Sussmayer on their execution and completion as the latter would make us believe. To this every expert composer will by his own experience assent.

From the foregoing communications, the matter in question as to the authenticity of Mozart's *Requiem* may now even pretty nearly be judged of by that part of the public who are not so intimate with the music of the immortal composer as to be enabled to distinguish the composition of Mozart—*ex ungue leonem*; and I have finally only to say, that the letters, as also the copy which I received from the widow of Mozart, and further, the original manuscript of Mozart's journal, in which the delineation of the mentioned aria, dated from the 17th Sept. 1789, is noted, as likewise the sketch of the said aria itself, may be seen by every person at my house.

ANT. ANDRÉ.

Offenbach, a. m. 31st Dec. 1826.

ARRANGEMENTS.

Giuliani's Introduction and Variations to an Air of Cimarosa's, arranged for the Violoncello and Piano Forte, by W. H. Haggart.

Mayseder's Grand Duet, arranged for the Violin and Violoncello, by W. H. Haggart. Both by Wessel and Stoddart.

Bochsa's Heroic Fantasia on Rule Britannia, arranged for the Piano Forte, by A. Meves.

No. 12 of "Les Belles Fleurs," for the Piano Forte and Flute, by Sola and Bruguier.

a friend of the family, was sent for to arrange his music, and then found the requiem. On enquiring what this unfinished requiem was, Mad. Mozart remembered that the requiem was bespoken by a gentleman, and paid for beforehand—that Mozart was most anxious to finish it for a long time.—Now you can judge why the Count did not disclose this after Mozart's death; he would have no longer had the credit of the composition, &c."

The favourite *Airs* from "*Il Seraglio*," arranged for the Piano Forte, by S. Webbe.

J. N. Hummel's *Amusement*, a "*L'Antrichienne*," arranged for two performers on the Piano Forte, by W. Watts.

Favourite *Airs* from "*La Bal Champetre*," arranged for the Harp, by N. C. Bochsa. All by S. Chappell.

"*La Gaieté*," third Set of New Quadrilles, from favourite Operas, by L. Zerbini.

Fourth Set of ditto, from *The Seraglio*, by L. Zerbini. Both by Wessel and Stoddart.

A certain set of names are now before the public as those of good arrangers; it is our desire to name the publications of these most worthy of favour, and they require no comment. Whatever we find good besides by composers less known in this branch, we also place in our list, which is this time but a short one. Its contents are however all good, and of a useful kind.

EISTEDDVOD.

The next grand provincial meeting of Welsh bards and minstrels, will be held at Denbigh, in North Wales, a town well calculated for holding a festival.

Denbigh is situated in the beautiful vale of Clwyd, and the view from the castle is one of the finest in the kingdom. It is intended to hold the Literary Olympics, under an awning in the Castle, and the Concerts at the Town-hall.

Denbigh is the birth place of many learned and eminent men; Humphrey Llwyd (Lloyd), the antiquarian, was born there about the year 1527. Sir Hugh Middleton, who brought the new river to London, was a native of Denbigh; also Thomas Edwards, the Welch Shakspeare, a celebrated bard, who, at an Eisteddvod held there about forty years ago, gained the medal for an extempore stanza on the recovery of his late Majesty, George III. Several bards recited before Edwards, and all praised the physician who had restored the King to his people, but he (Edwards) paraphrased in a most elegant manner,

"Non nobis Domine non nobis, sed nomini tuo da Gloriam."

Not far from Denbigh was born the patriotic Owen Jones, an individual who by his industry acquired a large fortune. He published, in three quarto volumes, "*The Archiology of Wales*," which cost him nearly two thousand pounds; he caused transcripts to be made of the works of the Welch bards, which tended to throw light on the early history of the Britons, with a view of publishing them, which occupied *seventy folio volumes in M. S.* The Royal Cambrian institution has purchased them from his widow, and will, no doubt, fulfil the intentions of the worthy Cambrian, who was exceedingly fond of the music of his country.

Mr. Jones inserted in the third volume of the "*Archiology of Wales*," 170 pages of the ancient notation of the Britons from the 11th century; he also employed a person to traverse the principality to write down, from the playing of the harpers, all such tunes as were not known to him, a copy of which he gave to Mr. Parry, who has also received from the Rev. J. Jenkins, of Kerry, in Montgomeryshire, a most valuable collection of national airs, which were never published; many of which are evidently very ancient, for neither time nor measure is marked, and their true style cannot be ascertained except from hearing those mountaineers chant them, to whom they have descended from time immemorial. Dr. W. O. Pughe lives near Denbigh; he is the author of several valuable works. He published an excellent Dictionary of the Welch and English languages; he also translated Milton's *Paradise Lost* into Welch, in a masterly manner; and it was he who collected and arranged the ancient British musical notation for the "*Archiology of Wales*."

It is the intention of the committee of the Denbigh Eisteddvod to offer a *golden harp*, to be contended for by such minstrels as have already gained *silver* ones; this will prove a great incitement, and put all the lyrists on their mettle, and consequently the contest will create infinite interest.

The musical arrangements are not yet made, much depends on the other festivals, which take place in the autumn. Mr. Parry (also a native of Denbigh, and who has not been there for nearly thirty years,) is to superintend the entertainments.

PROVINCIAL FESTIVALS.

The meeting of the Three Choirs takes place this year at Hereford, under the usual conduct, in the second, third, and fourth of September—his Majesty having allowed his name to be used as patron.

The York Meeting is fixed to commence on the 23d of September, under the Royal patronage.

The Bury for October

A Festival is on foot at Manchester, and a committee has been formed to consider of the propriety and the means of carrying it into effect. Others are talked of—one at Derby for instance—but we believe nothing is yet fixed. That at Bury will be upon a comparatively small scale.

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ON THE USE OF THE APPOGGIATURA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THERE is nothing more difficult than to reduce the minuter details of the fine arts to definite practical rules. The reason I suppose is to be sought in the infinite diversities, of which each particular is susceptible. Thus, Sir, I have been most exceedingly puzzled in my endeavours to trace out any distinct method by which I might be guided in the use of that little, but very, very powerful agent in expression, singing, and playing—the appoggiatura. I feel the effect of this grace—I have been sometimes more caught with a single note of the kind, skilfully and sensitively thrown in, than with the whole of an elaborate sonata besides. In singing the appoggiatura melts or raises; but then to find a rule how and where to apply it? That is the question.

I first looked, Sir, to authority. Old Tosi has a chapter expressly upon this grace, and this chapter he commences by saying, to my utter astonishment, that “Among all the embellishments of the art of singing there is none so easy for the master to teach, or less difficult for the scholar to learn.” He goes on to say, that “from the time the appoggiatura has been invented to adorn the art of singing, the true reason why it cannot be used in all places remains yet a secret;” and he flatters himself that though he has not arrived at it, “the judicious will see at least that he is come near it.” If so, I must confess that I do not belong to that enviable class of persons, for he seems to me to have thrown little or no light upon the subject. He has indeed said what can and what cannot be done, and even added examples, but in so obscure a manner, that his translator (Galliard, the author of

the *Hymn of Adam and Eve*) has thought it necessary to explain his meaning, and this explanation amounts to no more than the following words, "A semitone major changes name, line, and space. A semitone minor changes neither. To a semitone major one can go with a rise or fall distinctly—to a semitone minor one cannot. N. B. From a tone minor the appoggiatura is better and easier than from a tone major." This seems to me almost *ignotum per ignotius*. For I am driven to confess I can make nothing at all of it.

Dr. Anselm Bayley, sub-dean of his Majesty's Chapel Royal, who published a short and sensible book, under the title of "A Practical Treatise on Singing and Playing with just expression and real elegance," lays down a few precise rules in the following passages :—

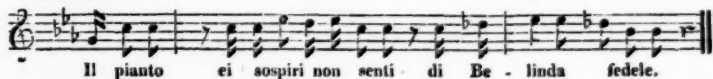
"Of all graces the least tedious is the appoggiatura, 'which,' saith *Tosi*, hath the privilege of being heard often without tiring,' both in playing and singing; yet it will tire, if employed, as it is by some, continually, almost upon every note: its frequency pleaseth most in solemn, pathetick airs, and the church recitative."

"Observe, no appoggiatura nor grace ought to be made at the beginning, for two reasons; first, because there is no preceding note from whence to prepare, and secondly, because every exordium should be plain and simple. But by the beginning must not be understood merely the first note of movement, but of every passage or sentence; for instance, in *Green's* anthem, 'Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace,' the syllable *ac* should be struck plain, in the first sentence, as also *and* in the second. Again, no appoggiatura, unless the quick and close, should be taken, and that but seldom, with, or near a glide, being similar graces, and one sufficient at a time; nor must a shake be joined with a glide, or appoggiatura, being opposite to them, and spoiling the effect of both; an appoggiatura may prepare a shake, slur, or turn, but not either an appoggiatura."

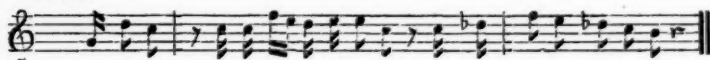
Rousseau did not think the word worth introducing into his Dictionary. The French encyclopædists (M. Framery) have a short article, in which they define the word—they pronounce that it gives softness and sweetness to a passage, and for this reason it is not to be employed in majestic or simple compositions. [This I deny, and will hereafter show to be false.] The appoggiatura from below has more languor and softness—that from above, more grace and spirit. [This is not universally true, if true at all.] The upper appoggiatura is introduced upon the strong part

of the measure (or bar) and in Italian recitative it is necessary to lessen the harshness of certain intervals as of the third descending.

WRITTEN:



SUNG:



So much for the profound science of M. Framery and his coadjutors.

The German lexicographer, Koch, is far more explicit, clear, and definite. He thus writes :—

“*Appoggiatura* (in German, *Vorschlag*) is a well-known manner of embellishing a melody. It properly consists in a tone which is not contained in the fundamental harmony, but which gradually precedes the principal note, and by its dissonance excites a longing for the principal note, and renders its introduction to the ear still more attractive. Such an *appoggiatura* is not inserted in the bars like the other notes, but merely written in a small note, the duration of which is again deducted from the succeeding principal note. The principal note therefore is somewhat retarded by the *appoggiatura*. There are several such tones in a musical composition, which are retarded by a preceding note, known partly by the name of incidental dissonances, and partly by that of mutation notes, but which are duly noted in the bars as common notes. This is not the case with *appoggiaturas*, on account of the particular and distinguished manner in which they are executed. Musicians are nearly agreed, that when a principal note is to be retarded by an *appoggiatura*, they render the *appoggiatura* itself particularly prominent by accenting it, or give it with a certain quick swelling of tone, and link the subsequent principal note softly, or with less force with the *appoggiatura*.—This soft linking of the *appoggiatura* with the succeeding principal note, is called *Slurring*, about which the opinions of musicians are still divided. Some maintain that for ex. on the piano forte the finger is to be gently raised, and on the violin the bow to be gently lifted from the principal note; others on the contrary pretend that this is not necessary when the principal note is not followed by a pause.

“The duration of the *appoggiatura* generally is in proportion to the value of the principal note, before which it stands. When there is no dot after the principal note, the *appoggiatura* takes half of its time; but when there is a dot after the note, the *appoggiatura* lasts as long as the note itself, and it is only at the dot that the

principal note is linked. In this case the appoggiatura takes two-thirds of the value of the note lengthened by a dot.

"The same is generally observed when the principal note is followed by a pause. In that case the appoggiatura commonly lasts as long as the note itself, and the principal note is only linked with it at the pause, but lightly slurred.

"When the appoggiatura is used for a note which is thus divided, and partly again linked with the first half, the duration of the appoggiatura is not regulated by the note with a dot, but the two parts, divided merely in notation, are considered as a note consisting of two equal parts, and the whole first half is allotted to the appoggiatura.

"Sometimes there are appoggiaturas when the principal note is retarded by any other than the note immediately above or below.

"All the aforementioned appoggiaturas are called *appoggiaturas of fixed time*, to distinguish them from another species of appoggiaturas, which are very briefly executed; wherein the accent falls not upon the appoggiatura, but upon the principal note itself, and which, on account of their being so quickly linked with the principal note, that the latter appears not to have lost the smallest particle of its value, are called *appoggiaturas of undetermined time*. They are chiefly used in lively passages, either at skipping notes, or at the repetition of a note; also before a linking or tying.—When there are several appoggiaturas before a principal note they are linked with equal rapidity with the principal note, which in this case receives the accent.

"As it is frequently difficult to decide whether the appoggiatura is to be of fixed time or not, it has long ago been the general wish that composers should note every appoggiatura with a little note indicating its duration—that is to say, that if the appoggiatura was to last $\frac{1}{4}$, they should write it with a little crotchet, and if an $\frac{1}{8}$, with a quaver, &c. but hitherto this has been done by very few composers."

The defect of this article is, that while it tells us where appoggiaturas are to be placed and their proportionate duration, it is wholly silent as to the reason of their application. It applies also to instrumental music alone. Whether they be intended to express joy or sorrow, majesty or tenderness, the rule is the same. Now this cannot be true. Dr. Callcott has followed the German method of division and exposition. Mr. Lanza, in his *Elements of Singing*, gives the subjoined directions for the use of the ornament of which we are speaking.

"The appoggiatura, of equal duration, must be held as long as if it was a large note; all appoggiaturas, if of half the duration, should be sung much stronger than the note which follows them; and great care should be taken that they have fully, if not

rather more than half the duration of the large note ; when of less than half the duration, they naturally become of less consequence in every respect."

It was thus left, it should seem, for the author of "*The Grace Book*" and "*The Elements of Vocal Science*" to begin the elucidation of the philosophical principles upon which the appoggiatura is to be applied ; and indeed when I commenced this address I was not aware of how far he had proceeded in the generalization. Still it appears to me that more remains to be done, by something more nearly approaching to a specific classification, by the citation of exceptions and of doubts and niceties. This, so far as I am able, I will endeavour to do.

Appoggiaturas I should say are of two kinds—1, technical, or ornamental—2, pathetic.

The first are applied to get rid of awkward or harsh intervals, and enliven while they adorn ; the second heighten the passion of the phrase.

The first rule then is, that whenever intervals occur that are disagreeable in their progression to the ear, yet are susceptible of being smoothed, or softened, or altered in this characteristic by the introduction of a single note, or perhaps of two—the player or singer is not only at liberty but expected to introduce the desired improvement. In aid of the interpretation of this rule, the directions of the French and German Encyclopædists will be found very useful and almost all-sufficient.

Of all other composers Handel appears to require the most perfect knowledge of the application of this grace. Almost all that is said about the traditional manner of singing his airs turns upon this point. From his works then I shall chiefly select my examples.

It being all but impossible to find a passage either vocal or instrumental divested of meaning, there will be found even in those most technical, some approximation towards or some slight touch of the pathetic—still however the distinction is sufficiently obvious between the weak and the strong demonstrations of passion. Amongst those which are the most faint I think is the song from *Semele*, "*Where'er you walk.*" It is indeed a mixture of amatory complaint and natural description, and though flowing and beautiful in its melody, it cannot be entitled to consideration

amongst songs of passionate expression. I shall take this then as a specimen of the first species, that which I have denominated technical. I think it would be all but impossible for any but the most untutored ear to bear this passage as it is written.



It appears impossible not to introduce spontaneously an appoggiatura (Bb) upon the last note. A little further on in the song upon this passage,



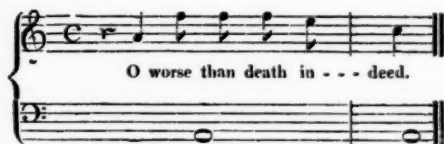
it seems not less impracticable for the ear not to prompt the introduction of b and g upon the two words, *gales—shall*. There arises in my mind a doubt whether the passage would be improved by the addition of an f upon the word *fan*—without it, the phrase is bald to my ear—with it, the effect of the seventh in the harmony is diminished if not lost—still however I incline to the use of the appoggiatura. But this is one of the niceties, and let it never be forgotten how much is in the power of the singer. I have heard those whose lips drop words like snow. Such gifted individuals can very much command the judgment by the mere manner of the execution.* By these slight examples will be seen what I intend by technical appoggiaturas—all such are the notes inserted, simply because the ear will not endure the passage as it stands, and indeed I never could comprehend why the composer himself should not have written them into his score.

Nothing more needs I think be said on this division of our subject. The second or pathetic will demand more explication. I shall take for my first thesis one of the plainest yet most touching

* Hooke, the author of the *Roman History*, was celebrated for the beauty of his reading. He requested the opinion of a Noble Lord, no less celebrated for his literary taste and attainments, upon his work. After reading some portion of it, he ventured to ask the Noble Critic what he thought of the style? O said his Lordship, how do you imagine it possible I can judge of it when you read it with such perfection. I have been thinking only of the tone and the delivery. To enable me to judge of the matter, you must allow me to read it myself.

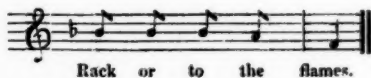
airs Handel ever composed—"Angels ever bright and fair"—the first song learned by little misses—almost the last attempted by great singers who know the difficulty of pathos, when connected as it generally is in its finest examples, and as it is in the instance before us, with extreme simplicity.

The plain, short, *speaking* recitative which precedes the air contains two striking points where the appoggiatura may or may not be adopted. The first of them occurs in the following passage.



which presents a curious example of a mixture of the technical and the pathetic—the ear will not bear the descent from the fifth to the third without an intervening note. If we try to sing it without the appoggiatura, we shall find a plainness and force in coming at once upon the note which may at the first glance be conceived to have a passionate expression—but this vanishes before the pathetic influence of the appoggiatura. The protraction of the passage by this long retardation bestows a feeling of sorrow which nothing else can give, and though the beginning of the exclamation is hurried, yet nothing can be more natural than this dwelling upon the last syllable of the word *indeed*, which in itself has the effect of heightening and increasing the intensity of the phrase.

The other passage is this—and here I anticipate that my opinion may be disputed, because I go against the authority of the practice. I commit myself however to the calm judgment of all those who will consider the matter.



Here is, I am driven to acknowledge, the same interval and the same technical reason for the introduction of the appoggiatura. But I think the sense and the character of the words, which will with difficulty admit of the sort of syllabic division, which the interpolation of a *g* would produce, making it very nearly allied

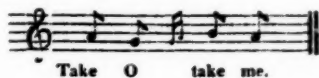
to *flames*—deny the appoggiatura its natural place. There is a vehemence and rapidity in the thought and language which requires the plainest, strongest, speediest utterance, and for these reasons it appears to me that the judgment will be better satisfied, even because the ear is in some degree outraged.*

The song itself presents far greater nicety of distinction, and I beg to have it understood that I rather throw out suggestions for the determination of others, than venture to pronounce any decision of my own. The difficulty lies in the frequent repetition of the same phrase, by which we are drawn into the following dilemma.—The ear does or does not require an appoggiatura—if it requires it at all, it requires it whenever the same phrase is repeated.—If it does not require it, then its use is merely ornamental. The plain phrase is this—



If sung exactly as it stands, I know of scarcely any passage that demands a more exquisite power of enunciation to rescue it from appearing bald and unfinished. Observe I do not deny that it may be simply, articulately, and feelingly delivered—but the difficulty is extreme. The ways by which this difficulty has been surmounted are more than one—*e. g.*

First.

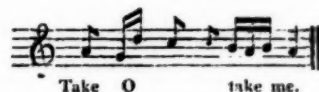


Secondly.



Thirdly, with these ornaments combined.

Fourthly.

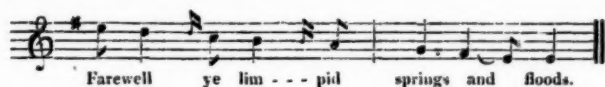


* For the same reasons, in the celebrated recitative, "*Ye sacred priests,*" I should forbid the use of an appoggiatura on the word "*blood.*" Another exception is to be found in the recitative, "*Heavens what noise! horribly loud! unlike the former shout!*" from Samson—an appoggiatura upon the word *shout* converts terror into laughter.

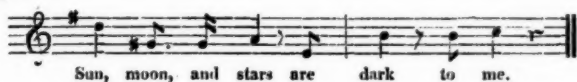
ment, this touching appeal is lost. This always appears to me one of the most perfect and complete examples of the pathetic appoggiatura.

The use of the appoggiatura upon the middle syllable of the awful name of JEHOVAH, in "*What tho' I trace*,"* gives great solemnity by the apparent prolongation it bestows. The same effect is increased by the introduction of a descending note upon the first syllable also.

One of Handel's songs of deepest passion is the universally admitted to be "*Farewell ye limpid springs and floods*."† If the subjoined passage be sung with the grace notes as they are here placed, and with a sort of breathing reluctance, it confers an expression of the deepest feeling—without them the passage is merely flowing and sweet.



Total Eclipse‡ is another composition, matchless for its profound expression. This song is a climax of passion from the beginning to the end. About the middle, as the spirit breaks into the very bitterness of grief and complaint, there is this passage—



If sung as it stands it is a passage of sorrow, but if an appoggiatura, strongly enforced, be introduced upon the last and emphatic word "*me*," it adds so exceedingly to the passion, that I am not aware of any instance where a single grace-note can be more effectively thrown in. I must also observe, that in such delineations of exclamatory passion as this, there is scarcely any allowance for such notes; indeed it is only where the passion can be heightened that they are admissible at all. Even technical rules are superseded by the stronger necessity of the due exemplification of the passion. Thus in this way the customary introduction of the appoggiatura between the intervals of a third must

* Solomon.

† Jeptha.

‡ Samson.

be passed over—as in the first phrase, *Total Eclipse*—indeed no appoggiatura appears to me permissible in any part of it, but where I have just noted it, and between the thirds upon the words “*to glad my eyes*,” where grace notes will, by the retardation, increase the feeling of lamentation.

Nearly allied to this in force, while it exhibits the power of an appoggiatura in another kind of expression—defiance and contempt—is the little note appended to the last word of the subjoined phrase; it is from the duet, “*Go baffled coward*,”* in *Samson*.



The same emphatic and protracted enunciation of the appoggiatura must be given as in the example from *Total Eclipse*, but with an augmented fierceness, and the effect is sure.

The following exhibits a fine instance of religious fervor and exultation, heightened by the use of this little ornament.



The appoggiatura on the word “*shall*” gives the energy of the highest and most characteristic expression† by the elevation with which it invests the passage.

* I have often wondered at this scene having so long escaped the Directors of the Antient Concert. It is absolutely perfect in its kind, and should be thus performed.

1. The recitative, beginning “*No words of peace*,” and ending, “*I disdain*.”
2. Base song, “*Honor and Arms*.”

3. Recitative, “*Cam’st thou for this*,” and duet, “*Go baffled coward*,” Braham and Phillips would do it most admirably. By the way, I am glad to perceive that your expostulation, vol. 8. page 151, in favour of the former has not been lost upon the Directors. Mr. Braham has at last been engaged—and report says, the Archbishop of York has privately expressed to the singer his approbation. This is very honourable to all parties.

† Nothing so pointedly shews the little acquaintance that has yet been made with this subject as the mistaken introduction of appoggiaturas in the printed editions of various songs—in almost all cases where nice distinctions are to be made, they are by the arrangers erroneously placed. In Corfe’s *Handel* I see amongst numberless other instances, an appoggiatura is not given to the word “*shall*” in the passage quoted in the text, but there is one upon the word “*God*,” which of course destroys all the declamatory power of the phrase.

I have now I think completed my task and shewn by example, how the appoggiatura is capable of smoothing and ornamenting passages—of conveying intense agony—of imprecation—of bitter sorrow—of solemnity—of regret—of complaint—of contempt, and of religious exultation—a diversity that sufficiently demonstrates the universality of its power in the expression of passion. I have produced instances of niceties and exceptions. It serves therefore only to enforce the remarks of the author of *The Elements of Vocal Science* upon the change of tone and the manner in which the different species are to be executed. “The tone should always gradually and by the finest degrees melt into the succeeding note, and upon the quantity, quality, and modification of tone depends their utility in expression.” This concentrates all that can be said, but I may observe that the appoggiatura becomes in such phrases as those I have cited, the note of expression, if I may so term it, and if any one requires a more than ordinary care of adaptation in the utterance, this is the note. The author with the same judgment says, in the next sentence, “there are few qualifications that immediately declare fine taste and feeling so strongly as the delicacy and effect with which appoggiaturas are introduced and executed.”

I disagree with him, however, in the fact that “modern music appears to require less of this species of embellishment than the antient.” Its use is not so perceptible because there are few modern melodies that are so smooth and flowing, or that consist of so very few notes as the antient composers employed. If you strictly examine the modern Italian songs you will find appoggiaturas used in the same degree and for exactly the same purposes, but the lesser grace is covered and concealed by the superabundance of more complicated ornaments—there lies the distinction.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
AN ANTIENT.

GRETRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I PERCEIVE that you from time to time endeavour to enlarge the scope of the reading of young musicians, whether professional or amateur, by presenting to their curiosity specimens or quotations from different authors, who in various countries have written upon music. I can but admire both the motive and the address with which it is prosecuted, and I am willing to bring a little of my leisure to the forwarding of so good a design. I say no more than is observed by most persons, who mix either casually or continually with musicians, when I aver that since the establishment of the Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review, not only has a conviction of the necessity of supporting technical by general knowledge been admitted, but the practical and earnest endeavour to acquire such knowledge is much more visible. This is not alone the effect of the universal progression of mind towards information—it has proceeded far more from the impulse, the example and the direction your work has especially given to musical people.* You have taught them the utility of reading and reflecting, and also how to set about it, at a very small expence.

Amongst other authors Gretry's volumes have not absolutely escaped you, but yet it appears to me there is much in his book that may instruct your readers—I therefore shall take leave to send you a few detached passages of various kinds, which seem to me the most amusing and instructive—subject to your correcting judgment. It appears to me exceedingly desirable to go back

* Happening to complain to a friend of the proverbial carelessness as to punctuality which artists shew in their correspondence, and even in the delaying to answer letters of business, and that they seldom ventured beyond a note—"ah, my dear Sir," exclaimed he—"that is exactly the case—it proceeds from general ignorance—notes cost them so much trouble they seldom aspire to letters."

to the opinions and the practice of times long gone by, and to compare the features they present us with what is now passing. We can thus measure our own progression, and I shall be gratified if others find in them as much to entertain or benefit as I think I have done.

The memoir sent by your Correspondent, L. M. B. and published in your first volume,* renders it unnecessary for me to do more than refer to that abstract—the first volume of Gretry's "*Memoirs ou essais sur la Musique*," was first published in 1789—afterwards two others appeared—they comprehend his life, and what is even more valuable, his recollections or his notes of the trains of thought that passed through his mind during the time that he was engaged in preparing for musical composition, or actually employed upon his professional labours. His end was the instruction of the musical student, and he thus declares his benevolent purpose—"Those parts which may appear childish to many will not be so to the young artist, who will encounter a host of difficulties for which he will not be able to account. He will perceive that they also who have had the good fortune to succeed, have had like himself a thousand obstacles to overcome, and my authority will revive his drooping courage." The extracts I shall give will consist of detached pieces, and must speak for themselves.

CHURCH MUSIC.

"A composer who writes for the church ought to be exceedingly rigid, and to mingle nothing that appertains to the theatre in his work.

What a difference is there indeed between the sentiments which reign in psalms, anthems, and hymns, and the vehemence of the passions of love and jealousy? Love properly so called can have no relation with the love of God, not even that which finds a place in the heart of a young female. All the sentiments that rise to the Deity ought to have an undefinable and devout character. Every thing which lies beyond the reach of our knowledge raises a feeling of awe; those pious extasies, of which so

much has been said, would be unworthy of the Divinity if they had no characteristic beyond that love which attaches itself to human objects.

The *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi appears to me to combine all that ought to distinguish the music of the church in the pathetic species; yet the scene is too protracted, and it is felt that even Pergolesi, in spite of his efforts, has not been able to find colours enough to diversify his picture without departing from the truth of nature. If the author of that sacred performance had made the two thieves present at the Crucifixion speak—if he had made Mary Magdalen say to the Virgin—"You lament for your son, O Mary—but that son is a God who consents to suffer—his glory, like your own, is immortal—but I, miserable sinner! I groan over my past errors—remorse and fear take possession of my soul, whilst grief of the tenderest kind makes your tears to flow"—the musician would have made his work perfect, which he could not do, so long as he wished to express naturally a few stanzas which have but too near a relation to each other. It will be thought that this observation applies to the author of the words rather than to the composer. It was unquestionably possible to have given to the music of the *Stabat Mater* more variety as the words stand—but I am afraid it must have been at the expence of truth.

A musician who devotes himself to writing for the church, is happy in being able to employ at his pleasure all the riches of harmony, which the theatre will rarely permit. Music of an undefinable character has a charm far more potent than that which is declaratory—and it is only sacred words that will bear such music. Secular compositions may employ some of the forms which belong to the church; for we risk nothing in striving to ennoble the passions which tend to the improvement and to the good of mankind—the first degrades itself if it wanders beyond its assigned limits—the second enriches itself by ennobling the qualities of the composition.

The study of harmony and the *beau ideal* of harmonical combinations ought to be the peculiar pursuit of the ecclesiastical composer. But the *Stabat* of the divine Pergolesi goes further; it unites the *beau ideal* of harmony with that of melody also. I repeat that every thing which lies beyond our knowledge, be it

mystery or be it revelation, raises a feeling of awe, and excludes for that reason, distinct expression. To lead the music of the church away from this undefinable mysteriousness is then as I esteem it, an error. Let us leave to that of the theatre its appropriate advantages, and let us consider that the composer who devotes himself especially to the former is happy in being able to avail himself of the metaphysical expression of which the language of music is susceptible.

In the theatre the precise expression demanded by the scene and the words must be given, because they have a determinate sense, and because just musical expression strengthens the force of situations, and causes the words to have their effect in contradistinction to the accompaniments. I observe the following rule, as far as it is possible, in my dramatic works.—I almost always commence each piece by a declamatory melodious phrase, because since such passages have an intimate relation with the drama, the commencement impresses itself upon the minds of the auditors. In the same manner I render every thing which has relation to character, declamatory ; I give to music every thing which seems merely expletive, or the rounding of the poetical turns. Melody reduces the effect of words which are characteristic, but embellishes all that is not. If there be a necessity for making any one word more prominent than the rest, be sure that it is adapted to a good note. If you give to the instruments a *forte* passage of any considerable length, take care that it be placed upon words that have been already heard—for an important word drowned by the orchestra destroys the entire sense of a whole song. If the poet, fettered by his rhyme, has given to a composer superfluous lines, or lines incapable of being well expressed in music—if it is to be feared that certain passages will be heard with disgust—do the author the service to hide his weakness under the cover of the band. It is difficult, I must own, to apply these precepts by the help of reflection alone—nature must aid us in being simple, rich, and faithful, when we reduce them to practice. It is not sufficient in dramatic composition to make music *to* words—it must accord *with* them.

There yet remains to the sound harmonist a vast field for the music of the church, even if he does not possess an active genius—there also remains to him who does not possess fine taste—the

necessary tact in classing new and lively thoughts—particularly in restraining himself. When confined by the expression and the prosody of words, he may still, I say, employ his talent upon the symphony;—and in spite of what Fontenelle has said, we understand what a symphony intends to express, and above all a symphony of Haydn or Gossec.

I have commenced a *De profundis*, according to the notions I entertain respecting the composition of church music. I work upon it seldom, and only when I am not engaged in my dramatic writings. I hope I shall live long enough to complete my task, but I do not desire it should be performed during my life. When I have finished it to my mind, I shall write upon it—"to be done at my funeral." There is no melancholy in such an idea, to one who wishes to be lamented. Will any one who has the least self-love, say, that he would not wish to be so? but should the idea bring sadness, I shall have occasion for such a sentiment in treating such a subject."

ITALIAN MUSIC.

"The school of Italy is the best in existence, both for composition and singing. The melody of the Italians is simple and beautiful; they are never allowed to make it harsh or irregular. A melodious phrase to be beautiful, must be able to stand upon its own merits and without constraint. In the serious as well as the comic species—their accompanied recitative—airs of expression or *cantabile*—duets and cavatinas, which abridge so felicitously the recitative—their bravuras and their finales, have been taken as models by all Europe.

It would be idle to make any boast of attention to the just adaptation of their prosody, for in this respect it is all but impossible to fail, their language is so marked and rendered so free by the frequent elisions of the vowels. Besides the public never censures the musician for errors of such a kind. I remember to have heard an air of a great master, which began upon the word *amor*, and although the *a* is short, it was held for several bars of slow time without being at all a matter of observation. The Italian loves music too well to suffer it to be shackled by any but its own rules. He willingly sacrifices his language to the beauties of song.

The Italian tongue is in itself so susceptible of the charms of melody, that it surrenders itself wholly up even to the extravagancies of the musician; nor have the grammarians ever considered this as matter of reproach. 'What does it signify, the nation seems to say, if in order to produce a new trait of melody, it be necessary to murder the prosody or even the sense of the words? the melody is not less discoverable, and the other words will conform themselves to the original construction.' France will one day think the same; but she will then love music passionately, and sentiment will have banished the rage for criticising and analysing her pleasures.

What then prevents the Italians from having a good serious opera, for during the nine or ten years I lived at Rome, I never saw one? If sometimes one was produced, it was merely to display a particular singer, and when he was not on the stage, every one retired to the back of the boxes, to play cards or eat ices, while the whole pit was yawning. Yet old professors assured me that in times past, the poems of Apostolo Zeno and of Metastasio had obtained real success. And when I enquired as to the manner in which the composers of former days had set their plays, I learned that they had made their airs shorter than at present, fewer symphonies, and with scarcely any divisions or repetitions. We need seek no further to discover the cause of the languor and the slight interest of Italian operas; for were we to cut out of the score the repeats, the divisions, and the useless symphonies, we should take away at least two thirds of the whole, and thus the action of the piece being contracted, would interest the more. Comic operas are less liable to these defects—their insipidity is almost entirely attributable to the bad construction of the piece. The musicians of Italy will nevertheless finish by becoming dramatic. I know that our scores are circulated through the conservatories of Naples, and are studied with this express view.

I have demonstrated another inconvenience, for which I can find no other term than a dramatic anomaly. The best singer has not always the principal character in the piece, because for instance it often happens, that airs of a mixed expression suit him best, and these are perhaps given to the second part; thus whether it proceeds from his particular talent, or whether it be that the composer has chosen to exalt his character, he gives such

powerful interest to all he sings, that he becomes the chief personage of the play, notwithstanding it is intended to be the contrary. It will be easily understood that by this revulsion the spectator is thrown into a disagreeable uncertainty, and then the best singer ceases to promote the intent of the piece, the moment he deprives that part of its precedency which ought to be the most interesting by its situations, although he does it by his own excellence.

Tragedy unquestionably offers less variety to the musician than does comedy, because all the characters are of a noble cast; it is not however necessary that a composer should have no more than three forms of air in his head to paint all the passions of a tragic drama. There are many shades by which each character may be diversified without tying himself up to produce only a bravura, an air of pathos, or one of a mixed kind. Nevertheless look over all the bravuras an Italian opera contains, and you will find throughout the same character, the same manner, and almost the same divisions, though placed in different situations. How is it possible not to be wearied with such uniformity, and how is it possible to prevent the public from giving their attention to a singer who has the power to make them forget the piece?

It is generally agreed that the instrumental music of the Italians is feeble; how can it pretend to take rank with fine compositions? It has scarcely any melody because the composers desire in this instance to cultivate harmony, and we find but little harmony because they are ignorant of the art of modulating. It is easily to be conceived if these two qualities are abstracted there will remain nothing but noise. Their chorusses are nothing in point of effect; and on this account they are perhaps to be blamed the less, because prejudice banishes fugue from the theatre and every thing that bears any relation to it. Yet there is no other resource, but fugue more or less strict, to represent with propriety the chorusses of Priests, conspiracies, or indeed any thing relating to præternatural agency; this prejudice erroneously fostered, has thrown them into a laxity and poverty of harmony quite unpardonable. Their tunes for dances are in general wretched, for they are neither adapted to dancing nor good in point of melody or harmony; the speaking recitative is taken from the accent of the language, but the length of the scenes and the little energy of

the emasculated singers render it soporific to the highest possible degree.

If then it shall be acknowledged that there is a dryness and want of variety in Italian composition, that defect arises certainly out of a neglect of harmony. That queen of music is too nearly forgotten even by the very scholars of Durante, who was so eminent for his knowledge of the science. A new progression is discovered by a process of art, and genius will hit upon a new trait of melody which that harmony will support; without such aid we should not know how to invent a new trait. But in the absence of technical knowledge the sensibility natural to the inhabitants of warm climates is the real source of melody, and this is what the Italians excel in.

What then is wanted to bring the Italian opera to perfection? To shorten the scenes which are too long, to render the action more compact by retrenching useless ritornels, divisions, and repetitions, which become so wearisome, and particularly when the action is hastening to its catastrophe, to render the chorusses more dramatic, to give them harmony and modulation, to follow the French and German in the instrumental portions—that is to say, in the overtures, the marches, and the dances;—hence the interest will spring from the drama, and the singer, in spite of himself, will become an actor. It will no longer be indulged to him to quit, as we have seen him do, the stage to suck an orange, while the interlocutor addresses him as though he were present.*

An opera, constructed as I am about to describe, even though it should be executed by moderate singers, could not fail. If the singers were skilfull, the success would be complete. But I dare affirm, without hazarding a paradox, that a famous singer, to whose talent every thing bows, becomes the destroyer of the general interest, especially if he is surrounded only by performers of mediocrity, whom he annihilates.

* This exhibits a curious picture of the state of the Italian theatre in Gretry's time. English audiences have been pretty well accustomed to the indifference of great singers to the art of acting, but no such liberties as Gretry describes were ever taken with the public, even by the most careless and the most insolent. Though insofar as the interest of the piece is concerned, we have often seen it mattered very little, whether the singer stand in stupid listlessness or hazarding an unmeaning change of position, while the dialogue went on.—*Translator.*

The Romans go to the expence of one great singer, and neglect all the rest.

But the singers, were they all excellent, must destroy the effect of the whole, if the composer should endeavour to write for each, after his or her peculiar manner. The style of the poem should dictate the style of the music, and he should bend to the singer no more than accords with this principle.

The lovers of Italian music exclusively, have declared an hundred times that it would be barbarous to retrench those resources by which a good singer shines. "We wish them to sing at the opera," say they, "and to give us tragedy without music in the other theatres." Agreed, say I, "if the music can sustain itself without the interest of the piece; but your idol, the Italian opera, wearies you, and you dare not confess it. An hundred times have I heard you exclaim, yawning to the utmost extent of your jaws—"Oh how beautiful."

I do not desire the Italians to adopt the tragedy of Gluck in all its severity, because their singers are skilfull, and because, without abating the interest, it may be less compressed, less declamatory, less dramatic. Melody, introduced with science and feeling, permits a slight retardation of the action, while it adds a fresh charm, by separating more widely the tragic incidents over which she sheds a salutary balm.

Why then did not Gluck pursue this plan when he came to Paris? Because he wrote for France, not for Italy. If Providence had not deprived us too soon of the surpassing genius of that great man, would he have seen the talents of *Lais* and of *Rousseau* ripening daily, without profiting? When I heard the first work of Gluck, I believed that I was not interested by the action of the play, and I said—he has no melody; but I was happily undeceived, when I perceived it was the music itself, which had become the action, that had warmed me.

What matters it then whether it is melody or harmony that predominates, if the music produces upon us all its effect? 'You have the courage to forget that you are a musician in order to become a poet,' said the Prince of Prussia to me, after being present at the representation of *Richard Cœur de Lion*. But it is to Gluck above all men that this compliment ought to be addressed. Who has discovered so clearly as himself that

there is no interest without truth, and no truth without some sacrifice?"

Amongst the opponents of your theory, Mr. Editor, of legitimate opera (in which however I beg to say I fully agree with you) must be mentioned M. Gretry, while he sojourned at Geneva. It was then that he first heard the French comic opera, which drew from him the following reflections or rather opinions.

"It cost me some time to habituate myself to bear singing and speaking in the same piece; but in the meantime I felt that it is impossible to make recitative interesting, where the dialogue itself is not so. The poet has explanations to make, scenes to finish, if he wishes to establish or to develop character. What then can recitative effect? Fatigue by its monotony while it impedes the progression of the dialogue. It is only inexperienced poets who compress their scenes in the apprehension that they may be too lengthy; the man who is acquainted with nature knows that effects are produced only by preparing and leading them justly to their highest altitudes. Let us talk no more then about the stage. Let us form at once good actors and singers, who are musicians, without which our dramatic works lose the merit they have and the excellence they may acquire. I should like to set a legitimate tragedy in which the dialogue should be spoken;* I imagine it would produce a better effect than an opera which is all sung."

THE JUDGMENTS OF LITERARY MEN CONCERNING MUSIC.

"At the house of the Swedish Ambassador I heard for the first time conversations upon my art, conducted with infinite intelligence; I was struck with them, for I had remarked during my residence at Rome that the Italians feel too intensely to reason at any length. An *O! Dio!* the hand laid upon the heart, is commonly the flattering sign of their approbation. This says much no doubt—yet if a sigh enforces the expressiveness, we must nevertheless confess it is not very instructive.

* He would have produced—not a tragedy—not an opera—but that miserable, hybrid thing, since called a melo-drame.—*Translator.*

During the dinner I observed that amongst the literary men who were present, Suard and the Abbe Arnaud spoke of music with that true sentiment which the artist who has felt it all during his labours, knows so well how to appreciate. Vernet* talked to me as if he had been a composer all his life. I saw that he would have been the musician if he had not been the painter of nature.

What signifies the rank we take, be it through the eyes or through the ears, provided we reach the heart.

Let us enquire why persons who have the greatest share of sense, are not those who can best appreciate a passage of melody, an effective note, &c. When I played my music to such, I always remarked that they were filled with the same uncertainty that no doubt possessed Fontenelle, when he said—‘Sonata, what dost thou mean?’ while a woman or a child were sweetly agitated by agreeable sensations. I give my own notions only as a feeble conjecture, which cannot solve a problem so entirely metaphysical, and altogether above my strength.

We shall see forthwith what is the habitual labour of men of letters in the general—whether they write or speak it is far more often to embellish simple truth with ornaments, which has no need of foreign decoration. Why not present it to our eyes simple and natural? Because men of genius are scarce, and she shows herself to them only. The man of genius has a crowd of imitators, who not daring to utter in the same manner that which he has already said, are obliged to disguise the truth under the charm of ornament. I declare that the illusion is often so complete that one is liable to mistake the semblance for the reality.

The more he has written upon the same subject, the more difficult it becomes to treat upon it—and since it is impossible to fit any thing to the truth, he is compelled every day to excite his genius to new efforts, to combine ideas in themselves incoherent, of which the relations are in the end so remote, so subtle, and so delicate, that even genius itself, wandering through its vast regions, loses every spark of light from the torch of the truth.

Music, in order to be felt, having need only of that felicitous instinct which nature bestows, it should seem that the intellectual

* The celebrated painter of that name.—*Translator.*

faculties observe this instinct—that as we approach the one, we recede from the other, and that the greater the facility we possess of combining and concentrating many ideas, the more the natural tact is weakened, by which we perceive only one thing at a time—and which is enough to make us feel deeply. The man delivered up to nature, receives irresistibly the sweet emotion she inspires. The man of intellectual research, on the contrary, desires to know whence the pleasure is derived, and before it reaches his heart, it is evaporated. Sensibility is as volatile as the essence inclosed in a phial, which flies off by the admission of the air—impulses of feeling are lost if tried upon faculties accustomed to analyze their own sensations.

The whole world nevertheless is anxious to be considered to love music; every one knows that it is a glance of the soul—the language of the heart; to admit that we do not understand that language, is to avow insensibility; we give ourselves out for connoisseurs—and, with an air of absolute frigidity, we exclaim “*O! how delicious!*” If the connoisseur happens to be a man of letters, he hastens to write an essay upon music, and in it he declares that musicians are brutes, who know nothing beyond the mere instinct of feeling, and by the force of argumentation he establishes them in their place.

Will it not then be inferred from what I say, that to possess the feeling of music it is necessary to be neither a poet, nor an historian, nor an orator, nor a man of intellectual research. Perhaps not; but it is indispensable, I conceive, to be endowed by nature herself with one of these qualities, or if possible all of them—and it is not enough to have acquired them by the forced labour of erudition and compilation, which may certainly open a new path to a man gifted at his birth, but being affixed to an ordinary man, only creates the despair of not being able to approach his models.

Would you know whether an individual is born with a sensibility for music? Observe only if he has a disposition simple and just; if in his conversation, manners, or dress, there be nothing affected; if he loves flowers and children—if the tender sentiment of love governs him—such a soul passionately loves harmony and the melody which enforces it, and has not the least occasion to

compose a book after the ideas of others, in order to demonstrate it to our satisfaction.

THE ANTICIPATIONS OF A COMPOSER.

We have most of us heard of the feelings of an author just before the performance of his play or his opera, and there are many relations of such moments authenticated by the parties themselves. The following seems to me to rank amongst not the least pleasant. Gretry had attended the rehearsals of his *Huron*, which went so much to his satisfaction that he felt, he says, "the hope of succeeding at Paris revive." "The day of the first performance" he continues "I was in a state of such perplexity, that the clock had nearly struck three when I posted myself at the corner of the street leading to the Theatre, examining the carriages that passed, seeming myself to attract the audience and to solicit their indulgence. I did not enter the Theatre till the first piece was over; and when I saw they were about to begin the overture to *Le Huron* I went into the orchestra. It was my intention to recommend my cause to the leader. I found him ready to give the first stroke of his bow; his eyes flashed fire, and the expression of his countenance it was impossible to mistake; I withdrew without uttering a word, and I was seized with an emotion of which I have never lost the remembrance."* Our author goes on to narrate the entrances of the several actors and his final success, when the audience demanded the announcement of his name.

"If I have ever passed a night of delight," continues M. Gretry, "it was that which followed this happy day. My father appeared to me in a dream; he extended his arms; I darted into them and uttered a cry which dissipated so sweet an illusion. Dear author of my being, how wretched it was to me to think that you could not enjoy my first success! God who reads the bottom of all hearts, knows that it was the desire of procuring for you the ease you wanted, that first awoke my emulation. But in the very instant when I was struggling with the storm with some hope of

* I heard not long since a father whose daughter appeared for the first time in public, describe his sensations when she came before the audience—his flesh, he said, seemed to begin to crawl in small globules, first from his legs, and leaving the bones to move deliberately towards her. There was I am sure from an intimate knowledge of the parties no exaggeration in his representation.—*Translator.*

success, when certain cruel friends insinuated to my unhappy father, how rash was the adventure—when in short I was the sole object of his inquietude, and when with a voice nearly extinct, he said “I shall never again see my son—has he succeeded?” death came to terminate a life long endangered, and which I was about to render more happy.”

Here, Sir, for the present I shall close my extracts from a writer who appears to me to possess great requisites for pleasing the readers of such a miscellany as the *Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review*. There is much thought, much practical knowledge, and consequently much technical and much philosophical information, and these are conveyed in a lively but not flippant manner. M. Gretry describes accurately what he has observed closely and felt deeply. In a word it is such information as a philosophical artist alone could give. Hereafter, if you like my selections well enough to print the first, I may again furnish you.

Yours, &c.

SELECTOR.

April 7, 1828.

La Musique n'ayant besoin, pour être bien sentie, que de cet heureux instinct que donne la Nature, il sembleroit que l'esprit nuit à l'instinct, que l'on n'approche de l'un qu'en s'éloignant de l'autre, et qu'enfin, plus vous aurez de facilité à combiner et à rapprocher plusieurs idées, plus vous afforblirez le tact naturel qui ne sent qu'une chose à la fois, et c'est assez pour bien sentir.—*Essais sur la Musique.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN one of your volumes I remember there is an enquiry why many composers, not to say composers in general, have displayed their powers at so very early an age compared with the authors of other productions, and it had always been a matter of much difficulty with me to settle. It is true I referred the power to sensibility, but still I did not perceive exactly how this simple principle could account for the exercise of the various faculties which seem to combine in the structure of a great composer. The fact however being supposed to be established in the instance of Mozart and others, it cannot be disputed so far as those instances extend. The sentence I have put at the head of my letter, and which contains the opinion of a man who to deep study, science, and reflection added much natural acuteness and much practical opportunity, struck me as containing so much metaphysical truth when I first read it, that it seemed to render further investigation unnecessary. But the enquiry promised amusement at least, and if it has any instruction, or the one or other for any of your readers, my lucubrations are at their and your service. It will be found I totally differ from my motto.

In the first place, what are musical ideas in the sense in which we employ that term relating to composition?

Persons of an advanced age,, who have heard, studied, and practised music, are so very much swayed by association, that we do not refer to the mere physical state by referring to their judgments. If I hear a horn passage, a trumpet passage, or a flute passage, my emotions are not under the influence of the simple sounds, but under the guidance of the associations that have for a

long time past accompanied the hearing of similar sounds. The same truth applies to any phrase connected with words, and which of course leads to definite trains of thought and feeling. The educated musician, when he speaks of musical ideas, speaks of combinations of harmony or of traits of melody diversified according to rule. In short I think it may be fairly assumed, that it is all but impossible to affix any absolute definition to the term, musical ideas. The fact I conceive we must take to stand thus. Sounds are in their nature capable of raising emotions, and these emotions will vary according to the natural capacity and artificial cultivation of the hearer. If then my reasoning be just, all that is required of a composer of notes without words, is to hit upon an agreeable succession, which quality is determined by physical sensation alone, without reference in the first instance to any of the operations of the intellect. The structure of phrases of melody is not a complex operation like the inventions of any of the other species of the fine arts. More is indeed required when the combination of sounds with words is implied. Though even in this case it should seem that a feeling of what sounds are in accord with or will express certain passions, is apparently all that is necessary. According to this account of the matter, the art of the composer is very inferior to the art of the poet, the painter, or the sculptor. But we shall perhaps discover how the comparison holds as we proceed.

If we consider a musical phrase in its simplest state—namely, that of a succession of single sounds, which we call melody, we find it exceedingly difficult, nay impossible, to determine why it is good or why it is bad. We feel that it does or it does not please us, and that is all the account we can give of the matter. The most scientific musician can say no more, nor can the ablest men succeed in producing agreeable melody, when a fellow who follows his fancy in whistling a tune will often delight us. It is no less difficult to ascertain what is the thread that leads in or connects the trains of musical inspiration. In short the whole is a mystery.

But the moment we go beyond this first inventive faculty, and call in the aid of harmony, it becomes a totally different case. We have seen exactly the same faculties as in the compositions of the other branches of the fine arts. The harmony suggests fresh

combinations, and these combinations are rendered subservient to certain laws of taste—to certain rules of science. The poet in hunting for a rhyme often, nay we may say always finds, not only new terms of expression, but glances into new thoughts, and it generally happens that the first notion is altered or completely obliterated. So it chanches with the musician.

But I place the composer upon equal ground with the poet, at the hazard of all that may be said—and I shall endeavour to make good my position.

The attribute of the poet is, to raise images in the mind, or emotions—the object of the composer is the same.

The agents employed by the poet are words—which words principally are regarded for their import—they affect us also a little by their sound.

The agents of the composer are sounds which can be said to convey no definite ideas like words, but their power as referable to the purpose of both is far greater, because they are not restricted to a particular sense. Therefore the mind being at liberty to follow its own trains, every separate note may be justly said to lead to a far greater diversity of sensations, associations, and consequently emotions, than words, which obey a given order, and must bear a close relation to the single thought or argument which many must be united to express. The mind can it is true entertain but one idea at a time, but our emotions are often (perhaps always) in proportion to the rapidity of the succession, and surely music must be esteemed to be far more powerful in awakening rapid and successive trains than language? What then must be the superior power indulged to the musician, when it is recollected that he does not employ one sound or one language or one thought, but as many of each as there are parts and instruments in his score? And although it will be contended and must be granted, that all these must conduce to one and the same design and one and the same end, yet it is not to be denied that the means are as diversified as the agents. I have always therefore looked at a full score as a far more stupendous structure than any thing that words can produce. Every line of it is indeed a separate train of thought and invention, and what makes the thing far more elevated and far more difficult is, that all these lines or trains must have an intimate relation, and must all unite

to exalt one single purpose. To this intent the mind of the composer must embrace all the effects of his score at once, and he must also reduce them all to a construction consistent with the grammatical rules of the science of music—so to speak. Now I cannot imagine how it can be shewn that the art of the poet, or even of the sculptor, is at all comparable to that of the musician. The painter alone approaches the composer, because his inventions in the use of his means—figure, colours, grouping, &c. are almost as multifarious. In illustration of what I mean to convey I shall quote a note by Mr. Gardiner, of Leicester, upon one of the letters on Haydn and Mozart, descriptive of the chaos, the instrumental introduction to the oratorio of the *Creation*. That ingenious and able critic says—

“It commences with all the known instruments displayed in 23 distinct parts. After these are amalgamated in one tremendous note, a slight motion is made perceptible in the lower parts of the band, to represent the rude masses of nature in a state of chaos. Amidst this turbid modulation the bassoon is the first that makes an effort to rise, and extricate itself from the cumbrous mass.—The sort of motion with which it ascends, communicates a like disposition to the surrounding materials, but which is stifled by the falling of the double basses and the *contra fagotto*.

“In this mingled confusion the clarionet struggles with more success, and the ethereal flutes escape into air. A disposition verging to order is seen and felt, and every resolution would intimate shape and adjustment, but not a concord ensues! After the volcanic eruptions of the *clarini* and *tromboni*, some arrangement is promised; a precipitation follows of the discordant sounds, and leaves a misty effect that happily expresses the ‘Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters.’ At the fiat, ‘Let there be light!’ the instruments are unmuted, and the audience is lost in the refulgence of the harmony.”

Now let us see how Milton has managed the description of the same object in words.

“Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag

Of each his faction, in their several clans,
 Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
 Swarm populous, un-number'd as the sands
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
 He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray
 By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
 Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss
 The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more worlds;
 Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
 Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
 With all her battering engines bent to rase
 Some capital city; or less than if this frame
 Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements
 In mutiny had from her axle torn
 The stedfast earth."

I cannot conceive a more sublime passage than this of our sublimest poet. It abounds in the strongest images, yet it is so general, that the confusion and indistinctness of the description cannot but lead the mind as it were into inextricable confusion—it is the "thick darkness that might be felt." These images and feelings follow in a succession as rapid as words can convey—the effect is certainly "confusion worse confounded," and the mind suffers under a certain depression in the midst of so many great and astounding comparisons.

But I entreat the reader to look over the full score of Haydn's chaos—where all these impressions, which the poet makes successively, are going on at one and the same instant. The score consists of eighteen lines—each line is appropriated to an instrument, and may be fairly said to carry on a distinct idea—what then must be the order, arrangement, and conception of the mind, that can employ all these agents with effect, and mentally apprehend what that effect will be at the moment of invention and combination? There being no more doubt of the sublimity of

The Creation as a work of talent, than there is of the sublimity of *The Paradise Lost*, I may fairly be permitted, if not to claim equal rank for the composer, at least to point out to the many who are but too prone to hold the musician in light estimation, the demand which a large orchestra makes upon his imagination, his science, and his judgment.*

Perhaps my position may be still better illustrated by the celebrated recitative which describes the creation of the sun and moon.—The symphony will be sufficiently explanatory, and therefore I shall not go beyond the few bars necessary to my demonstration.

“In the commencement of this piece our attention is attracted by a soft streaming note from the violins, which is scarcely discernible till the rays of sound which issue from the second violin diverge into the chord of the second, to which is gradually imparted a greater fulness of colour as the violas and violoncellos steal in with expanding harmony.

“At the fifth bar the oboes begin to shed their yellow lustre, while the flute silvers the mounting rays of the violin. As the notes continue ascending to the highest point of brightness, the orange, the scarlet, and the purple unite in the increasing splendour; and the glorious orb at length appears refulgent with all the brightest beams of harmony.”

Such is Mr. Gardiner's general description, appended to a fanciful and amusing comparison of the sounds of the different instruments to the prismatic colours. Now let see how it is supported by the passage itself.

* The most extraordinary instance within my memory is Mr. Worgan's motett, “*The heroes' welcome*,” in forty-five real parts—invented by that gentleman as a basis for a series of lectures upon composition, and which has been published by Goulding, D'Almaine and Co. This motett presents a most curious study, and must have cost the author a world of thought and pains—far more than can be repaid, except in the proof it affords of his science and ingenuity. It affords however, I repeat, a most curious and valuable lesson to the musician.

In D.—Clarini.

In D.—Tympano.

In D.—Corni.

Obœ 1.
2.

Flauti.

Fagotti.

Violino 1.

Violino 2.

Viola.

Bassi.

Obœ 2

Obœ 1

Obœ 2

Cres.

Solo

pp

crescendo

pp

crescendo

pp

crescendo

Vllo.

pp

p Basso

crescendo

ff

ff

p *ff*

cello *ff*

ff

Tutti *ff* *Col Basso*

f *ff*

f *ff*

f *ff*

I have spoken of Mr. Gardiner's description as general, but I am solicitous to point out to the observation of the reader how the several ideas in the separate lines are wrought, yet all converge to the same focus. The first violin part, it is evident, displays the first rising of the orb of day and his gradual transit to his place in the heavens. This is done in the plainest yet most beautiful manner by long, holding notes, slowly elevating themselves degree by degree, one above the other—till the increased movement at the sixth bar portrays the effulgence of his rays. The silvery brilliancy of the first dawn of light shines in the selection of the accompanying unison of the flute—while the second violin conveys a separate idea of the movement of the orb, which seems to rise the more heavily, and to disperse the mists which obscure his first appearance. Motion, light, separation of all obscurations, increasing brightness and perfect effulgence, are the *several* ideas carried on *at once* by the parts, and I cannot conceive any thing more beautiful or more perfect, than the succession of instruments or the notes allotted to each in their progression.

If further proof be still deemed necessary it may be successfully sought in Handel's magnificent oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*. I refer to the chorus, "*He gave them hailstones.*" It must be remembered that when he wrote, the wind instruments (nor indeed any other) had not reached that perfection they have since attained; he could only use them therefore according to their mediocrity. This circumstance will account for his more energetic employment of the corded class. Let the reader turn to the stupendous effects of the instrumental as well as the vocal parts—let him examine and weigh the contrasts of the several progressive times of the notes—the interrupted replications of voices and the band—the rapid movements of the bases and violins—the exclamatory force of the word "*Fire,*" exalted by the velocity of the succeeding passage, "*mingled with the hail ran along upon the ground*"—the involution of his vocal parts *inter se*, the thunder of the instruments low in the scale, and the rattling of those which lie higher, and then let him say whether any imagination of the poet has ever even equalled the ideal combinations of the musician. I own I cannot conceive the employment of the mind upon any single train of successive percep-

tions to be at all comparable to the comprehension of the replications thus exhibited. Look a little further on at the chorus "*He sent a thick darkness,*" and new modes of description, but embracing an equally various yet inferior train, will be perceptible to the senses and the understanding. Every part indeed of this the most magnificent in design and stupendous in effect of all Handel's works, evinces the same felicitous and extraordinary power of embracing at once separate trains, and leading them to the diversified illustration of our purpose.

I conceive I have thus established my assertion—namely, that the intellectual grasp of the composer is at least equal to that of the poet.

If I have digressed from my first proposed subject so far, in order to demonstrate the nature, office, and power of the operations of a composer's mind, I hope it will not be esteemed wholly irrelevant. To me indeed it seemed essential, and I did not fail to embrace with pleasure the opportunity of shewing, as I conceive, the dignity and glory of his art. We will now return to the more immediate object of our investigation—the developement of musical ability in young composers earlier than that of other intellectuas inventors.

Mozart is I believe the most pregnant and perfect instance. With him then we will begin. It is necessary to our enquiry that I should cite a passage or two of his history, as related by his pleasant biographer, M. Beyle, under his *nom de guerre* of Bombet.

"Mozart was scarcely three years old when his father began to give lessons on the harpsichord to his sister, who was then seven. His astonishing disposition for music immediately manifested itself. His delight was to seek for thirds on the piano, and nothing could equal his joy when he had found his harmonious chord. The minute details into which I am about to enter will, I presume, be interesting to the reader.

"When he was four years old his father began to teach him, almost in sport, some minuets, and other pieces of music, an occupation which was as agreeable to the master as to the pupil. Mozart would learn a minuet in half an hour, and a piece of greater extent in less than twice that time. Immediately after he played them with the greatest clearness, and perfectly in time. In less than a year he made such rapid progress, that at five years old he already invented little pieces of music, which he played to his father, and which the latter, in order to encourage the rising talent of his son, was at the trouble of writing down. Before the little Mozart acquired a taste for music, he was so fond of all the amusements of his age, which were in any way calculated to interest himself, that he sacrificed even his meals to them. On every occasion

he manifested a feeling and affectionate heart. He would say ten times in a day to those about him, '*Do you love me well?*' and whenever in jest they said *No*, the tears would roll down his cheeks. From the moment he became acquainted with music his relish for the sports and amusements of his age vanished, or to render them pleasing to him it was necessary to introduce music in them. A friend of his parents often amused himself in playing with him: sometimes they carried the play-things in procession from one room to another; then the one who had nothing to carry sung a march, or played it on the violin.

"During some months a fondness for the usual studies of childhood gained such an ascendancy over Wolfgang, that he sacrificed every thing, even music, to it. While he was learning arithmetic, the tables, the chairs, and even the walls were covered with figures which he had chalked upon them. The vivacity of his mind led him to attach himself easily to every new object that was presented to him. Music, however, soon became again the favourite object of his pursuit. He made such rapid advances in it, that his father, notwithstanding he was always with him, and in the way of observing his progress, could not help regarding him as a prodigy. The following anecdote, related by an eye-witness, is a proof of this:

"His father, returning from the church one day with a friend, found his son busy in writing. 'What are you doing there, my little fellow?' asked he. — 'I am composing a concerto for the harpsichord, and have almost got to the end of the first part.' 'Let us see this fine scrawl.' 'No, I have not yet finished it.' The father, however, took the paper, and shewed his friend a sheet full of notes, which could scarcely be deciphered for the blots of ink. The two friends at first laughed heartily at this heap of scribbling; but after a little time, when the father had looked at it with more attention, his eyes were fastened on the paper; and, at length, overflowed with tears of joy and wonder, 'Look, my friend,' said he, with a smile of delight; 'every thing is composed according to the rules: it is a pity that the piece cannot be made use of, but it is too difficult: nobody would be able to play it.' 'It is a concerto,' replied the son, 'and must be studied till it can be properly played. This is the style in which it ought to be executed.' He accordingly began to play, but succeeded only so far as to give them an idea of what he had intended. At that time the young Mozart firmly believed that to play a concerto was about as easy as to work a miracle: and, accordingly, the composition in question was a heap of notes, correctedly placed, but presenting so many difficulties that the most skilful performer would have found it impossible to play it.'

From this relation it appears, not only that Mozart was a child of extraordinary sensibility, but that he was taught music sedulously, and that he studied with a vigour that absorbed all his other pursuits. His attempts at composition were gradual, beginning in small things, and ending at last in an endeavour to make a concerto—which it appears was "according to the rules," but which, nevertheless, could not be executed.

No small portion of the wonder which must attach to this story must, as I imagine, be attributed to the exaggeration of fondness in the parties who first related it, since one of two things must be conceded. Either Mozart must have been taught the rules, or

else the rules are so simple that they do not require teaching. Perhaps both may be brought to account for the power of the young musician ; but as we have never seen the concerto, we have no means of deciding upon its excellence. It is however only fair to conjecture it was not very striking, or it would not have been lost.

Giving then the utmost possible credit to Mozart for the innate genius and disposition for music which his after life so fully confirmed, I may still ask whether these manifestations of ability are sufficient to prove, that the genius of musicians is of such a nature that it may be more early developed than genius of any other kind? I humbly think that they do not. For in the first place, I perceive not only a particular fondness for the art, but a particular cultivation. There is no other art that appeals so directly to the senses as music—there is no other that requires so little of intellectual culture and developement to attain a certain limited faculty of combining its elements—mere melody and harmony. We cannot indeed pronounce that if a boy's mind could be so entirely captivated with poetry as to chain down his whole soul to its pursuit, he would be able to produce verses equal to Mozart's childish productions in music—though I am inclined to think such would be the effect from very sweet poetry, which I seen produced by children between eight and ten years of age.*

* More than one, two, or three instances have fallen within my observation—but there is one which is stronger than the rest. I knew two children of a family, a boy and girl, who were, from their being the youngest, perpetual companions. They used to pass much time in a grove adjoining their father's house, and the boy, then between three and four, used to ask the girl, a year and half older, "to tell him a story." The young Zobeide used to rack her invention, and put together all she heard or read—till the habit of invention became so inveterate as to abstract her entirely, and the moment she got into the air and alone, she began to incubate aloud. As she grew older, and came to read poetry, her whole soul was absorbed in the desire to write verses, and her parents, with a view to correct the evil, forbad all works of imagination. It was however hopeless—the child was punished by the prevention—but the habit of composition was not to be broken, though it was restrained. On every such occasion as a birth-day or family fête, it broke forth. When she was about fourteen it was determined to try what satiety might effect. She was therefore told, that provided she learned all her usual lessons, she might if she so pleased re-translate Milton's *Comus* from the Italian of Polidori, back into English. She had never read a line of Milton, except the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. A line or two of each of the metres were given her, to direct her in the execution of her task. In three months it was completed, and in many parts it approximates the original. The question then is—had this child's

The phenomenon then I conceive arises as much out of the incessant intense application and culture of this sole and single pursuit as out of natural genius. The boy's mind was filled with music, its phrases, and its combinations, and these were confirmed and impressed by the feeling of its delights, and by the stimulus of praise in a far greater degree than any other species of knowledge is ever impressed upon childhood. I again turn to my first admission, that to invent a succession of pleasing passages of melody is not the work of intellect properly so called—it is merely a following of the feeling and of the fancy, and it so happens, that if the feeling and the fancy be vivid in the inventor, his inventions are almost sure to find sympathy, because they are not to be measured and adjusted, approved or condemned by the reason. My theory then is, that the fancy of one sensitive to musical impressions is much more easily filled than any other faculty of the mind. Observe, I apply this only to the rudimental parts, and of such I conceive these very early productions will commonly be found to consist. It seems to me that Mozart learned music, as a child learns the language of the country in which he is born. He hears it daily and hourly, and its combinations enter into his mind without any grammatical instruction.

Of the juvenile performance of Mozart I am disposed to think comparatively lightly, and I am not afraid of doing so, because I by no means intend on this account to disparage his fine genius, as it was subsequently developed. But his playing was not the constituent of his genius. I consider it to have been derived from his entire devotion to the pursuit. His sister was nearly his equal—and since that, multitudes of children, equally if not more skilful, have appeared. The Weischsells,* Crotch, Delphine Scauroth,

memory been filled with passages of poetry, with the same industry that Mozart's was filled with musical phrases, would she not have exhibited the same precocity? Remember, reader, I am not speaking of his mature productions, I am merely referring to the early productions of his mind, which are the effects of the power we are now discussing.

* Mrs. Billington and her brother played concertos in public at six years old. The one, the great ornament of her age and country, has ceased to exist, but we rejoice to say that Mr. Weischsell has lately re-appeared at the Philharmonic, with all the characteristics of his early promise and mature excellence perfected by time and experience, to the admiration of all who have heard him, and that he has taken up his residence in his native country,

Liszt, and Arnull, are all but one, living instances. I do not say they are not extraordinary persons, but this their distinction arises as much at least, I am disposed to believe, from circumstances directing, quickening, and maturing that genius, as from the mere impulse of genius itself.

It results then from our enquiry, that the instances of precocious musical talent have always been accompanied by early, sedulous, constant, and exclusive devotion of the child to the art. Secondly it appears, that such combinations of notes as have proceeded from very young composers have rarely, if ever, indicated more intellectual power than depends upon the exertion of two of the faculties of the mind, memory and imagination. I therefore deduce first that these faculties are susceptible of cultivation at an earlier period than the other mental qualities—and that in truth Mozart, at the age of fourteen, by the total and absolute devotion of his whole time and mind to this one pursuit, and by his perpetual practice of the art, had obtained that portion of knowledge, which others by a more lax and dispersed method of study only acquire at a later period of life. A child may have invented short traits of melody when nature had been but little trained—but I humbly conceive that the combinations which indicate science and judgment never were, nor ever will be produced, until the author has enjoyed the means of instruction and comparison, and consequently of forming a judgment in the same manner that judgment is formed in other arts. If then I am right, the fact that music has been produced at an earlier age than poems, paintings, or sculpture, is attributable as much to the causes I have named, as to any peculiar natural endowment. Music of a simple kind supposes little beyond native sensibility to the impression of sounds, because we know that the ear naturally directs us to relish this and reject that. But I question whether any musical composition of a higher order was ever written by one who had not received somehow or other that degree of instruction which bestows competency alike upon those gifted with the talents necessary to confer distinction. The age is merely a delusion, because taken by itself—for it is clear enough

enviored by the respect of all who have the pleasure to know his worth, manners, and acquirements.

that Mozart, Crotch, the Weichsells, Litz, and others, had laboured more severely in music at ten years old than most professors at twenty, or at a much later age. The intensity with which their minds fastened upon music is certainly characteristic of the genius, the tendency towards the art. But this does not at all establish the general position, that the composition of music is more attainable at a very early age than compositions of any other species. I therefore argue that it is not so—with a very slight allowance for lighter essays, and which in any other art would proceed from minds strongly and continually directed towards that art at the same age.

Your's, &c.

INVESTIGATOR.

RECITATIVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

WHEN I first began to think about the means of improving our lyric drama, I felt only that moderate degree of interest which persons experience when their minds are just turned to a subject ; but I suppose like others I have read and talked and reasoned and written myself into much more earnestness, in the process of endeavouring to seek information and dive into the depths of my enquiry, for I find myself growing enthusiastic—and though I shall not, like the founder of the Buccaneers, seek out and destroy the authors of our farces called operas, nor like Don Quixote attack the puppets sword in hand, I must continue my warfare of words against the barbarities I am exposed to witness. For if I cannot convince or at least persuade my countrymen, that talking and singing alternately is not opera, any more than were the early attempts when the German singers sung German, the En-

glish, English, and the Italian, Italian,* and all in the same piece, I shall not advance my theory towards practice. But since there was a time when the English bore all these former anomalies as patiently as they do the present—*because they knew and could do no better*, I am not absolutely without hope that by authority, argument, and reflection, they may come to consider that singing, not speech, is the vehicle and the only proper vehicle for words and ideas to be used in the lyric drama, and moreover that we deteriorate our own enjoyments and depress the genius of our composers, singers, and actors, by not comprehending and practically enforcing this truth. An opera is not like an evening party or a convivial table, where conversation is relieved by music. We go to a lyric theatre to witness the perfection of the effects of sound in the developement and the demonstration of the passions, and not to have the unity and flow of our affections interrupted, lacerated, ruptured, and annihilated by an insipid gabbling interspersed with airs. The matter indeed is made worse when recitative is partially introduced, as may be seen to the extremity in some modern operas—*Native Land* to wit. I am the more eager and earnest at this moment, because a very sensible writer in your last Number, under the signature M. has advocated the French operas and vaudevilles as affording praiseworthy specimens of good dramatic construction. Agreeable farces I admit them to be—but opera, serious or comic, should acknowledge no other vehicle but music. This I will maintain to the death. We may indeed be amused by alternate dialogue and song in the present state of our knowledge, as our ancestors were in the days of Nicolini and Valentini, Margarita and the Baroness, Mrs. Tofts, and Messrs. Raimondon and Cook†—but we shall never apply the strongest and best incentives to the poet, the musician, and the singer, nor enjoy the pleasures of which the lyric drama is susceptible to the highest, until we apprehend the great truth—that music must be considered a part of the

* I am very glad, for the honour of our nation, that this absurdity was practised for the sake of music in other countries as well as England, for Riccoboni, in his *General History of the Stage*, tells us, “that at Hamburgh, in the early operas sung in the Italian manner, the recitative was in the German language, and the airs generally in the Italian.”—*Burney's History of Music*, vol. 4, page 209.

† See Burney's *History of Music*—*ubi supra*.

language of the country where the scenes, incidents, characters, and dialogues of operas are drawn. Why will not Mr. Moore undertake to write a poem, and Mr. Bishop to compose and adapt it? Surely the attempt to reinforce Dr. Arne is worthy their genius. In the mean time I agree cordially with M. in his concluding sentences*—but I wish he would concede to me the general principle, and unite with me in promoting the end. His position, “Let the managers of both houses above all endeavour to please the enlightened, instead of astonishing the vulgar part of their audience, and they will find them both more constant in their attendance, as the latter are certain to fall insensibly (I should rather say sensibly) into the taste of those who are better informed”—I believe to be true in the main; but is it not the fact that the higher orders, those whose opportunities, habits, and feelings, ought to render them “the enlightened,” do not frequent the English Theatres at all? Is it not the fact that fashion rules them despotically? and that their hours, associations, pride, and exclusiveness almost absolutely preclude their offering the least encouragement, or indeed caring at all about the English drama, English music, or any thing but what the said goddess of fashion directs? Is it not true that it is the enormous sums paid for the boxes at the King’s Theatre, the voluptuousness of the entire arrangements,† as well as the excitement of the representations,

* See Musical Review, vol. 9, page 325 and 326.

† I am most unwilling to be thought to join in the descriptions which now issue from the press in almost every shape, but particularly in that of novels, decrying not alone the fashionable world properly so called, but the higher ranks in general. It was said that the French literature produced the revolution. I am sure the tendency of the English periodical and ephemeral literature, amongst which may be counted the novels, is to bring the privileged and opulent orders into the most abject contempt. And that such an effect is very rapidly working is not less certain. Let those who doubt the fact take the trouble to wade through *Vivian Grey*, *Granby*, *Almacks*, *De Vere*, *Almacks revisited*, *Herbert Lacy*, and a few more such, and then examine their own temper of mind, and if they do not find a sickening disgust taking place of that wholesome state which judges of things as they are rather than as they are represented, their temperament differs widely from mine. But still there must be some fact, and a good deal too to produce such an effect—the mind would otherwise reject these descriptions as monstrous fictions. But there is too much truth in the representations. Opulent people and people of rank have gradually given way to exclusion and luxury, till a pride and selfishness that totally disregard the feelings and opinions of others, a consequent apathy, weakness of judgment, and dissipation of the affections, are gradually undermining that fine sensibility, that high estimation, that noble-

that attract the opulent and the titled, far more than any sensations derived from the music? It appears to me that all the patronage of the nobility and gentry was thrown entirely into the scale of the Italian opera—till fashion this year has diverted it, for the very same principal reason (exclusion) towards the French plays. Now I esteem this to be a gross perversion of the original intention of the establishment of the Italian opera, which was to encourage by example the growth of a national opera—not to believe this, is to suppose a predetermination to keep the English artist in a state of subservient insignificance as compared with the Italian. And I say it with grief that such has been the effect of this unrelaxing direction of the patronage of the highest classes towards the King's Theatre, which to me seems both barbarous and disgraceful in those classes.

But, Sir, to our more immediate object of enquiry. I have referred to information and authority as the best agents for producing the effects I hope to forward. It is my purpose then to present you with a brief succession of the opinions of able critics, in addition to what you have already printed upon the subject of recitative, intermingling occasional remarks which may elucidate the subject. I shall begin with those of Rousseau. The article *Recitative*, in his *Musical Dictionary*, is as follows:—

“*RECITATIVE*. A discourse recited in a musical and harmonious tone. It is a method of singing which approaches nearly to speech—declamation in music—in which the musician should imitate, as much as possible, the inflexions of speech. This mode of singing is called recitative, because it is applied to narration, recital, and is used in the dramatic dialogue. They have said in the *Dictionary of the Academy*, that the recitative should be uttered distinctly. There are recitatives which should be so pronounced and others which should be sustained.

The perfection of recitative depends much on the character of the language; the more a language is accented and melodious, the more the recitative is natural, and draws near to real discourse: it is only the accents marked in a language truly musical; but in a heavy, flat, and unaccented language, recitative is only notes, cries, psalmody. The words are no longer discovered. Here, I think, is the only true principle, drawn from the nature of the

ness of pursuit, and that dignity and kindness which ought to be the distinctions of rank and property. Heartlessness and frivolity will in the present state of knowledge very soon overthrow the privileged orders. The rapidity of the progression towards this state of things is frightful. Let the higher classes look to it. It is needful that they should do so.

thing, on which we ought to fix, to judge of recitative, and compare that of one language to another, viz. that the best recitative is that wherein we sing the least.

Amongst the Greeks, all their poetry was in recitative, because, the language being melodious, it was sufficient to add to it the cadence of the metre, and the sustained recitation, to render this recitation entirely musical; from whence it happened that those who wrote verses were said to sing. This custom, having ridiculously passed into other languages, causes the poet to say, I sing, when there is no singing in the case. The Greeks could sing in speaking; but amongst us we must either sing or speak: we cannot do both at the same time. It is this very distinction which has rendered the recitative necessary for us. Music predominates too much in our airs; the poetry is almost forgotten; our lyric dramas are so much sung, that some relief is required. An opera, which should be only a collection of airs, would tire almost as much as a whole air of the same length. We must divide and separate the airs by conversation; but this conversation should be modified by music. The ideas should change, but the language must continue the same. This language being once given, to change it in the course of a piece, would be to speak half French, half German. The distance from dialogue to air, or from air to dialogue, is too wide. It disgusts nature and the ear at the same time; the interlocutor should either speak or sing; they cannot do one and the other alternately. Recitative then is a means of union between the air and the words; it separates and distinguishes the airs; soothes the ear, astonished at what preceded, and disposes it to taste what follows. Lastly, by assistance of the recitative, that which is mere dialogue, recital, narration in the drama, may be rendered without going out of the given language, and without reducing the effect of the airs.

Recitative is not restricted to measure in the manner of its performance. Measure, which characterises the airs, would spoil recitative. It is the accent, whether grammatical or oratorical, which ought alone to direct the slowness or rapidity of the sounds; in the same manner also their elevation or depression. The composer, in making the recitative to some determined measure, has nothing in view but to fix the correspondence of the thorough base and music, and to denote, nearly, how the quantity of the syllables should be marked, cadenced, and the verses scanned. The Italians never make use, for their recitative, of any but common time; but the French intermix all sorts of measures.

The French also arm the cliff with the signature of the various keys in their recitatives as in their airs. The Italians write all theirs in the natural key of C. The frequency of the modulations into which the French wander, multiplying the transitions from key to key, would also multiply so continually the accidentals necessary to each note, as to render it all but impossible to follow or write the notation.

In point of fact it is in the recitative that we ought to make use

of the most laboured harmonic transitions, and the most ingenious modulations. The airs, offering only a sentiment and an image, limited also within some unity of expression, do not permit the composer to wander much from the theme; and if he wished to modulate much in so short a space, he would offer only confused phrases, without unity, taste, or melody: a fault very common in the French and German music.

But in the recitative, where the expression, the sentiments, the ideas, vary every instant, we ought to make use of modulations equally diversified, which may represent, by their structure, the successions expressed by the discourse of the recitant. The inflexions of the speaking voice are not limited by musical intervals. They are uncontrouled, and impossible to be determined. Not being able then to fix them with a certain precision, the musician, to follow the words should at least, imitate them as much as possible; and for the purpose of conveying to the mind of the audience the idea of intervals and accents which cannot be expressed in notes, he has recourse to transitions which suppose them: if, for instance, the interval of the major or minor semi-tone is necessary, he will not mark them; he cannot: but he will give you the idea of them by the assistance of an enharmonic passage. A motion of the base is often sufficient to change all the ideas, and to give the recitative that accent and inflexion, which the actor is unable to execute.

For the rest, as it is necessary for the audience to hear the recitative, and not the base, which ought to produce its effect without being listened to, it thence follows, that it should continue upon the same note as long as possible; for it is in the moment that its note changes, and it strikes another chord, that it attracts attention. These moments being uncommon and well chosen, do not produce any violent effect; they draw off attention less frequently, and leave the auditor more easily in the persuasion that he hears speaking only, though the harmony should continually act on his ear. Nothing denotes a worse recitative than bases perpetually leaping, which run from quaver to quaver after this harmonic succession, and form, under the melody of the voice, another kind of melody more flat and tiresome. The composer should know the art of prolonging and varying his concords on the same note of the base, and change them only in the moment when the inflexion of the recitative, becoming more lively, receives greater effect by this change of base, and prevents the audience from taking notice of it.

Recitative should serve only to unite the contexture of the drama, to separate and give weight to the airs, to prevent the weariness which the continuance of a great noise would cause; but however eloquent the dialogue may be, however energetic and ingenious the recitative may be, it ought to continue no longer than is necessary to its object, because it is not in the recitative that the charm of music consists, and opera was instituted only to display this charm. Moreover, it is in this that the error of the

Italians lies, who, by the extreme length of their scenes, make an improper use of recitative. However beautiful it may be in itself, it tires when it continues too long; and it is not to hear recitative only that we go to the opera.

Demosthenes speaking the whole day, would tire in the end; but it would not thence follow, that Demosthenes was a tiresome orator. Those who say that the Italians themselves find their recitative bad, make a very gratuitous assertion; since, on the contrary, there is nothing in music of which the connoisseurs make such great account, and on which they are so difficult. It is even sufficient to excel in this single point, if he be but moderate in every other, to be raised in that country to the rank of an illustrious artist, and the celebrated Porpora was immortalised by recitative alone.

I may add, that though we do not seek in general in the recitative for the same energy of expression as in the airs, it is still found sometimes; and when it is found, it produces a greater effect than in the airs themselves. There are good operas, where some principal piece of recitative excites the admiration of connoisseurs, and an interest in the whole spectacle. The effect of these pieces shows sufficiently that the fault imputed to the genus, lies only in the method of treating it.

Monsieur Tartini heard, in 1714, at the opera-house in Ancona, a piece of recitative of one single line, and without any accompaniment but the base, which produced a prodigious effect, not only on the professors of the art, but on all the audience. 'It was, says he, at the beginning of the third act. At each representation, a profound silence amongst the whole audience announced the approach of this terrible piece. Their faces grew pale; they felt themselves shiver; and they beheld each other with a kind of terror: there were neither tears nor sighs; it was a certain sensation of constraint which troubled the soul, stopped the heart, and froze the blood.'

I coincide with our sensitive author in almost every particular, though it will hereafter appear that a modern French musician and critic, who has gone very deeply into his art, (M. Momigny) disputes his doctrines in many points. The chief circumstances however which present themselves for our consideration are the effects of the colloquial recitative if exchanged for dialogue. To the principal objection, namely, that the dramatic illusion will not support or rather is contravened by the piece being musical and vocal, a sufficient answer has been already given—which is, that it is much more easy to believe at once that music is the natural language of the interlocutors than that they should change from speech to song, and stop the action in its most impassioned and rapid situations, merely to sing. The difficulty then

resolves itself merely into the wearisomeness or the inexpressiveness of the colloquial recitative. Rousseau I think has answered this objection—but he has not stated at length how much may be done to prevent it by the art of the poet. Look to Metastasio; see how he has employed the expedients at the disposal of the lyric dramatist, to abridge the dull parts and diversify the musical means. The distinction is clear. The narrative parts only are those which must be thrown into colloquial or speaking recitative, and even these serve to relieve the alternations between accompanied recitatives, airs, duets, and concerted pieces. They may therefore be made very short—and when to this principle it be added that we go to an opera to enjoy passion and sentiment as exalted by music, and for no other legitimate purpose, it appears to my judgment that the question is decided. At some future opportunity I shall take leave to resume this discussion and bring further proofs—but if in the mean time, one really good opera could be produced under the sanction of such names as I have ventured to cite, it would do more to illustrate my doctrine than all I can write, though I do write in the hope of assisting such an effect by the preparation of the general mind for the reception of what only has a title to be called opera, namely, a regular musical drama upon a story poetically constructed.

I am, Sir, yours,

DRAMATICUS.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE HAUTOBOY.

THE invention of this instrument, which now forms so conspicuous a portion of our musical performances, is attributed to the French. For a length of years it seems, however, to have been considered as of no importance, and one of the earliest notices of it as an orchestral instrument is by Burney, who states that at a fête given at the Louvre by the Queen of Henry the Third, of France, a ballet was exhibited, called Ceres and her Nymphs, then a new kind of spectacle in that country, in which Baltazar or Beaujeyeux, as he was called, (the inventor of the fête and a famous Piedmontese performer on the violin) had blended together poetry, music, and dancing, the latter having the precedence.—The hautboy was among the wind instruments employed in the performance, the violins being only used in playing to the dancing, while the wind instruments were used in accompanying the singers.

Within the last century and half the hautboy has been raised in the scale of instruments and in the favour of the public; first by the excellence and the perfection to which Martini, Fischer, the Besozzis, Parkes, and Griesbach have brought their performances, and secondly by the compositions their pre-eminent talents have produced. In this country, from the time of Martini, the hautboy was cultivated as a solo instrument, and since that period its reputation has been gradually increasing.

Of all the ancient composers Handel has, perhaps, made greater use of it for obligato accompaniments than any other composer. In *Purcell's Orpheus Britannicus* there are some solo passages to various songs for it; and to Handel certainly is due the merit of introducing it very favourably to the public by his winning accompaniment to "*Tune your Harps,*" "*Alcides name,*" &c. by his solos in the *Sosarnes*, &c. and by his concertos. Modern composers have followed these examples, which have been strengthened greatly by the extreme perfection of the players. Since the death of Griesbach no performer has appeared who approximates to that celebrated professor. Messrs. Erskine and

Ling have certainly occupied the situation Griesbach was accustomed to fill in the principal oratorios, festivals, and concerts, while Centroni, who visited us only during the opera season of 1824, and Vogt, who has appeared at the Philharmonic concerts during the present spring, have alone ventured to perform concertos. But without wishing to detract from their merit, none of these performances can as a whole be comparable to Griesbach.—The paucity of pre-eminent performers upon this instrument is perhaps more apparent than upon others, because of the comparatively small number who make it their study. And this may occur not only from the difficulty of obtaining excellence arising from the construction, and from the knowledge that it is an instrument but little cultivated among amateurs, and therefore the small chance of employment. The smallness and delicacy of the reed, combined with other peculiar difficulties in the treatment of the instrument, are the causes why it is one upon which a pure fine tone is rarely to be found. Like the performer upon the bassoon, the player must be expert in making his own reeds, that he may adapt them alike to his lip and his style. Some performers require a stronger, some a weaker reed than others, of which the person himself can alone be the judge; but either of these points are injurious when in excess. A reed, requiring great strength of lip, is in most cases very likely to produce a harsh discordant tone, while on the contrary a weak one will produce a powerless tone. Great judgment alone, derivable from care and experience, is necessary in the selection of reeds; the slightest defect will prevent the performer from the proper exercise of his powers.

It has already been stated that the hautboy is of French origin. Mersennus, in his *Harmonie Universale*, states that it was used by the French in concert with the bassoon, bombard, fagott, courtault,* and cervelat.† The father gives it three shapes, the treble, tenor, and base. The treble hautboy contained ten holes—nine of which were harmonical, and the tenth for the egress of the wind; the tenor had eight holes—six and a key harmonical, and the eighth for the escape of the wind. The base was very considerably larger than the other two, being five feet long. It was inspired by a tube at the upper part, something like the crook of a

* Base to the hautboy.

† Short bassoon.

bassoon, into which the reed was inserted. It had eleven holes, seven of which were contained in the upper piece, three under a box in the centre, and one below it, all opened by keys projecting above and below the box, which was perforated in many places to emit the sound. Mersennus also speaks of a *tibia pictava* or *Haut-bois de Poictu*, a very slender hautboy.

Of late years several keys have been added to the instrument, some of which are calculated to injure the tone, a defect their utility in other respects does not compensate. M. Braun, of Berlin, one of the celebrated hautboy players of the present day, says, "those of the greatest utility are F sharp, A flat, and B flat, and it is desirable that these should be added as well as the key of the lower B, because the instrument gains thereby half a tone more in its lower compass."

Of the early performers on the hautboy there is little known, on account most probably of the slight regard in which the instrument appears to have been held, as well as on account of the few who at that time had arrived at any degree of excellence. One of the first of whom we have any notice was Johann Christopher Denner, who was more celebrated for his construction of them, with flutes and wind instruments of all kinds. Dr. Hawkins states him to have been distinguished for the invention of the clarinet, and for his improvement of the chalumeau, a species of hautboy mentioned by Mersennus and Kircher. Denner, who certainly was an ingenious man, was born at Leipsic, on August 13, 1655, and his father, a common wood turner, settled at Nuremberg, when Johann was eight years old. He there received some instruction in music, which led him to turn his attention particularly to the construction of wind instruments. With a fine ear, and having attained what at that time was considered a great proficiency in his performance on the flute and hautboy, the instruments of his construction were thought to be tuned more perfectly, and they were sought after from all parts. Denner died on the 20th of April, 1707, leaving behind him two sons, who followed his business.

Giuseppe San Martini, a native of Milan, who lived at the commencement of the 18th century, has the credit of being the first who laid the foundation of its character and of its present perfection by his skill upon the hautboy. In 1726, according

to M. Quartz, he was performing at Venice, and was there held in considerable estimation. Hawkins dates his arrival in England in 1729, while Burney states it as one of the most memorable events of the year 1723, his first public performance being at a benefit concert for Signor Piero, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, in whose bills Martini was denominated as "an Italian master just arrived." In 1727, on the 6th of October, Martini's first publication in England, consisting of "Twelve Sonatas for two flutes and a bass," was advertised, and in 1738 he published his Six Concertos and Twelve Sonatas, the latter of which he dedicated to the Prince of Wales. At this time the concertos of Corelli and Geminiani were become familiar to the public, so much so indeed, that they were performed at almost every concert, forming a large share of the entertainment. It was therefore probable that these compositions, both from their excellence as well as the acknowledged talent of the composer, would have been favourably received; but Martini was disappointed in the immediate sale of his work, and in an evil hour destroyed not only the remaining copies but the plates themselves. In 1730 Martini accompanied Dr. Greene to the University of Cambridge, when that musician went to take his Doctor's degree. He performed in the exercise which Greene wrote, and gave a public concert, which was so well attended that he saved a considerable sum. On October 28th, 1735, the season commenced, when the King's Theatre was opened by command, and the opera of *Polifemo*, which had been produced in February previous by Porpora, was performed. In this opera the first air, a mezza bravura, expressly composed for the great talents of Farinelli, was accompanied by San Martini on the hautboy. He continued at the opera until Bononcini, by whom he had been much patronized since his first arrival in England, left it. In 1744 Martini was the principal, with his scholar Vincent as second, at the Castle concert, where the first-rate performers of the Italian opera generally sung. It was not however until about 1752 that his compositions began to be noticed, and even then they remained comparatively little known until after his death. Frederick, Prince of Wales, by whom he had always been warmly patronized, after he left the opera, appointed him to the situation of

master and director of his Royal Highness' chamber music, which he held till his death, which occurred in the year 1740.

Previous to Martini's arrival in England, the hautboy had been held in light estimation; the tone that had been produced by the performers of that day is said to have been most disagreeable to the ear from its harshness. Martini's arrival dissolved this disagreeable impression, and charmed his audience no less by the beauty of the tone and its near approximation to the human voice, than by his flexibility. His peculiar management and formation of the reed was supposed to have produced this difference.* Sir J. Hawkins thus speaks of him as a composer. "The merit of Martini as a composer in many parts were unquestionably very great. He had a fertile invention, and gave into a style of modulation less restrained by rule than that of his predecessors, and by consequence affording greater scope for his fancy. Those who ascribe his deviation from known and established rules to the want of musical erudition, are grossly mistaken; he was thoroughly skilled in the principles of harmony; and his singularities can therefore only be ascribed to that boldness and self-possession which are ever the concomitants of genius; and in most of the licences he has taken it may be observed that he is in a great measure warranted by the precepts, and indeed by the example of Geminiani."

Besozzi was the name of a family of musicians, all of whom were celebrated for their skill. The father, Joseph Besozzi, was a musician at Parma. Alessandro Besozzi, the eldest son, was born in 1700, and became first hautboyist to the King of Sardinia, at Turin. He was a composer for the violin, and wrote solos and trios.

Jerome Besozzi, brother of Alessandro, was born in 1712, and became the first bassoon player at the same court. Both himself and his brother were pupils of their father, and entered the

* Sir J. Hawkins states, "that about the year 1735 an advertisement appeared in the public papers, offering a reward of ten guineas for a hautboy reed that had been lost. It was conjectured to be Martini's, and favoured the opinion that he had some secret in preparing or meliorating the reeds of his instrument, though none could account for the offer of a reward so greatly disproportionable to the utmost conceivable value of the thing lost. It seems that the reed was found and brought to the owner, but in such a condition as rendered it useless."

service of the Court of Turin in 1730. Like the Petrides of our own age, they lived in the closest ties of fraternal friendship, and each assisted the other in obtaining perfection in his professional pursuit. They made a short visit to Parma and to Paris—at the latter of which cities they obtained immense applause. In 1775 they both performed at the Concert Spirituel. Burney says, “the motets, a *grand chœur* of La Lande and Modonville, were then in great favour there, and no profane mixture of Italian music was heard, except the performance of the two celebrated Besozzis on the bassoon.” They both died at a very advanced age, remaining unmarried.

Antonio Besozzi, the third son, was in 1755 the first hautboyist in the Chapelle at Dresden, and died in 1781, leaving a son, whose talents were pre-eminent.

Gaetano Besozzi, the fourth son, was born at Parma, in 1727, and (like his other brothers) became excellent on the hautboy, upon which he performed at the court of Naples, whose service he entered in 1736, and in 1765 was attached to that of Paris. His son also was a hautboyist, and became one of the musicians to the French King, in 1776.

Charles Besozzi, the son of Antonio, was born at Dresden, and like his father and uncles, cultivated the hautboy, upon which perhaps he excelled them greatly. Dr. Burney gives the following account of his introduction to this celebrated man, at Dresden:—He says, (speaking of Mr. Osborn, minister at that court,) “he was no sooner informed of my musical curiosity than he made me acquainted with Signor Besozzi, the celebrated hautboy-player, in the service of this court, and upon conversing with this able performer, I found that he was not only possessed of an excellent understanding, but that he thought more profoundly concerning the theory of his art than most practical musicians with whom I had conversed, who had devoted so much time to any one instrument, as he must have bestowed upon the hautboy, in order to acquire that high degree of perfection upon it to which he has attained.” At a concert he heard at the minister’s, he again thus speaks of Signor Besozzi. “After this, Signor Besozzi played an extremely difficult concerto on the hautbois, in a very pleasing and masterly manner, yet I must own that the less one thinks of Fischer, the more one likes this performer. However I tried to

discriminate and to discover in what each differed from the other, and first Fischer seems to me the most natural, pleasing, and original writer of the two for the instrument, and as most certain of his reed, which whether from being in less constant practice, or from the greater difficulty of the passages, I know not, more frequently fails Besozzi in rapid diversions than Fischer; however Besozzi's *messa di voce* or swell is prodigious, indeed he continues to augment the force of a tone so much and so long that it is hardly possible not to fear for his lungs. His taste and ear are exceedingly delicate and refined, and he seems to possess a happy and peculiar faculty of tempering a continued tone to different bases, according to their several relations; upon the whole his performance is so capital that a hearer must be extremely fastidious not to receive from it a high degree of pleasure."

Again Dr. Burney says, "Signor Besozzi performed, after this, a new concerto on the hautbois, which was very graceful and ingenious. The allegro was more rapid and of a still more difficult execution than that of his preceding piece. He exerted himself very much in this performance, which ended with a pleasing rondeau, and left the company in great good humour. He afterwards was prevailed on (though not without difficulty) to play, by way *bonne bouche*, Fischer's well-known rondeau minuet, which he had performed here so frequently, and with such applause, that I had been assured he made more of it than the author himself, but I cannot say that his present performance of it convinced me of the truth of this assertion. However after being accustomed to the exquisite manner in which Mr. Fischer has played it in England, it is no small praise to say, that I heard Signor B. perform it with great pleasure."

John Christian Fischer was a native of Friburg, and both a composer for the oboe and flute, as well as a very celebrated player on the former instrument. Fischer was invited by the court of Dresden, which was then perhaps the most celebrated in Germany for its opera band, under the direction of the composer Graun.—Fischer then passed to Italy, and from thence to England, where (in 1769) he formed one of those solo performers with Abel, Cramer, Crosdill, and Cervetto, for whom John Christian Bach, then in England, wrote solos in his concertos when his hand was likely to tire or he wanted support. Dr. Burney attributes, in

some measure, the change in the musical taste of that time to Fischer's performances in common with those of Giardini, Bach, and Abel. He says, "content with our former possessions and habits, we went on in the tranquil enjoyment of the productions of Corelli, Geminiani, and Handel, at our national theatres, concertos, and public gardens, till the arrival of Giardini, Bach, and Abel, who soon created schisms, and at length (with the assistance of Fischer) brought about a total revolution in our musical taste." Again, "Fischer indeed composed for himself, and in a style so new and fanciful, that in point of invention, as well as tone, taste, expression, and neatness of execution, his piece was always regarded as one of the highest treats of the night, and heard with proportionate rapture." His tone united the brilliancy and force of the hautboy with the richness and softness of the clarinet, and his performances always made a strong impression on the audience. "He composed twelve hautboy concertos, which are estimated for the taste and the talent they display. The passages may appear at this period quaint, yet they were sweet and powerful when executed by him. The closing movement of one of his concertos, called Fischer's minuet, became a great favourite with the public at the Vauxhall Gardens, and was often made the subject of a piano-forte lesson. He resided here many years, and in the early part of the year 1800 was seized with an apoplectic fit, while performing the adagio movement of a concerto, at the Queen's Palace. He was instantly conveyed to his house, in Greek-street, Soho, where, notwithstanding the first medical assistance, he died in about an hour afterwards, desiring (in his last moments) that all his manuscript music might be presented to his late Majesty, King George the Third.

Kaeberle was a performer on the hautboy about the year 1740, at Benthon on the Oder, and composed some music for his instrument. Michael Danican was born at Dauphiny, surnamed Philidor, and father of the celebrated chess player, by Louis Thirteenth, who when he first heard Danican perform on the hautboy, exclaimed "J'ai trouvé un second Philidor." Philidor was a celebrated player about the same time.

John Parke was born about the end of the year 1745, and he became a pupil of Simpson, the best performer on the hautboy, and for theory he had Baumgarten as a master. Under these

professors he made very rapid progress, and particularly upon the hautboy. In 1766 he was engaged by Smith and Stanley at the oratorios to take the principal hautboy stand. From this period his reputation was daily increasing, and it very shortly led to an engagement in the band at Ranelagh, where Hay led, and of which all the principal performers in the profession formed a part. The celebrated Crossdill was then the first violoncellist, with whom until the period of his death, Mr. Parke was in constant habits of intimacy, and nearly up to the period of Mr. Crossdill's departure for France (not long previous to his decease) he continually partook of the enjoyment which quartett parties of the highest description, both in point of compositions, performers, and performances must bestow. Mr. Parke also played principal at the Mary-le-Bonne Gardens three nights in every week in the band led by Pinto, by whom the opera singers were engaged. In 1768 he was engaged as principal at the opera. Fischer as soon as he arrived at this country, in 1769, was engaged to play a concerto every other night at the Ranelagh Gardens, which he continued to do for two seasons, and upon his retirement was succeeded by Parke as a concerto player, and although the extraordinary talents of Fischer, to which Parke most cheerfully subscribed, might have rendered the attempt of the latter not a little hazardous, he yet accepted the engagement, and succeeded so completely, that he remained a favourite with the public for very many years. In the same year Garrick offered him most advantageous terms for Drury-lane Theatre, which he accepted. Shortly after this period his Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland, a great patron of music and musical talent, and who highly esteemed Mr. Parke both for his talents and great respectability, was in the habit of having music at Mr. Parke's house, to which he was accustomed to order his band, when his Royal Highness constantly played the tenor, and at the music meetings at Cumberland House or Windsor Lodge Mr. P. was always invited. In 1783 he was commanded to attend at one of the Queen's concerts at Buckingham House, where his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, was so delighted with his performance, that he was ordered to attend the following evening at Carlton House, where he met Crossdill, Giardini, and the rest of the King's band, and was finally appointed musician in ordinary

to his Majesty, and one of his Royal Highness's chamber-band. At this time his repute was so great that he performed not only at all the first concerts in London, the professional and ancient concerts, but at all the music meetings in the country. When nearly seventy years of age, Mr. Parke retired from his profession in the fullest enjoyment of his powers and of professional pre-eminence. His eldest daughter, afterwards Mrs. Beardmore, arrived at the highest honours among the vocalists of her day, and the most celebrated pianistes; and he still lives to enjoy the satisfaction which fortune and the respect of a large circle of friends bestow.

Plas. There were two brothers of this name, both of whom were eminent performers. They were by birth Spaniards, and in 1752 played at Paris, from whence, after remaining nine years at the French capital, they departed for Wirtemberg, and were engaged at the chapel. In the first year of their engagement one of the brothers died.

J. D. Schwegler was born in 1759 at Endersbact, and also entered the service of the Duke of Wirtemberg, in whose band he was in the year 1789, in which period he had published a great quantity of music for wind instruments.

Wm. Thomas Parke, a younger brother of John, was born in 1762, and as early as eight years old began to study both the German flute and the hautboy under his brother. Mr. Wm. Dance and Dr. Charles Burney gave him lessons on the piano forte, and Baumgarten (his brother's master) also taught him harmony.—His progress was so rapid that at fourteen years of age he was engaged at Drury-lane and Vauxhall. In these bands however he did not play the hautboy, but the tenor. He nevertheless did not neglect that instrument which was his favorite, but practised so unceasingly that he devoted part of his nights to obtain the excellence which he afterwards enjoyed. He was engaged at Covent-garden in 1784, as principal hautboy, by the friendship of Shield, the then composer to the theatre, who brought forward Parke's talents, which he highly esteemed, by writing solo and obligato parts for him in most of the compositions he produced for that theatre. When Fischer went abroad in 1786, Wm. Parke was thought worthy to be his successor by the directors of the Ladies' concert, and at the Professional concert he performed solos with

great applause, under the patronage of the late Duke of Cumberland, whose favour, in common with his brother, he enjoyed till the death of that Prince, and he was patronized by his present Majesty, to whom he dedicated a concerto. In 1800 and 1801 he was the principal hautboy at Vauxhall Gardens, where he was accustomed to perform concertos. As a composer Wm. Parke wrote very many productions for Vauxhall (to which he was composer) and Covent-garden, which have obtained for him considerable reputation. His overture to *Netley Abbey* (with several of the songs in the piece) and that to *Lock and Key*, with several songs and glees, are well known and very popular. He was a member of the Royal Society of Musicians and one of the Court of Assistants. As a performer his tone was rich, and his execution brilliant, rapid, and articulate—his cadenzas were various and pleasing, and in the performance of an adagio he excelled both in feeling and passion. Mr. Parke raised the compass of the hautboy a third, playing up to G in alt, the former extent having been only up to E natural. Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot) published among his miscellaneous poetry some very beautiful lines upon his splendid talents.

[To be concluded.]

THE CONCERT AT GUILDHALL,

For the benefit of the City of London National, Ward, and Parochial Schools, on Saturday, March 29, 1828.

THE eminent success which attended the concert for the Spanish Refugees, not alone as it respected the object, but as it ministered to the gratification of the public, originated the idea that similar benefits might be extended by similar means to those admirable charities—the National Ward and Parochial Schools of the City of London. The Lord Mayor, with a promptitude that does him the highest honour, and the acting committee took the most efficient means to carry the purpose into effect—the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, most of the Bishops, and not fewer than fifty Patrons and Patronesses of the highest rank and character was secured, and nearly the same performers who assisted before were engaged. The King's levee postponed the concert for two days, and the indisposition of the Duke of Clarence prevented their Royal Highnesses from being present—but notwithstanding these impediments the Hall was sufficiently well attended to have a very large surplus for the charity. The following was the scheme of the concert :

PART I.

A Selection from the Messiah, with additional Accompaniments by *Mozart*.

Overture.

Recit. and Air—Mr. Braham, "Comfort ye my People."

Chorus—"And the Glory of the Lord."

Recit. and Air—Miss Wilkinson, and

Chorus—"O thou that tellest."

Recit. and Air—Mr. E. Taylor, "The People that walked in darkness."

Grand Chorus—"For unto us a Child is born."

Pastoral Symphony.

Recit.—Miss Stephens, "There were Shepherds."

Chorus—"Glory to God."

Air—Miss Bacon, "Rejoice greatly."

Grand Chorus—"Hallelujah."

Recit. and Air—Miss Stephens, "But thou didst not leave."

Semi-Chorus—The principal Singers, and

Chorus—"Lift up your heads."

Air—Mr. Phillips, "Why do the Nations."
 Air—Miss Stephens, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."
 Grand Chorus—"Worthy is the Lamb."

PART II.

A Grand Selection of Sacred Music.

Overture to "Samson"—*Handel*.

Recit. ed Aria—Madame Pasta, "Deh parlate"—(Il Sacrificio d'Abramo)—*Cimarosa*.

From the Oratorio of "Judah," (arranged by Mr. Gardiner)—Haydn.

Chorus—"The arm of the Lord is upon them."

Quartet—Miss Bacon, Mr. Terrail, Mr. Horncastle, and Mr. E. Taylor,
 "Lo, my Shepherd is divine."

Preghiera—Mademoiselle Brambilla, "Ah quel giorno"—*Rossini*.

Recit. and Air—Mr. Braham, "Deeper and deeper," and "Waft her
 Angels"—(Jephtha)—*Handel*.

Air—Miss Stephens, "Let the bright Seraphim"—Trumpet Obligato, Mr.
 Harper—(Samson)—*Handel*.

Recit. and Air—Mr. Phillips, "The Snares of Death"—Bassoon Obligato,
 Mr. Mackintosh—(Thanksgiving)—*Sir J. Stevenson*.

Rec. and Air—Miss Bacon, "From mighty Kings"—(Judas Macc.)—*Handel*.
 Grand Motet—"O God when thou appearest."

The Solos by Miss Stephens, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Horncastle, and Mr. E.
 Taylor—*Mozart*.

Duet—Miss Bacon and Miss Wilkinson, "Qual anelante"—*Marcello*.

Air—Madame Pasta, "Gratias agimus"—Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Willman—*Guglielmi*.

From the Oratorio, "Israel in Egypt"—*Handel*.

Recit.—Mr. Terrail, "Yet Pharaoh still exalted his proud heart."

Grand Double Chorus—"He gave them Hailstones."

Duet—Mr. Phillips and Mr. E. Taylor, "The Lord is a man of war."

Chorus—"The Lord shall reign."

Recit.—Mr. Braham, "For the host of Pharaoh."

Solo—Miss Stephens, "Sing ye to the Lord."

Grand Double Chorus—"The Horse and his Rider."

The bill was a little deranged by the absence of Miss Wilkinson, who was taken ill suddenly and severely the day before. Madame Pasta sung her two songs—*Deh parlate* and *Gratias agimus*—the one before and the other after the overture to the second act, and Mr. Horncastle took *Qual Anelante* with Miss Bacon.

All the musical arrangements did the highest credit to the judgment and energy of Sir George Smart. A finer selection could not have been made—each singer had their chef d'œuvre, and emulation was stimulated by the necessity each must have

felt of sustaining themselves in such a competition. The chorusses were magnificent, and the whole effect heightened to a degree of perfection which, from the intrinsic advantages of Guildhall as a room for music, can be attained no where else in London.

To the honour of the Patrons from the Court end of the Town, it was not a nominal patronage only that they extended, for not less than eight church dignitaries and many of the nobility were present, together with the representatives of the honours and opulence of the city.

There can now be no doubt that from these experiments an example has been given, which will hereafter be beneficially followed, to the advancement of the amusement, the taste, and the charities of the Metropolis. "Long may the city of London," says a correspondent of the Times, "with its chief magistrate at its head, confer honour on itself by such exhibitions! As a husband, Sir, and as a father, I could partake of this delightful treat of harmony, with no single feeling of deduction arising from associations and circumstances to which it is not necessary to allude any further than to say that they found no room for introduction on this occasion—all was purity and delight, 'unmixed with baser matter.' To those individuals (I suppose of the corporation, or their connexions) who conducted this festivity (for such it was in the best sense) our best thanks are due. The utmost attention to the wants and comforts of their guests was displayed, and they must find no inconsiderable reward in the happiness they conferred on all. May this be the beginning of similar days of rejoicing!

" There let the pealing organ blow
" To the full-voic'd choir below,
" In service high and anthem clear,
" As may with sweetness through mine ear
" Dissolve me into ecstasies,
" And bring all heav'n before my eyes."

MADemoisELLE SONTAG.

THERE is perhaps no instance within remembrance (except it be in the case of Mrs. Billington) where so much previous promise had been held out, and so much expectation excited, as had been raised by the report of the talents of Mademoiselle Sontag before her arrival in this country. The beauty of her person, the symmetry and captivation of her features, and even the exquisite proportions of her hands and feet, had been extolled as pre-eminent—she was declared to possess all the attributes of a singer in all styles in the utmost perfection—while as an actress she was to be the very personification of grace. Nor was this the whole extent of the exaggerations of friendship or of folly. Stories of the romantic attachments of foreign princes and English lords were studiously invented and sedulously propagated—the damsel was to be exposed for a season to the severe and perilous temptations which must assail so splendid and so attractive an artiste in the voluptuous and profligate capital of France—under these trials she had been watched, and had come out immaculate—she was to be elevated to the loftiest rank—in short, no creature, except in the pages of fairy lore or of the novelist was ever exalted into so matchless an heroine. All this exaggeration, it is true, was as improbable as it was weak—but as no one gave himself the trouble to extend to these stories even sufficient examination to discover the absurdity, they generated a certain quantity of reliance, which could end in nothing but injury to the distinguished individual and disappointment to the public. It was however under these disadvantages that this highly-gifted young lady first appeared in London. She sung at Prince Esterhazy's and the Duke of Devonshire's, before her debut at the Opera—but though those who heard her were better able to appreciate her real merits, the great body of the public remained at their pitch of curiosity and anticipation. The character chosen was *Rosina*, in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, and never was the King's Theatre more crowded than on the night of the nineteenth of April. Her reception was

rapturous—the audience continued to applaud during several minutes. The demeanour of the debutante, under circumstances at once so trying and so flattering, could but confirm the impressions already received, for nothing could be more graceful, while it was marked by the humility of the most grateful acknowledgment.

We record these facts—not because they are intrinsically combined with the character of Mademoiselle Sontag for science it is our purpose to draw—but because they are intimately connected with those prepossessions which may or may not endure; and since it is hardly possible that subsequent estimation should keep pace with the extravagance of these the first indications of public favour, it is only due to her great abilities to shew, that any declension (should it so happen) from this extreme elevation of opinion ought not to be attributed to deficiency of merit, but that it rather proceeds from the pernicious effects of the previous exaltation of that merit almost beyond human endowment.

In order to estimate rightly the perfection of any singer, it is perhaps first necessary to consider a little more attentively than has of late been the custom, the attributes and the excellence of style, which has ceased to preserve that distinctness of character that once appertained to each of the several species—for these were marked out by boundaries far more exact than can now be easily ascertained. The operas of Rossini, whether justly or unjustly, have obtained a celebrity so universal, that the instances are very rare indeed where a singer can be tried in the compositions of any other master. We need not say that Rossini has written for effect—that he has extended the musical language and phraseology of passion so that it mingles and confounds all the several varieties of style, and that divisions or rather multiplications of passages, which were once confined solely to the display of execution almost without meaning, are now converted into phrases of the strongest expression. By this process the high affections are no longer characterized by intellectual dignity, by majesty of voice, by sustained power, by sensibility, pathos, and above all, by the simplest grandeur, which used to be considered the chiefest attribute of the great style, these exalted qualities are broken down by the admixture of a facility in execution, which is become even more indispensable than themselves. To demonstrate this

truth, we need only cite the serious lyric dramas of Rossini that are most popular—*Tancredi*, *Semiramide*, and *Otello*; but were further proof necessary, it may be traced in the fact that even Mad. Pasta, the finest tragedian that has appeared in our age, finds herself compelled to overlay the simple compositions of Zingarelli and Mayer with modern ornament, and to cultivate execution with nearly as much ardour as the purer elements of the great style. The result is that facility, velocity, and imagination now take a much loftier place in art than was heretofore allotted them, and it also follows that the purer elements of the great style must in the majority of instances be superseded by this lighter manner. The junction of both is all but unattainable, because they imply a contrary and paradoxical direction of the faculties—they are as opposite as judgment and wit. It is indeed possible to use execution so cautiously that its possessor may show it is always to be esteemed secondary and applied sparingly, and thus it is that Mad. Pasta employs ornament—but though she does all that she chooses to do in a manner that is perfect, yet when we hear such a singer as Sontag we can but perceive that execution may be carried to an extent of which they who have heard only the former can have entertained no sort of idea. And as this faculty is now called into requisition by the composer, it becomes not only more essential but also more universally admitted, and thus there appears, we must not say a greater extenuation, but a greater desire in the public, and a stronger impulsion for the singer to acquire and to employ the power of ornament. Right or wrong—whether art be advanced or reduced by the practice—such we reluctantly allow is the present state of the case—and though we think it is the work chiefly of an individual, namely, of Rossini, it must nevertheless be taken in a good degree to have sprung out of the superior attainments of musicians, both instrumentalists and singers. They have imitated and stimulated each other, and a composer has at length been found to embody and concentrate the improvements of the time, and to push their agency still further, till they seem to have reached a point beyond which it is scarcely possible to proceed. We make this remark however with due reservation, when we recollect that such has been the complaining language of critics ever since the days of Palestrina.

We may now come to the particular merits of Mademoiselle Sontag.

The character chosen for her debut, *Rosina*, is not a part in which the higher affections are concerned; but to say that it affords no scope for expression is a false assumption. *Rosina* gives opportunity for the display of those lighter and gayer emotions and feelings to which a young girl, anxious to escape from the confinement imposed upon her by her guardian to the arms of a lover, is subjected, and these are varied by the surprize, the pleasure, the anxiety, the fear to which the several situations of this comedy of intrigue give rise. Upon the English stage *Rosina* would be considered to be a lively and interesting character, and there is no good reason why the same play of fancy and feeling, though not exalted to the highest walk of the drama, not to the most powerful workings of passion, should not enjoy the same interpretation upon the boards of the King's Theatre. Madame Ronzi di Begnis certainly infused expression into both her acting and singing, and her *Una voce* was quite as remarkable for feeling as for science and art, of which it exhibited the perfection.

The first and physical impression which Mademoiselle Sontag's voice makes upon the ear, is that of surprize that an organ which appears so limited in its power, and which possesses so little of richness or even of sweetness and brilliancy in its tone, should by any conversion be capable of producing the effects ascribed to it.—Such at least was our instant feeling, by which acknowledgment we confess the prepossession which anticipation too highly raised had created. It is a true soprano, and its compass is perhaps from A or B to D in alt. Though uniform in its quality, it is a little reedy at the bottom, and we believe that it does not exceed, if it equals in its general volume and quality, that of any esteemed singer who has lately appeared. It is more analogous to that of Madame Caradori Allan perhaps than of any other singer, but it is scarcely so pure. So soon however as Mad. S. begins to use that part of the scale which lies between F and C in alt, its rich cultivation is perceptible.

It is here that the brilliancy of the tone, the precision of her intonation, the fertility of her invention, and the facility of her execution, manifest themselves. She differs from her great predecessors, Billington and Catalani, in the extreme lightness and

rarity, so to speak, of her evolutions through the mazes of sound. What they effected, the one by volume and the other by force, Mademoiselle Sontag performs with a simplicity and ease that are perfectly captivating. Not only are all passages alike to her, but she has appropriated some that were hitherto believed to belong to instruments—to the piano forte and the violin for instance. Arpeggios and chromatic scales, passages ascending and descending, she executes in the same manner that the ablest performers on these instruments execute them. There is the firmness and the neatness that appertain to the piano forte, while she will go through a scale, staccato, with the precision of the bow. Her great art however lies in rendering whatever she does, pleasing. The ear is never disturbed by a harsh sound—the notes trickle and sparkle like the diamond drops of the brightest fountain. Every thing is rendered clear and liquid by solution, and the auditor listens to the melody as he does to the singing of birds, without attempting to appreciate or indeed without caring for the nature of the intervals. The velocity of her passages is sometimes uncontrollable, for we have observed that in a division, say of four groupes of quadruplets, she will execute the first in exact time, the second and third will increase in rapidity so much that in the fourth she is compelled to decrease the speed perceptibly, in order to give the band the means of recovering the time she has gained. But reflection is arrested by surprize, while the ear is satiated with the physical delight, for we repeat, both the captivation of her singing and the superiority lie in rendering all those passages which fix the attention, agreeable, and in making those pleasing, which, when we have heard them from other singers, have inspired only wonder, mixed perhaps with sensations never pleasurable, and in some instances any thing but pleasing. At the same time all this is effected with an ease that gives the semblance of nature—she appears to sing like a bird, from impulse, and to feel while she inspires delight. There is no distortion, not even “the heaving of the bosom” is visible, so that the auditor, though uncertain where a range of imagination and a facility of execution so extended shall next carry him, is never exposed to the least apprehension of a failure. Thus the firmest sympathy is established, and the confidence is never betrayed.

It will be gathered from these the most striking facts attending

Mademoiselle Sontag's performance both on the stage, in the orchestra, and in the chamber, that none of the more powerful faculties of the intellect have been called into action. Nature, who generally prescribes a limit to attainment, seems to have denied the qualities necessary to the display of the grander characteristics of style and manner, when she bestowed those lighter fascinations with which this charming artiste is endowed. Mademoiselle S. may unquestionably excel in tenderness and pathos, but all the more majestic and energetic characters are forbidden to her by her youth, the lightness her figure, and her voice, not less than by the train of study she has pursued. Nor can the judicious direction of her musical education be objected against. The highest praise perhaps that can be bestowed, is, in the admission that the track of nature has been followed, and that the powers have been displayed in the manner most likely to lead to the greatest share of success. This praise is certainly due to Mademoiselle Sontag. She has cultivated the imagination and the fancy to a degree they have never reached before—no singer has ever combined so variously, or executed in the light, brilliant, inventive, facile, and above all, in the pleasing manner she has attained. In these particulars she stands alone.

For these reasons perhaps she is to be esteemed more highly in the orchestra and the chamber than upon the stage—the theatre is the scene for the display of passion. In the chamber and the orchestra the feelings must be restrained, and even subdued.—Indeed nothing more clearly indicates how little susceptible of the finest and deepest expression the orchestra and the chamber can be made, than the comparative failure of Madame Pasta in these situations. The truth is, the sympathy of a mixed audience cannot rise to the strength of the emotion or its expression, unless aided by the illusions of the drama. In the orchestra the eagle is caged, stripped of her plumage, and is fastened to the earth. The facility, the polish, and the beauty of Mademoiselle Sontag's style, on the contrary, is heard to the greatest advantage in this situation. Lord Bacon has asked in his second book upon the advancement of learning—"Is not the delight of the quavering upon a stop in music the same with the playing of light upon the water—

——— *Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.*"

The passage occurred to us when we first listened to the glistening ornaments of Mademoiselle Sontag, and the pleasure we felt was precisely like that we have experienced in beholding the ocean resplendent with the rays of a brilliant sunshine. If the mind be not deeply moved, the senses are all filled, and those nameless emotions which play so lightly and coruscate as it were from thought to thought without stop or intermission, if they do not equal in strength or intensity the fixity of the passions, give birth to feelings at once novel, diversified, and exultant.

Though the judgment ought to dwell upon intrinsic qualities, yet it is impossible to frame an opinion without personal comparisons, for how is it we arrive at the power of ascertaining what can be done, but by the experience of what has been done? It is therefore with no view to nice or invidious distinctions that we introduce the names of her illustrious predecessors or contemporaries into the parallel with Mademoiselle Sontag, but merely to establish a scale by which we may measure with a nearer approach to exactitude, her real attainments. Mrs. Billington, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, and Mrs. Salmon, are the singers within our recollection with whom she may most fairly be compared. The first far exceeded her in the brilliancy and volume of her voice and in the variety of her style—Madame Ronzi had a finer notion of the application of science, had far more sensibility, and consequently a more perfect expression. The first song in *Rosina*, "*Una voce*," is an immediate test. As a matter of art and feeling combined, Madame Ronzi's far exceeded Mademoiselle Sontag's—though eclipsed in the extent, diversity, singularity and fancy of the alterations, in the lightness, brilliancy, and in the extreme pleasure afforded by the execution of Mademoiselle S. This indeed, as we have said, is the peculiar charm of the whole.—The flights are so airy, so light, so neat, and withal so perfectly pleasing, that all deeper inquisition is for the moment stayed. The quality of Madame Ronzi's voice was sharp and infantine, especially in the upper notes—but there can be no question that she was in all other attributes than volant execution, together with a slight reservation for tone, a far greater singer.

Our English vocalist, Mrs. Salmon, seems to us to have possessed in the nearest degree the qualities which have elevated Mademoiselle Sontag to the height she has attained, and but for

the superior invention displayed by the latter, Mrs. Salmon was we think the ablest of the two. The quality and volume of her voice were by far the most beautiful—her facility not less, and the difference is, that Mrs. Salmon never imagined the necessity of such introductions, otherwise we are convinced that she would have done all Sontag performs, in as light and facile a manner, and with much more beautiful tone.* It is however from these trifling additions, from these small but surprizing enlargements of the art, that superiority gains its place and advancement. In *canto spianato*, or plain song (if there be now such a thing) Mrs. Salmon, how little soever she could boast of expression, was the greater of the two. Indeed, judging from the few specimens we have heard, Mademoiselle S. falls below the level even of mediocrity in her sustained singing. Her delivery of the theme of Rode's air was rather coarse than polished.

Considering then as we do, that Mademoiselle S. is now superior only in the invention and in the execution of ornamental passages, and that by the lightness and pleasing manner she has attained she has taken precedency of all others in this manner, we yet anticipate that time and reflection and those changes which practice and experience produce, may raise her to a higher rank in art than she has yet aspired to reach. We have said that her faculties limit her to a particular course, but we see no reason why she should not excite deep interest in tender and pathetic airs. These we think are completely within her grasp, and probably within her contemplation and desire of future excellence, even during that period of youth when the buoyancy of the spirits, acted upon by such enormous and seductive exhibitions of public applause, seems to forbid such aspirations. The grace, the quietude, and the modesty of her private mannner, are all indications of sound sense and propriety of thinking, out of which must arise deeper investigations of her art than belong to

* We do not give this opinion as a mere conjecture, but as a matter confirmed in a good degree by experiment. When Madame Colbran Rossini first appeared in *Zelmira*, a professor, whose capability of judging is not exceeded by that of any person in this country, sat with Mrs. Salmon in a box, and he heard her with a feeling partaking of astonishment, execute every extraordinary passage or ornament done by Madame C. R. *sotto voce*, to the greatest perfection.

the mere repetition of passages. We therefore consider this very young artiste (her age is between 19 and 23) to be in the same state of progression that appertains to human nature at large, and that her early and rich acquirements will be matured into even nobler fruits. The very perfection she has thus attained in one, and that not the highest department,* will in its very satiety generate a wish for other and greater excellence, should no unforeseen accident of fortune snatch her from the exercise of the profession she so much adorns.

Mademoiselle Sontag's personal beauty has been even more exaggerated than her singing. She is of the middle stature, neither full nor slender, nor remarkable for form or feature. Her face is expressive of delicacy, sensibility, and modesty united. She is graceful, because she is easy, quiet, and reserved, and her acting partakes of these attributes. But had she not been distinguished by name and reputation, we question whether she would have attracted any extraordinary personal regard—certainly not insofar as beauty is concerned. But there is "something than beauty dearer," and Mademoiselle Sontag is said by all those who know her, to possess it. From the little we have seen and from much we have heard of her personal character, she is endowed with virtues which even the incense of public applause will but the more exalt, and with talents which we steadfastly believe time will only serve to improve. Thus qualified, she comes forth another proof of the superior dignity of ability publicly exerted, when combined with self-respect and private estimation—a dignity which none of the gifts of fortune or accidents of birth can bestow or equal.

* Madame Catalani is reported to have said, "Elle est la premiere de son genre mais son genre n'est pas le premier;" and a professor of great reputation and experience introduced a celebrated flute player to Mademoiselle S. in these words, "*Ecco il tuo rivale.*"

THE MELODISTS.

A SOCIETY under this denomination has been formed since the close of the season of 1825, when it was established at a meeting of gentlemen, at the house of William Mudford, Esq. The object is the promotion of melody and ballad composition. The subsequent transactions of the Club prove however, that while this forms the principal desire and motive, the members extend their powers both to vocal and instrumental performance in almost every species. We shall extract a few of the leading rules and regulations to make the design more perfectly understood. The number of members, who are elected by ballot, one black ball in ten excluding the candidate, is fixed at sixty subscribers and twenty honorary—and those originally named were

MEMBERS.

Dr. Kitchiner
W. Mudford, Esq.
J. Watson, Esq.
W. Fraser, Esq.
E. Roche, Esq.
W. Jerdan, Esq.

G. Whittaker, Esq.
Isaac Willis, Esq.
B. Hopkinson, Esq.
J. Duncan, Esq.
T. Gaspey, Esq.
T. Butts, jun. Esq.

G. Glenny, Esq.
R. W. Sievier, Esq.
T. Cornish, Esq.
T. K. Hervey, Esq.
G. K. Downes, Esq.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

M. Beethoven
H. R. Bishop, Esq.
J. Braham, Esq.
W. Broadhurst, Esq.
M. Cherubini
T. Cooke, Esq.
Signor Curioni

Signor De Begnis
P. Duruset, Esq.
C. Horn, Esq.
R. Leete, Esq.
M. Mayerbeer
M. Mayer
J. Parry, Esq.

W. Pearman, Esq.
Signor Rossini
W. Shield, Esq.
J. Sinclair, Esq.
C. M. Von Weber
Sir John Stevenson.

The club dine together seven times monthly in the season, at the Freemason's Tavern, beginning on the last Thursday in November and ending in June. The subscription is eight guineas, and an entrance fee of five guineas. A concert is given annually, for which each member receives three ladies and two gentlemen's tickets—the admission to the public being 10s. 6d.

Each subscribing member is allowed to introduce a friend (paying a guinea) to the dinners, but no one is permitted to dine a second time as a visitor.

Such are the musical and the convivial arrangements—but those are subordinate to the higher design of giving life and circulation to original compositions. To this end the club are solicited to contribute poetry and music. The poetry is submitted to the composers (according to alphabetical order) and some novelty in both is expected at each meeting. The members are also at liberty to introduce songs composed by persons not members, subject to the rules laid down in regard to publication. These are—

“That the songs produced and approved by the Club, be the property thereof, so far as the right of publication may be concerned, but that five-tenths of the profits be given to the composer; two-tenths to the person who shall, with leave of the Club, first make it popular by singing it in public; two-tenths to the writer of the words; and the remaining tenth to the general funds of the Club, and that if the Club decline to publish any song, the composer be at liberty to publish the same himself, subject to the above regulations.

“That all contributions of poetry, by the Members of the Club, be sent to the Committee through the President or Secretary, without signature, but with such private mark as shall correspond with a sealed letter, to be only opened in the event of the words being approved, and in cases where contributions may be rejected, the name of the writer shall not be known by any individual of the Club, but the song may be withdrawn in such manner as may be pointed out by the writer to the Committee.”

Such were the principal regulations, and W. Mudford was elected the president, W. Jerdan, Esq. vice-president, and W. Fraser, Esq. the treasurer for the year 1826. The committee were—

Committee—G. Butts, Esq. J. Cornish, Esq. J. Duncan, Esq. J. Hopkinson, Esq. R. W. Sievier, Esq.—J. Watson, Esq. *the Registrar of Music*.—G. Glenny, Esq. *the Honorary Secretary*.

The Club has held its monthly meetings regularly since its establishment. Several literary gentlemen have presented words for songs, duets, glees, &c. &c. many of which have been set to music by the honorary members, but nothing has yet been published save the terse and neat “*Motto of the MELODISTS*,” written and composed expressly for it by Mr. Parry,

whose active talent appears in so many directions for the public service and delight. The words are—

To our social band, prosperity !
And let its *motto* simply be
The soul of music—MELODY.

The motto is generally sung after the toast of "*The Melodists' Club*" is given.

Mr. Braham always sings "*Here's a health to the King—God bless him*"—the first song after dinner.

It is the intention we understand of the club to publish a set of six songs shortly. Perhaps it may be a question whether it would not be preferable to award medals and premiums at its annual concerts for the best compositions, which would be a stimulus to the honorary members to write. At present they do not appear over anxious to circulate their *notes* for the benefit of others—and who can blame them ? Their attendance at the monthly festivals, for the entertainment and gratification of the members and their friends, is no slight sacrifice of time and talents. At no dinner party in London is there given so great a variety of musical entertainment at the Melodists, for besides Braham, Sinclair, T. Cooke, Duruset, Broadhurst, Parry, Parry, jun. Watson, Collyer, Sola, De Begnis, &c. &c. who generally attend, Moscheles, Mori, Willman, Schunke, Stackhausen, Cianchettini, Sedlatzek, &c. &c. occasionally visit the club and perform on their various instruments.

The schemes of the first and last annual concerts will demonstrate how much has been done for the club expressly, and how wide a range their views embrace.

Thursday, April 26, 1827.

PART I.

Motto of the Melodists, Quartetto and Chorus, MS. (Composed for the Melodists)	Parry.
Trio, Miss Roche, Miss Watson, Mr. Sinclair, "Oh, listen to the Nightingale"	Bishop.
Song, Mr. Braham, "Like Chrystal Drops," MS. (Composed for the Melodists)	Braham.
New Ballad, Mrs. Geesin, "On Logan Banks"	Parry.
Welsh Air with Variations, (MS.) Harp and Double Flageolet, Mr. Parry, Mr. Parry, jun.	
Song, Mr. Sinclair, "The Breast Knots" (Composed for the Melodists)	Sinclair.

Duet, Mr. and Miss Cooke, "Qual' Anelante"	<i>Marcello.</i>
Savoyarda, Signor De Begnis	<i>Castelli.</i>
New Song, Mr. Pearman, "Woman's Smile a Charm can give"	<i>Alex. Lee.</i>
Trio, Mr. Braham, Signors Torri and De Begnis, "La Mia Dorabella"	<i>Mozart.</i>
Song, Miss Roche, "Oh, twine me a bower"	<i>A. Roche.</i>
Duet, Mrs. Geesin and Mr. Sinclair, "'Tho' you leave me" ...	<i>Scotch.</i>
Quintetto, Miss Cooke, Miss Roche, Signor Torri, Mr. Seguin, and Signor De Begnis	<i>Guglielmi.</i>

FINALE.

Chough and Crow, Miss Roche, Miss Watson, Mr. Isaacs, and Chorus.

In the course of the evening Mr. Nicholson will perform a Fantasia on the Flute, and Mr. Willman various National Airs on the Clarionet.

Grand Piano Forte, 1st Act, Mr. Watson.

PART II.

Trio, Masters J. and H. Watson and Smith, "Sweet Melody," MS. (Composed for the Melodists)	<i>Watson.</i>
Duet, Miss Watson and Mr. Seguin	<i>Rossini.</i>
Scottish Ballad, Miss Paton, "Sandy is nae mair"	
Song, Signor De Begnis, "Non piu andrai"	<i>Mozart.</i>
Song, Miss Watson, "An ye shall walk in Silk Attire"	<i>Rossini.</i>
Duet, Miss Paton and Mr. Braham, "When thy bosom"	<i>Braham.</i>
Song, Mr. Sinclair "The Mountain Maid"	<i>Sinclair.</i>
Scottish Ballad, Mrs. Geesin, "The Braes of Ballantyne"	
Song, Mr. Horn.	
Song, Mr. Braham, "Mary"	<i>Braham.</i>
Ballad, Miss Paton, "Farewell to the daughter of love," MS.	<i>C. E. Horn.</i>
Song, Mr. Broadhurst, "The Campbells are coming."	

FINALE.

MS. Trio, Mr. Duruset, Mr. Collyer, Mr. Atkins, and Chorus, "The Watchman," words by T. Moore, Esq. arranged by Bishop from a forthcoming work in the Press, by Power.

Grand Piano Forte, 2d Act, Mr. T. Cooke.

Morning Concert, Tuesday, April 22, 1828.

PART I.

Overture, Anacreon	<i>Cherubini.</i>
Glee, "We Fairies Gay," Masters. Watson, Messrs. Duruset, Parry, Parry, jun. Terrail, E. Taylor, and Chorus arranged by Mr. Parry	<i>Bishop.</i>
New Song, "Flowers are the Symbols of Love," Mr. Braham ..	<i>Braham.</i>
Song, "Il Braccio," Miss Watson	<i>Nicolini.</i>
New Ballad, "Beneath the Wave," Mr. Sinclair	<i>Sinclair.</i>
Air, with Variations, Mad. Fearon	<i>Mercadante.</i>
Fantasia, Flute, Mr. Nicholson	<i>Nicholson.</i>
Song, "Let the bright Seraphim," Miss Hughes. (Trumpet obligato, Mr. Harper).....	<i>Handel</i>
New Duet, "Flow gently, Deva," Mr. Braham and Mr. E. Taylor	<i>Parry.</i>
Aria, Mad. De Vigo, (Harp obligato, Mons. Labarre)	<i>Spanish.</i>

- Ballad, "And does not a Meeting like this," Mr. Broadhurst . . . *Moore.*
 Round, "Sons of the fair Isle," (Double Choir and Chorus),
 Miss Hughes, Miss Watson, Miss Grant, Messrs. Terrail,
 Duruset, Broadhurst, Parry, Parry, jun. Masters Watson,
 and Mr. E. Taylor *Parry's Welsh Melodies.*

PART II.

- Overture to Der Freischutz.
 Instrumental Capriccio. (Flute obligato, Mr. Sedlatzek) *Sedlatzek.*
 Song, "Gratias agimus," Miss F. Ayton, (Clarionet obligato,
 Mr. Willman) *Guglielmi.*
 Fantasia Violin, Mr. Mori *Mori.*
 Duet, "Though you leave me," Miss Hughes and Mr. Sinclair.
 Song, "Ah Compir," Miss Grant, (Violin obligato, Mr. T.
 Cooke) *Scottish.*
 Aria, Madlle. Brambilla *Guglielmi.*
 Fantasia, Harp, Mons. Labarre *Spohr.*
 New Ballad, "The Bonnie Breast Knots," Mr. Sinclair *Labarre.*
 Duet, Mad. De Vigo and Sig. Piozzi. *Sinclair.*
 Finale, Instrumental *Haydn.*

At the last the Spanish air by Mad. de Vigo appeared to give the greatest pleasure of any part of the performance, from the peculiarity of its construction, but more from the manner in which it was sung. Mad. de Vigo is the wife of the Spanish General of that name, and she now employs talents in public, originally exercised only as personal accomplishments. Her style of executing these national melodies is at once naive, arch, and captivating. Mr. Piozzi, who also assisted, is a tenor singer, and we understand is the nephew of the celebrated Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi—the widow of Thrall and the biographer of Dr. Johnson. This gentleman is also struggling with adversity, and was prevented appearing at the opera this season, and deprived of his engagement by a severe indisposition, which seized him on the very day or day previous to his intended debut.

Amongst the new compositions "*Flow gently, Deva,*" was elegant and effective.

*New Patent for improvements in the Piano Forte granted to Messrs.
Clementi and Co. London.*

Perhaps nothing has been more desired or more sought than an instrument which may possess the attributes of a tone sufficiently powerful to produce the effects contemplated by the best composers for the piano forte, and that fullness in the accompaniment of the voice which is necessary to support the singer and to gratify the hearer. The tone of the common square piano forte is too meagre. The grand piano forte was too sonorous as an instrument and too large as a piece of furniture for rooms of moderate size—a second inducement to new experiments arose out of this circumstance. The cabinet instruments were contrived to occupy little space yet to increase the volume, but whatever was gained in tone was lost in the impediments occasioned by the upright projection in the face of the performer. In the prosecution of their general improvements, Messrs. Clementi appear to have adopted a plan, which while it obviates the objections to the grand piano forte and the cabinet, combines so large a portion of the advantages of the former with the compactness of the square instruments, that it should seem the so long desired *mean* is at length attained. It will be understood that the objections we have stated to that noble invention, the grand piano forte, are not applicable to the instrument in itself—but they are felt where space or where expence are objects to the purchasers.

The patent obtained by Messrs. Clementi and Co. is for improvements in several parts, indeed nearly all the parts of the construction. In order therefore that they may be clearly apprehended we shall reduce them to the several heads.

The sound-board is continued over the whole internal surface of the instrument, by which a greater volume of tone is obtained.

Dampers.—Instead of passing down the damper wire next to the string intended to be damped, as is generally done, it is passed down next to the strings which produce a whole tone higher.—The damper head is elongated so as to pass over the intermediate

strings, and rest on the note with which it is connected. By this improvement two important advantages are gained—the first, that of avoiding the jingling of the strings against the damper wire which is very common in instruments on the old plan, where the damper wire and string contiguous are both in motion at the same time. The second, and of still greater importance, is that the damper wire being thus thrown further back from the head of the hammer, ample room is obtained for the introduction of the grand piano forte check, or that part of the mechanism which arrests the hammer in its descent, and prevents it from returning against the strings until the key has been again pressed down. Thus the disagreeable effect of the reverberation of the hammer, common to all square piano fortes of the usual construction, is avoided, and greater power and firmness given to the touch.

Raising the Dampers.—By the usual mode of doing this the touch is rendered different by the whole weight of the dampers. By the improved method exactly the same touch is preserved whether the dampers are all raised or continue to act with the keys with which they are connected.

Stringing.—By the improved method all necessity of making nooses is avoided, and the bad consequences resulting from an eye too loosely or too lightly twisted are obviated. The mode of applying the string is simply by passing it from the two tuning pins round one hitch pin, which latter is more than double the size of those generally used. The simplicity of this mode is such that the most unpractised hand can put on a string with the utmost facility; the string is much less liable to break, and is brought up to pitch in half the time of those pitched on by a noose.

Such are the several improvements—

The volume of tone is increased, the articulation of the notes rendered more firm and decisive, and the touch made equal to that of a grand piano. The case is constructed on a remarkably strong principle, and this, in conjunction with the new mode of stringing, causes the instrument to continue longer in tune, and renders it less liable to the fracture of strings.

Part of the principles of the patent being applicable to grand piano fortes C. and Co. have employed them in the construction of that instrument with equal success.

Rondo for the Harp on Mayerbeer's favourite Air Giovinetto Cavalier, composed by N. C. Bochsa. London. Chappell.

Petite Piece, a la Rossini et Weber pour la Harpe, par N. C. Bochsa. London. Chappell.

Fantasia for the Harp, with Variations on the admired Air "Cease your funning," composed by W. L. Viner, of Bath. London. Chappell.

All easy lessons for the harp. We are always glad to see talent occasionally lingering in its career of fame to scatter a few flowers on the toilsome path of excellence, which they have themselves passed through. They best know how delightful it is to the pupil to turn from the study of dry exercises to the amusement of a light and elegant lesson. Mr. Bochsa appears to have thought on this in the composition and adaptation of the pieces before us. The rondo is very elegant, and the graceful additions he has made are heard with pleasure even by the side of Mayerbeer's beautiful air. The second piece is a very pretty and extremely easy arrangement of an air of Rossini, and the melody from Weber's overture to *Der Freischutz*.

Mr. Viner's lesson combines ease with brilliancy, and the subject of his variations is so beautiful and so well known that it cannot fail to engage the attention of the learner.

Mozart's admired Duet, "Deh prendi un dolce amplesso," with favourite Passages in the Overture to La Clemenza di Tito, arranged for the Harp alla Fantasia; by N. C. Bochsa. London. Goulding and D'Almaine.

The gracefulness of Mr. Bochsa's lessons are quite in keeping with the elegant character of the instrument, and he has not departed from this leading feature in the present instance—melody is predominant, and Mr. B. appears to have listened with advantage to the great siagers of the day, if we may judge by the vocal effect of some of the passages, if we should not rather say that the execution of the vocalist daily becomes more nearly allied to that of the instrumentalist.

A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, giving some account of the Operas of Munich, Dresden, Berlin, &c. with Remarks upon the Church Music, Singers, Performers, and Composers, and a Sample of the Pleasures and Inconveniences that await the Lover of Art on a similar excursion. By a Musical Professor. London. Hunt and Clarke. 1828.

The character of Germany as a musical nation, and as the mother of the highest musical genius, has risen most extraordinarily, and is we think rising still higher, since Dr. Burney visited that country in 1772 upon a mission similar to that announced by this lively and good-natured traveller. Handel who continues without dispute the greatest composer in the true and wide sense of the term the world ever saw, had indeed flourished. But Haydn, Mozart, and Weber, have appeared since that date, and given in the various departments of art, in the symphony and other instrumental pieces—in the mass, the sacred opera and in the lyric drama, the noblest examples that have yet delighted the world. We have had Mara and Sontag—the one the most majestic, the other the most brilliant of soprani—and instrumentalists in a succession, sufficiently splendid to baffle enumeration. All these circumstances have raised a just curiosity to enquire into the existing state of music in Germany, and more than one professor of eminence have taken "*a Ramble*" among the musicians.

If our musical professor be really and truly a professor of music, his book affords another and a very amusing proof that the present race of musicians are emulous of combining the cultivation of letters and of art. But we are almost inclined to doubt the fact, for there is not the internal demonstration of the absolute, enthusiastic devotion to one pursuit, we should expect to discover in a thorough-bred professor travelling expressly for musical objects. He very modestly keeps himself in the back ground—nor does it appear that he carried with him many personal introductions, or courted as Doctor Burney, or as any one having such specific views would have done the acquaintance and society of eminent musicians. But whether the work be the production of one or more minds, there is a good deal of science and more of the

chit-chat of the art scattered through its pages; it affords many details, and gives a general notion of how music is loved and practised amongst this nation of scientific men, whilst at the same time there is a great deal of other entertaining matter poured forth with a gay and liberal spirit from a cultivated and poetical mind.


Our author gives in his preface the following general description of the national progress and the national taste, which accords very nearly with the accounts of other travellers who have visited Germany for similar purposes.

"Music is so much more extensively cultivated in Germany than in England, that though one may find no band equal to that of the Philharmonic Society, fifty may be found only inferior to it: and then the object which the foreign artist proposes to himself in the exercise of his profession being the love of the thing itself, instead of emolument, the spirit of a performance comes out better among them, if the letter of it is not given in so masterly a manner as here. In their singers and wind instrument players (always excepting certain individuals) they are decidedly our superiors; but in their violin school they appear to me inferior both to England and France. As for the audiences at the opera-houses and concerts, they ever manifest a most laudable desire to be improved, and do not begin to grow impatient in a new composition the instant they lose sight of a prominent melody; this gives the composer a better chance of being understood; add to which, that every individual performer being pretty well skilled in the theory, there are vocal pieces executed with ease in Germany which might not be attempted here while the present imperfect knowledge of harmony is tolerated in stage-favourites. There is at present a great deal of vocal talent in Germany; and I have never heard a single chorus of an opera or oratorio there which did not go with great precision as to time, and perfectly in tune."

At Antwerp, the first town the professor visited, he found little to arrest his attention—some masses (one of Righini's especially very ill executed) being the only performance he seems to have heard. There is no public secular music of any kind. Antwerp seems to have stood still since the visit of Burney. At Cologne there is a very fine organ and a bad organist. At Frankfort there is an opera—the house about the size of the Lyceum—a band of forty-five performers—the wind instruments good, the stringed deficient in base. The director gives the time, and *does* conduct from an elevated station in the front

"Boieldieu's opera, 'Das weisse Fräulein,' [the white lady,] was in fashion during my visit to Frankfort, and nothing could exceed the regularity and precision in which the choruses in it were performed; throughout the whole, the *ensemble* was strict, and the nicety of intonation exact; the accompanied recitatives, or rather *musica parlante*, in which the instruments are not regulated by any definite time, reminded me of the best days of our Italian opera. Here is a very agreeable tenor singer, M. Nieser, whose voice in the sweetness of its quality resembles that of Curioni; but with this advantage, that it is always in

tune, and that his style is destitute of all flummery and impertinence. I was pleased to hear theatrical music without those vulgar appeals in the shape of long shakes, tremendous roars, runs and cadences of all kinds, the obomination of our public performances; and though they produce applause, so easily acquired, that few of our singers cannot boast a good stock of them. M. Dobler, a bass singer, must be also recorded as possessing a pretty good voice—perhaps a little too fat and *quaggy* in its depth if rigorously criticised. The theatre is not rich in female talent; yet the performance of Mademoiselle Haus deserves notice, not only from the unpretending style in which she executed her songs, but from the very remarkable facility with which she reached and dwelt upon

the highest notes. Mademoiselle Haus sang up to  with perfect ease, and

that not as a matter of display, but in following the author's text. A *bravura* song in F, satisfied me of this extraordinary gift. The concerted pieces, which best show the strength of an opera company, were very long; and here, as the quality of the voices did not provoke individual criticism, I was much pleased by the musician-like style in which they were performed. No ornamental notes were introduced which did not belong to the harmony, a sin of which public singers are too frequently guilty, and which results from the want of a well-grounded education in the science."

At the Lutheran confirmation service the "universality and general correctness of tune" become matters of remark, and he confirms the opinion we have long entertained of the fine effect of congregational psalmody. At Darmstadt music is more cultivated, because the Grand Duke himself conducts his operas. But the church was as deficient as the theatre was excellent, for here even the Germans sung out of tune. We make the following extract, because it contains the author's opinions not only of the beauties of Weber but of Germany.

"On the performance of Euryanthe, for the payment of about thirteen pence English I took my place in the pit. Think, gentle reader, of enjoying an opera played and sung by the best artists, for that sum. The interior of the house is roomy, and handsomely decorated; the band is the largest of Germany; the royal box is placed exactly in the front of the stage, and the signs from it are most rigorously attended to during the whole performance. No beacon was ever more zealously watched in war-time than this by the capellmeister. As soon as the grand-duke and his suite were seated, the overture commenced, and it was better played than I remember to have heard it even by the Philharmonic Society in London: the part in which the violins *con sordini* are accompanied by iterated notes on the violas, a very critical passage, was admirably executed; and much effect was produced by the basses leading off the little fugged point *pianissimo*, instead of the contrary, as is generally done. When it is stated that this excellent orchestra numbers seven contra bassi for its foundation, with a corresponding proportion of other instruments, some idea may be formed of the force and dignity with which instrumental pieces are executed. The double basses used in Germany are frequently strung with four instead of three strings, thinner than those in use with us, and

descending to E below the usual scale ; when mixed with others the depth and richness they produce are very fine. A *pastorale* movement in D, and a bass song in C minor, were some of the best music of the opera ; but the excellent re-christening of this performance by the amateurs of Berlin, renders all additional remark upon it nugatory. By the amateurs of that city it was unanimously dubbed *L'Eunuyante*, and truly if the essence of dryness and head-labour in music may deserve the appellation, it is well bestowed. The pretty passage of melody in the overture, when estimated with reference to other parts of the opera, is as 'a drop in the desert ;' and it vexes one that a composer capable of thinking in this way, should choose to batten upon the leavings of other people. Most of Weber's wildest fancies (save and except in the demoniacal *Freischütz*) are as distinct from true invention as the ravings of madness are from the frenzy of sense—and, between a bedlamite and a poet, heaven knows there is latitude for choice. This is not intended as an irreverend allusion to Weber, but merely as pushing the comparison to its verge ; and it may be modestly opined, that a little of the rationality and *sweetness* which Mozart did not undervalue, might not have lowered the vigorous imagination and profound knowledge of the orchestra which Weber possessed.—Mademoiselle Madler, who performed the part of Euryanthe, and is the principal soprano in this *corps*, has a sweet voice, and would make an excellent chamber-singer ; but in the *forte* parts of every bravura she was almost inaudible, because the band is really too large for accompanying opera-music, especially songs. But whoever looked at Mademoiselle Madler would hardly wish for a higher pleasure than his eye-sight would afford him ; she is a model of German beauty, which is indeed a condensation of female loveliness, including all the sentiment of it. The lady must be thus imagined ; a beingsomewhat about the height of Shakespear's Rosalind, with that undulating flow of outline in her figure which never wearies in contemplating ; a face perfect for its symmetrical regularity, and its look of goodness ; hair (almost distracting to mention) of an auburn colour, and in such profusion that when allowed to escape from its confinement, it descended nearly to the feet. This abundance of hair is the dowry which every German woman brings her husband ; and I find that in this country they have engrossed the fabled strength of Samson in that particular, which should by lineal descent have been *ours* ; but if they are usurpers, they are certainly not tyrants.—M. Vetter, of Leipsic, who was the first tenor in the opera of Euryanthe, gave me great pleasure as a singer, perfect in every requisite for his art, and sustained his difficult part, in fact the most prominent one of the opera, with great skill."

At Munich the remembrance of Winter and his pupil, Miss Westermann, was fresh and strong. He was tall, with rather an austere cast of countenance—bluff in his manners, but friendly and sincere.

"Mademoiselle Vespermann's genius for music was so decided, and so passionately did she devote herself to her art, that in songs of pathos and tenderness she appeared to live only for the beautiful melody. This charming creature must have felt that, in being the organ through which the most exquisite feeling of Mozart and Winter could be perfectly communicated, she was only 'a little lower than the angels ;' and to a singer who feels the real dignity of her calling, such should be the only acceptable ground of praise.—The memory of Mademoiselle Vespermann is affectionately cherished throughout Germany, and her performance spoken of with enthusiasm."

Such is precisely our notion of the felicity and the elevation which a really great artist attains, and which, could we possess them, we know not what earthly station for which we would exchange such honours and such enjoyments.

The following passages cannot fail to gratify our English predilections, and the more so, because we feel the facts are true.

"In the management of the organ the best German players are, with all their readiness in fugue, deficient in two or three important points; in a close they are too abrupt, and do not allow the tone to die away by degrees into original silence; they are unacquainted with our cathedral effects, and also with the proper mode of using the organ in choral music, as we are behind-hand in the use of the pedals and the building of those vast and voluminous-toned pipes to which they give utterance. A celebrated German musician, who had visited England, declared that he could not relish the Messiah of Handel in his own country, after hearing the great effect which was produced in London by the use of the organ in the choruses. I was pleased to find that among the musical world in Munich and in other parts of Germany the fame of Handel (or Haynedel, as they pronounce his name without the broad A) is rising on a solid basis, and that he is considered a model of the ecclesiastical style even by Catholics, for whom Haydn and Mozart have done so much.—The works best known here are four—the Messiah, Judas Maccabeus, Samson, and Alexander's Feast; and the first is preferred without the additional accompaniments by Mozart. The Germans are hardly aware how much their countryman was indebted to the English for that perfection of his taste in church music, of which he has left such enduring monuments. Handel came into England a fugue-writer of the most astonishing flow and power, well skilled in the Italian style of melody, with a poetical genius, and other natural advantages; but it was in his retirement at Cannons, and in his intimacy with the writings of Tallis, Bird, and Purcell, that he ripened and matured his church feeling."

At Munich our author heard *Otello*, and "the finest individual and concerted performances of the style either in or out of England." Mademoiselle Schweitzer (from Hesse Cassel) is an excellent singer—"her voice sweet and powerful—her taste and intonation good;" and what is more singular, graceful on the stage, though she has been compelled to part with her own leg and accept a substitute of cork. The orchestra shewed themselves by their "delicacy, exactitude, and precision, the servants of the voice." Here are clubs where "the old Italian madrigals and glees are in the greatest favour"—Catholic music flourishes at Munich. Mr. Hom is the principal violinist on the school of Spohr, and a worthy disciple—Baermann on the clarinet ("a second Willman," and if so a rare avis)—Moralt on the violoncello. Boehm on the flute, and Rauch on the horn—all admirable.

Here also he found the secretary of an ambassador, who received him unceremoniously fiddling in his shirt.

"The itinerant musicians in Germany, who go about the country in small bands (he informs us) like wandering troubadours, are a class so clever and eminent in their way as to deserve notice. For a few florins these poor fellows will amuse you with such an exhibition of tone and skill as would set up an English artist of the first water. They are a set of poor but merry companions, with as little discord in their social intercourse as disturbs the harmony of their instruments; happy in spite of threadbare coats, and sunburnt, weather-beaten faces, but with a gentility of mind (owing to their acquaintance with music) much superior to other people of their *caste*."

At Passau he visited Mr. Seyth, a scholar of Albrechtsberger, and famed "for the readiness and flow of his ideas," in extempore fugue.

Vienna must have degenerated indeed since the days of Metastasio and Dr. Burney, when this capital "was so rich in composers, and inclosed within its walls such a number of musicians of superior merit, that it is but just to allow it to be among German cities the imperial seat of music as well as of power." Now our traveller avers, "there is scarcely a corner of Europe in which the taste of the operatic community is worse."

"It has been said that the people of Vienna are Rossini mad, but they are not only mad for him, but mad for his worst imitators. Every thing Italian is in fashion at Vienna, the language, music, and singers; and though the opera-house is a poor one seen after that at Munich, the former has the advantage (if it can be called so) of having a composer and a corps of native artists, so that the Italian opera in its original state flourishes there. Pacini is engaged as composer for the opera in Vienna. The three stars of the opera at present in Vienna are Mademoiselle Lalande, Signor David, and Signor Lablache. The young lady was born in France, but was removed into Italy whilst very young for her musical education, and she now holds the rank of member of the Philharmonic Society in Bologna. As a *prima donna*, Mademoiselle Lalande reminds me of Madame Ronzi di Begnis in the force and energy of her style; but, with an equality of talent as a musician and a charming person, as an actress she falls far short in the comparison. David, the first tenor, may be reckoned old for a singer; his voice is tremulous, his face effeminate, and his person thin and attenuated. In former days there was doubtless some foundation for the praise which has been lavished upon this singer by those who have visited Italy, but at present he discovers little to warrant his great fame, unless we perceive it in a style full of that *frippery* for which Crivelli and Garcia have made themselves remarkable. David has the appearance of an antiquated beauty; his throat is whitened, his features look enamelled, and, except when exerting himself in his *falsetto* to reach



(at which time they are moulded into a shape something between smiling and weeping) they are immoveable. He too, like some singers of the day, has a favourite note in his voice, which he throws out with great fervour,

and once or twice I could not help thinking, that had he just been shipwrecked, and was clinging to a plank in the Bay of Biscay, he could not have made more noise to hail a ship that was passing, than he did on a dry stage for the sake of Pacini's opera. David does not want feeling, if he would but in some degree sacrifice the graces instead of sacrificing to them. The bass singer Lablache is a tall, stout, handsome, and good-natured-looking Neapolitan. He is a good singer. The price of admittance into the opera-house here is four times that of the theatre in Munich, and the band and chorus are far inferior. The director of the music is Weigl; this composer takes his place in the orchestra in so plain a costume, that his jean coat appears as though it had been doing good service in his study five minutes before; and it is thus proved (a fact hardly to be believed in England) that music may be conducted although its conductor be not invested with the dignity of full dress.

Our professor attended "a midnight concert, performed on the place of the cathedral of St. Stephen, by order of the archbishop. The stillness of the hour, and the quality of the music, which was played in the open air, renders this occasion an epoch in my musical adventures. The compositions given were of the very best. The overture to Weber's *Oberon*, an air with variations on the violoncello, the slow movement of Beethoven's *sinfonia* in A, a concertino of Mayseder on the violin, and Mozart's overture to the *Zauberflöte*. In the opening of *Oberon* the tones of the horn derived such purity and richness from the open air, and such an echo from the stone flooring, as I never before heard in any concert; but when listening in darkness, and with nothing externally to distract, but all one's thoughts turned inward upon the music, the perception of its beauty may be more acute in the listener, than that the thing itself is really better. I expected to hear Mayseder play at this serenade, but he has lately taken upon himself the hymeneal bonds, and forsakes the town for a pleasant dinner and evening in the gardens of the suburbs. All the orchestral pieces were extremely well executed, and were led with great spirit by M. Paem, a gentleman belonging to the Hof Capell (Royal Chapel.) The Germans possess many violoncello players of much execution, and Bernard Romberg is the one generally cited as being at the head of them; the fact is, that although talent is more extensively diffused in Germany, and that country produces many artists, it is less concentrated than among us. The taste of Robert Lindley is more nearly approached in Vienna than his firm hand and brilliant tone; hence the execution of Merk on the violoncello was weaker in point of articulation than might have been wished, as his feeling was good, his intonation exact, and the passages were distinct, but they were without force. I was much gratified by the performance of Merk, and should rate him higher than any of our players except Lindley; but the want of strength and pressure of the finger is his principal defect. Merk's proficiency was chiefly shown in bowing across the strings, in the delicacy of his taste, and in accurate stopping on the thumb parts of the instrument. There is perhaps too great a love of scrambling over difficulties among the artists in Vienna, who suffer that ambition to swallow up some of those energies which should be devoted to the art abstractedly. The concertino violino performed by Paem was executed with much brilliancy and a good tone; the character of the music was of that tricky mixture of melancholy and gaiety which is found in Mayseder's writings. For a serenade, or night concert, I should have preferred some pieces of a graver sweetness than those well-known overtures display; and the movement which to my mind harmonized best with the time and place was Beethoven's *Andante*. The effect of this was charming, and it was played with true feeling and expression.

The reader must imagine himself on a hot night standing among a crowd of people, who are puffing their tobacco-smoke so vigorously that he may but dimly see the moon, which is partially lighting the old spire of St. Stephen.—The front of the cathedral is in deep shade, and the feeble gleam of a lamp here and there under the arch of the great entrance, serves to make the blackness beyond more palpable. If a Gothic cathedral looks solemn in the day-time, at night it looks sombre. St. Stephen behaved himself more decorously at the concert than others of the audience, who were somewhat infuriate after the Overture to *Zauberflöte*, and absolutely refused to go home to their beds without a repetition of it, and the desire made a kind of reparation for the bad taste the Viennese showed in the opera-house. This was the first time I had heard Mozart played upon his own ground, the place where he lived, loved, thought, and wrote, and the occasion was one which might quicken the aspirations of a musician after the perfection of his art. Music is not like poetry, a morning pleasure; the musician's thoughts do not *generally* flow so well at that part of the day, nor have we then the same capability of enjoying his art. It should be reserved 'to make wanton the night,' that we may leave a dalliance with beautiful sounds and shapes, languid but not cloyed, to fall asleep with them hovering around, and gently mixing with our last half-defined and shadowy perceptions, and then is sleep Elysium. About one o'clock after midnight I returned home, thinking how sadly Germany has within the last year or two been bereft of those who have given her treasures of music and beauty; there are Beethoven and Winter, Fesca, Danzi, Andreas Romberg, and Weber, all dead; as for Haydn and Mozart, who have made the very ground of Vienna sacred, they must by this time be quite incorporated with the elements."

The public concerts in Vienna take place in the middle of the day, and Czerny is the chief teacher and player on the piano forte. When a number of players meet at an evening party, each extemporises, and the place of honour is first given to the new comer. In this matter all ages and countries seem to have concurred. The following is a minute but interesting portraiture:

"This morning I visited the Abbé Stadler, who was so kind as to shew me the manuscript of Mozart's last and greatest work, the *Requiem*, which is in his possession. There is a three-fold interest about this gentleman—that he is a learned church composer, that he is extremely amiable, and that he was the young and dear friend of Mozart. If the reader choose to accompany me in this interview, he must picture to his fancy the Abbé as a slight and venerable figure, rather short than otherwise, enveloped in a morning gown, and wearing a little brown wig; his hands are somewhat tremulous with age, but his face, smooth almost as an infant's, tells of a life passed in serenity; and one may soon perceive that suavity and gentleness are constitutional with him. Talk with the kind Abbé of Mozart, and he warms into rapture, tells of an inspired being, who within a short space put forth more exquisite works than have been ever devised in the longest life, of a being full of affection, sensibility, and sociability, who was once his intimate and associate; and as he lingers fondly over old scenes, he may say, as he did to me, 'all these things have long passed away, but I am here still.' In the Abbé Stadler I saw the *real* tomb of Mozart; and few of those who have lived in marble for two hundred years may

boast such honour as to have their remembrance last fresh and ardent in the warm bosom of a human being for forty."

There is much more of Mozart that will interest the lovers of the art—more still of Beethoven—something of Weber—more of the theatre, the church, the concerts, and the gardens; but to which our long extracts and numerous memoranda enable us merely to allude. This part of the book exhibits in a favourable light that mixture of literature, fancy, feeling, & musical criticism, which gives us reason to imagine it a partnership production.

Dr. Burney thought but meanly of the musical taste at Prague. Mozart it seems, for some cause, preferred that city for the representation of his *Clemenza di Tito* and *Don Giovanni*, but we should question whether that cause was his opinion of the superior taste of the town. Our musician says Prague is out of fashion. At the cathedral "the band is choice, and there is the sweetest choir of boys' voices he heard out of England." Sontag was a pupil of the conservatorio, and Moscheles was also from this place.

"The director of the conservatorio is M. Weber, a professor well calculated for the task he undertakes; the violin professor is Pixis, brother of the piano-forte player of that name now at Paris, and a real lover of his art. The house in which the exercises are carried forward is a large and handsome building, remote from the street, standing in a garden ornamented with statues: there is a wild unpruned luxuriance about the shrubs, and a dinginess about the figures that does not look much like diligent gardening, but there is greenness and seclusion and quiet for the young musicians. Here I found groups of young men chatting away their leisure before the commencement of the afternoon's practice: it did not seem to have tinged their countenances or conversation with melancholy, that music and the perfecting of *sinfonias* was the serious business of their lives. On certain days in the week all individual *blasting* and *blowing* ceases, and the young men play in concert. The composition given this afternoon was Mozart's *Jupiter sinfonia*, and it was played with a precision and degree of execution that astonished me. The times of the *allegro* and *finale* were taken much faster than is customary with the composition in England, which of course put the readiness of these young people upon their several instruments to the test. Not a point failed, and I could plainly discern that each pupil understood the construction of the whole work in score as well as the execution of his own part, from the propriety with which the various features were given. The fugue in the last movement, of which the points are so close and the motion so contrary, was played with infinite spirit and correctness; and an operatic scena and a full overture closed the performance.

"In attending the concerts of a conservatorio, one hears more good playing than good effect, because the parts are not equally balanced; here there was a complete chorus of horns and other wind instruments, which predominated over the stringed band, and made the resonance of the *forte* parts immensely overpowering, though their room was tolerably large.

"Another part of the building was furnished with a miniature theatre for

the performance of operas; and here Mozart, Cimarosa, Paisiello, and others, offered studies in dramatic singing to the female pupils, and a school of accompaniment to the instrumentalists."

This part of the establishment might afford a hint to the directors of the English Royal Academy of Music. It has long struck us that operas played by the pupils might be made a source of income to the establishment, and of improvement to such of the students as are designed for the stage. The Opera-house is "dark and quaker-like." Our traveller admired the primitive simplicity of the band, whose good opinion he won by "being an Englishman, by visiting such an *auld world* place as Prague, where any outlandish European is a phenomenon, and by liking German music."

Our author, who demonstrates by his love of the organ that his taste has been laid upon the most solid of all foundations, has given an inventory of the stops, &c. of the three great organs in Dresden, built by Silbermann, "one of the most renowned builders of Germany," and whose name he says very well describes the quality of their tone. This account is a little at variance with his wish expressed in a note, to unite "the sweet *Cathedral* quality," for which the Temple, the Abbey, and other English instruments, are noted "with the *magnificence* of Silbermann. The great drawback to our ears in all organs is the squeaky nature of the higher sounds, and we join most cordially with him in wishing all such drowned in grandeur or smoothed into sweetness. The instrument would then indeed be "perfect." But to those of Dresden. That in the Royal Church of the Evangelists has thirty-two stops, two rows of keys, and pedals. That in the Church of our Lady has forty-three stops, three rows of keys, and pedals. That in the Catholic Church forty-seven, three rows, and pedals. This organ, the master-piece of Silbermann, was finished by his nephew, John Daniel—Gotsfried dying during its progress. He says—

"In Mr. John Schneider I found a piano-forte player of great and unerring execution, with that rare power of mental concentration which is the best characteristic of the extemporaneous faculty. We held a conversation on the German method of organ playing, and agreed that the instrument was, out of all comparison, the most difficult of attainment, as it required that the performer should have all the command of the best piano-forte player, and afterwards that he should attain the organ touch, style, and a facility in the use of the pedals. During my visit Mr. Schneider sat down and extemporized on his piano-forte in a very masterly manner, preluding in C minor, introducing an air with variations in the same key, and concluding with a fugue in the major,

all which movements grew out of one another, with a real musician-like inspiration. This will strike many musical readers as being like the off-hand design which Wesley frequently makes, and the resemblance in the mode of thinking was remarkable. For sheer organ playing Schneider is, however, quite alone; the difficulties which he there masters make all ordinary attempts appear child's play in the comparison. I attended him in some private visits to his church, the doors of which were always beset by a dozen musical friends and people who delight in organ playing, where he indulged us with the choral vorsepiele of Sebastian Bach, the fugues of the same, and at our request with some MS. variations on the theme "God save the King," composed for the sake of displaying the variety of stops in his instrument. The enthusiastic pleasure with which Schneider plays, makes it tenfold pleasant to see and hear him; he is not like a coxcomb who works hard and affects ease, he is wrapt up in his subject, plays with care, but with no more appearance of effort than necessarily grows out of such attempts.

"One morning on which we visited the church, happening to be rather sultry, before beginning to play he whipped off his coat, saying to his company '*Verzeihen sie, mein Herrn,*' (your pardon, gentlemen), and in that pleasant state of informality plunged into the thick of the Kyries of Sebastian Bach, playing the whole of six and seven real parts with such a towering skill in the pedals as to make one think the old author returned from his grave. Mr. Schneider's manners are as unpretending as his performance is wonderful; he modestly says, that in order to play the music of Bach it is necessary to know every bar by heart. The rapidity and smoothness with which the *toeing* and *heeling* of the pedals are managed, though a great difficulty, is not so admirable as the power of keeping the thoughts employed in many directions at once."

From Klengel, the well-known composer for the piano forte, the world is to expect it seems a collection of canons, containing models of the most difficult and classical species, a work amongst "the most masterly of its age or kind." If M. Klengel produces any thing useful in this way, it must be by concentration, for the science of canon is already complete. Mr. Horsley has done more towards perfecting this kind of writing than any modern that we know of, by the union of melody with learned construction.

The corps d'opera is good at Dresden, and the great difference in the comic drama consists in the extravagance of the buffo, which our professor thinks the English are to blame for excluding. We are sorry to differ from him upon this point, for it has always appeared to us a chief excellence that this gentleman is far less vulgar, yet more comic than one of our own stage—whether the subject or the execution be considered. His description of "the open air existence" in Germany is very delightful. We shall again fall into good fellowship with our author (who will quarrel with no man we venture to affirm for difference of opinion) in the

following sentences. We have reason to think that poor Weber did feel disappointment—but not for his *Oberon*—not for his reception in the theatres. At his concert he was indeed mortified, and with the *sort* of reception he met in the houses of the great he was not always well pleased—but we have rarely seen a man more retiring by nature, or so much preyed upon by disease, by a presentment of his approaching end, and by the desire of devoting every moment to his posthumous reputation and to his family. Rossini's conduct will not be forgotten. But his cupidity, if we have understood rightly, was planted and nurtured by the folly of the higher classes, who coveted the exhibition of this “lion.” We have been assured that it was not his intention to conduct in private at all when he came to England, and that on the first offer of an engagement he fixed his terms at fifty guineas, under an impression that no body could be so foolish as to expend such a sum upon such a purpose. He was however agreeably mistaken, and he determined to make hay while the sun shone. The consequence was, his total neglect of his opera engagement and his duty to the public.*

“In this garden the late Weber was in the habit of meeting his friends, and would sometimes good-naturedly correct the band if they misapprehended the style or time of his airs. An opinion still prevails in Dresden that disappointment at the reception of ‘*Oberon*’ in England hastened the composer's death—a mistake as to the fact: and even as far as emolument, and the caresses of the fashionable world are concerned, the Germans formed their expectations of his success from their ignorance of the class of character which is calculated to make a man of genius *the rage* in England. The simplicity of manners which attends conscious talent will not do *alone* for a drawing-room in Grosvenor Square. When Rossini came among us, he assumed the man of fashion, and with it a stock of impudence as remote from a proper degree of self-respect, as the extreme of servility would have been: he could sing, and though he did not complete the opera which he was to write in England, his ready pen and ready voice stood him in good stead, as may be remembered in the musical lamentations which he composed *extempore* on the death of Lord Byron. On that occasion the *maestro* himself was the mournful jack-pudding wailing the loss that was gain to him with the happiest sorrow. By this craft, and by being the nightly *lion* of evening parties, he retired from England in the jovial possession of more thousands of pounds than has ever been acquired by any musician before or since in as many months. Had Weber possessed the same florid health and elastic spirits, and left behind him that baneful quality called modesty, he might have trebled the amount of his contract with the theatre.”

* A competition still more absurd obtains this season for the Italian singers. Pasta has thirty, Sontag forty guineas a night, at private concerts for herself and accompanist, M. Pixis.

Berlin appears to be the very focus of excellence in the selection and performance of dramatic music, according to our traveller. The impulse was originally given by Frederick the Great, and has acquired strength with its growth. Here he seems to have enjoyed, in the *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Gluck, all that his science, his peculiar taste and predilections had cherished.

"I had almost forgotten," he says, "in listening to this natural and astonishing work (where the passion seems of itself to have found its expression in music as justly and more intensely than it could be conveyed by the perfection of language) that such a style could possibly be misunderstood and disliked; and it is a sad feeling to wake out of the voluptuous dream of melancholy and tenderness in which such heartfelt modulation wraps the listener, to the thought that this great master, with all his store of human sympathies and profound intimacy with the sweetest yearnings of our nature, should have lived only for one little capital in the north of Europe. His operas are *truly* grand, not in the modern sense, because the heroes wear helmets and the heroines tiaras, but because every tender phrase and declaration echoes from the deepest recesses of the heart. Gluck was so much in earnest, so exquisitely melodious, so fanciful in his accompaniments, so pure in his harmonies, so rich and unexpected in his modulation and transition, that all must acknowledge in him the precursor and model of Mozart; besides, there is a solidity in his love of good sequences, for which I must confess (and with me most musicians) a sneaking kindness. One who had only heard the *Vestale* of Spontini would hardly believe it possible to produce so great an effect as Gluck has done in his disposition of three soprani voices in the chorus of priestesses in this opera."

We had heard much of the lady whose eulogy we are about to quote, as the successful rival of Mademoiselle Sontag; soon after the latter accepted her Parisian engagement, the Berlin audiences, as if to express their disapprobation of Sontag's quitting them, evinced the strongest partiality towards Mademoiselle Scheckner. The German Musical Journals were filled with most extravagant encomiums—but coming as they did at the moment of apparent irritation, we regarded them with a dubious expectation, particularly after the confirmed exaggeration of the praises that had been so injudiciously lavished on Mademoiselle Sontag. Our professor however gives the accounts these following strong confirmation.

"Of the *Iphigenia* of Mademoiselle Scheckner I cannot speak with any feeling short of rapture: a better voice, a more chastened style both in recitative and song, has never been heard on the stage—besides she has faith in the capability of Gluck. The *prima donna* is about eighteen years of age, and a visitor at Berlin from Munich: she is a beautiful girl, who gives up all her young enthusiasm to music, without an atom of that self-sufficiency which is too frequently taken for science. During the whole of this arduous attempt, I did not detect a single false intonation—which by the bye was lucky, for the pit and boxes in Berlin are enormously critical, and can tell wrong notes from

right ones. In the prayer, "O du die mir das leben gab" (O thou who gav'st me life), she poured forth her whole soul; and it is one of those in the character of which Gluck particularly excels.

"That good music makes good singing, good acting, that self-forgetfulness and total absorption in the scene which conveys the truest delight to the observer, I have also to remark in M. Rebenstein and M. Stümer. The first of these (Orestes) showed himself a tolerable singer, and played his part with wonderful spirit; the second (Pylades) is the most charming tenor I have heard in Germany, more particularly as to his style and feeling. Nothing can be more finely conceived by a composer than the devoted friendship here existing: the air sung by Pylades, in the second act—

"But one wish, one desire, have I with thee, dear friend," contains the excess of a womanly tenderness. For dramatic variety and relief, the opera contains the base songs of Thoas, King of Tauris, which are full of fire and grandeur, but being not well sung, the performer was laughed at; the chorus of demons and furies, interspersed with recitative, in the second act, is fearful; the marches and chorus of Scythian barbarians have a wildness of character which shows the untired inexhaustible invention of the composer. In the accompaniment of the voice, especially in recitative, the Berlin orchestra might be the pattern of any in Europe."

A school which educates three hundred singers, and is devoted wholly to vocal practice, is maintained at Berlin by voluntary contribution. They execute the most difficult pieces at sight in a perfect manner. A mass by Spohr for two choirs and ten voices was performed by these scholars, and our professor thus enjoyed an opportunity of judging of Spohr's talents as a church writer, which he might have sought in vain in London. He says:

"The novelty and ambition of the attempt, which is to employ the refinements of the modern style of harmony and melody upon vocal and sacred music, is in itself good, but the effect it produces is inferior to that expectation which a view of the careful disposition of its parts raises in the mind. It is too chromatic for church music; grandeur is always sacrificed for the sake of showing some new or unexpected mode of harmonizing a passage. The German critics complain that Spohr will not leave a melody to itself, but by continually endeavouring to improve it with some novelty of accompaniment, destroys the sentiment: this charge is in some sort just, but the fault is on the right side in instrumental composition, which is evidently the tendency of Spohr's genius; his melodies are fit to *sing* on the violin, but are not fit for the voice."

Of Spohr's compositions for the voice we know little or nothing in England. Almost the only song of his that has been performed in public was one from *Faust*, sung by Miss Paton, under circumstances most extremely creditable to her science and ability, some time ago, at the Philharmonic. The professor's judgment will, we believe, be only confirmed by a comprehensive acquaintance with Spohr's writings. Hear his opinion of Sontag, which, formed under the delusive mist of admiration by which she was

then surrounded, redounds in no slight degree to the soundness of his judgment.

"Those who expect to find in Mademoiselle Sontag a musical genius, will be disappointed: nor do I think her fame would have reached England, had it not been for certain circumstances of gossip unconnected with her profession. The lady is of middling height, well formed, with fine hair, and a set of little features which have a kind expression in them. To venture upon elaborate praise of the complexion and shape of an actress, as it may involve a eulogium on the perfumer or staymaker which is not intended for those worthies, would be imprudent as well as presumptuous. Mademoiselle Sontag has a pleasant quality of voice, with a small quantity of tone in it, but with plenty of flexibility; an endowment which she displays so frequently, that if one could but check the fluttering, unstable, whimsical little creature, a long breathing clear note would be invaluable. Her highest praise is said to be, that she sings Rossini's music perfectly, and joins to this great *naïveté* in her acting, and that such qualifications for a performer are seldom found in company.

"In a French opera by Auber, of which the German version is called *Der Schnee* (The Snow), Mademoiselle Sontag turns the heads of the whole town: in this piece the audience is charmed with every flourish, enraptured with every look, movement, or gesture; and as to her playfulness, it is seen with ecstasy. The fact is, that Mademoiselle Sontag is not tried at the severe tribunal of the German opera in Berlin, but sings at a theatre where three parts of the people come to see her alone, and among her admirers are certainly not to be reckoned those whose judgment in musical matters is of the clearest. The dispassionate unprejudiced listener discovers little more to admire in her roudades than he has heard hundreds of times in those of other singers. Mademoiselle Sontag has a distinct articulation, and deals in all the minutiae of refinement; but in a sustained *cantabile*, that sort of movement in which the soul of the singer looks out, she is lamentably deficient. It is the leaven of Catalani's bad style which has deteriorated the taste of the present day, and directly opposes it to a simple and natural mode of expression.

Such opinions are valuable, inasmuch as they will serve hereafter to settle the real scale of the pretensions of singers, and what is more so, they will demonstrate that the elements of the great style are those which are alone pre-eminent in all ages in the minds of persons of genuine taste.

Of Spontini our author's opinions are not very high. "His melodies are often trite" (what living composer's are not?) "he neither interests by the purity and elegant turn of his airs, like Paisiello, nor does he keep the attention awake by eccentric and ingenious accompaniments like Weber." He lauds the bands of wind instruments, which seem to be a national distinction, and says, "the ingenuity of the horn music is unimaginable to those who have not heard it. The amateurs in Berlin are all little maestri:—"

"The question is not answered in Berlin as it used to be with us—'Is Mr. ——— musical?' 'Yes, he plays a *little* on the flute:' after which the

wary inquirer would be sure to avoid a demonstration of the fact. But the answer might run thus: 'Yes, he plays Sebastian Bach, sings at sight, and has written a set of quintetts.'"

At Dessau dwells M. F. Schneider, the author of "some oratorios now in great reputation in Germany." Amongst others he has made one upon words from Milton, which has been performed in Berlin and other places with much applause. He is also a fine organ player. The German composers of "voluminous and classical works" complain that the purchasers are so few they cannot publish their scores. The English suffer from the same cause. Dr. Crotch's proposals for printing a score of his fine work, *Palestine*, has hung for years in the music shops without attracting sufficient patronage to enable him* to put it to press.

At Leipsic the motetts of Schicht are performed without the accompaniment of the organ, but the effect is much injured.

"The theatre, which is also the opera-house, is suburban, neither very large, rich in its company, nor extensive in its band. Good music is however patronized in Leipsic, for it has lately given the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, the *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, and *Seraglio* of Mozart, besides Rossini's operas, which, turned into German, with dialogue instead of the recitative, are everywhere stock-pieces. The condition of the people in the pit is not ameliorated by the company of any women, mere rows of men's heads and broad-cloth have in it a black and gloomy appearance. No audience is more critical than this one, or apt to hiss with extremer violence if ladies or gentlemen on the stage expose themselves by attempting too much. Mademoiselle Marschner, from Cassel, in Rossini's *Tancred*, incurred this ungallant sibilation."

Weber is the great favourite, and his *Oberon*, is got up with peculiar care to atone for its imputed failure in England.

At Weimar lives Hummel, the master to whom all other German piano-forte players give the place of honour.

"This musician, who might be surnamed the good, with as much justice as any person who ever earned that appellation, shows how much unaffected simplicity and friendly and caressing manners become one who is the musical idol of his countrymen; and upon whom 'blushing honours' sit as easily, and

* *Palestine* has been again performed this year at the Hanover Square Rooms—it was sung by Mad. Caradori Allan, Miss Stephens, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Messrs. Vaughan, Knyvett, Sale, Taylor, and Phillips, with others of less name, but very forcibly done, and we believe Dr. Crotch was a considerable loser. The truth is, that the voluptuous and not the high affections must now be courted in music—Italian is alone fashionable, and while hundreds of pounds are lavished by the circles of fashion upon this species and the singers of the opera house, in one night, the finest English talent is neglected.

are worn as carelessly as his morning robe. It is delightful to meet a great musician in his *mental* undress, when he sits down to his piano-forte, and is liberal of what comes uppermost, lavishing thoughts and beauties with a noble prodigality. Hummel is, I think, the most charming and original *extemporiser* on the piano-forte that exists, for the fertility of his mind and the volition of his ideas, which seem in their endless ramifications quite inexhaustible, I have never heard his equal. It was my good fortune to spend some hours with Hummel, and while he played, to trace with eager interest the treatment of every new idea and melodious passage, and never have I employed time with greater satisfaction. In such playing as Hummel's one may hear the orchestral writer and deep thinker, as well as the mere pianist; passages of difficult execution do not arise to show what he can do with his fingers, but because his hand performs what his head conceives, and that sometimes chooses the crooked instead of the straight path. The most exquisite peculiarity of Hummel's mind is its lovely flow of melody, the elegant phrases which constantly start up, which, though not to be anticipated by the hearer, are never far-fetched or extravagant. His gliding, smooth, and expressive style; the beauty of his touch, which combines force, crispness, and delicacy; the soul of his appoggiature, and his refined modulation, are all true inheritances from Mozart. Hummel's performance is full and rich, and in the midst of all the modern polish of his melody those organic features with which his compositions abound, the imitations, fugued points, and sequences which enrich *extempore* playing, are not neglected. He is never lost in a fool's paradise in following a subject; but his eye, when I happened to catch it, showed an utter absence of sensation to external things in communing with the spirit of Beauty. Hummel told me, that he was so much engaged in composition, and in the superintendence of his opera, that he had little time for the piano-forte, and that he seldom played except when travelling; and in proof of what he said, showed me, laughing, his finger nails, which were grown into a very Nebuchadnezzar-like kind of longitude. This fact made his execution still more wonderful, as if a mere effort of the will were to ensure the hitting of distances, and the overcoming of mechanical difficulties. He was pleased to hear that a lady (Mrs. Anderson) had repeatedly played in public his septett for the piano-forte, and observed that to go through that piece required greater strength of hand than female performers generally possessed. We talked of the musical taste of Vienna, for which I found he had as little admiration as myself. It has been said that we become acquainted with the best part of an author in his writings, which saying has many exceptions to its truth, and in no person more especially than in Hummel. If there is any thing in physiognomy, in the tone of a voice, in hearty likings and as hearty dislikings, in honest sentiments, and true delicacy of mind, this great musician is fifty times more to be loved for himself than to be admired for his genius."

Messrs. Boosey and Co. are we understand about to publish "A complete theoretical and practical Course of Instructions on the Art of Playing the Piano Forte, commencing with the simplest elementary principles and including every information requisite to the most finished style of performance," upon which Hummel has been occupied for the last seven or eight years, and he has produced a work that will prove invaluable both to the professor and pupil, as he appears to have unreservedly given the

result of his talent and experience in a most clear and comprehensive manner, with an immense body of practical examples. The treatise is divided into three parts, the first of which is an elementary introduction, with the necessary examples for the use of beginners; the second consists of an immense body of practice for the right and left hand, separate and combined; and the third part is on style and expression, concluding with some remarks on extemporaneous performance.

"A travelling concert was given at Erfurt by the music-director Eberwein, of Weimar, at which every one present was much pleased. The manner in which the German musician gets up one of these performances (which, by the way, never wants hearers) furnishes an illustration of the different natures of an English and German audience, the former only satisfied with a variety of names, the latter enduring but one for the whole length of a concert bill. The professor having collected his wife, children, aunts, nieces, &c. they jog off in company, and on arriving at some strange town, he writes an overture, his wife sings, his son plays a concerto on the violin, his daughter on the piano forte, the rest do what they can, and they thus make up some of the prettiest family harmony imaginable."

Such instances are not absolutely without parallel amongst ourselves. We have lately seen in a provincial paper an account of a concert given by a family of the name of Reeve, (who reside at Bury, in Suffolk) at Lynn, in Norfolk, in order to introduce the eldest son to the town as the candidate for the organ of the church there. The talents of the party were very various, and a little violinist of five years old appears to have attracted the greatest share of applause. We remember also to have been exceedingly amused some years ago at a gentleman's seat one morning by an itinerant family, of the name, if we rightly remember, of Ribbons. One of the children played the horn beautifully, though not more than eight or nine years old.

The theatre of Cassel "is intolerable," but a curious part of it was, that half the orchestra was filled by officers who fiddled in their uniform, without "considering it derogatory to the dignity of their profession." We confess ourselves to be of the same opinion, and should hold such a devotion to art far more honourable than lounging in billiard rooms, riding up and down streets, or smoking segars, to say nothing of viler pursuits, which form but too commonly the sole employments of the leisure of our English chivalry. 'I thought,' said a clergyman to a young gentleman of family, 'that the army would have been your choice?'

'Why no,' replied the youth, 'I am an idle fellow it is true, but the systematic idleness of a military life I could not reconcile myself to endure.'

We have here some further account of the celebrated violinist, who some years since visited England.

"Spohr, who sequesters himself among the green woods of Cassel, has an excellent band to write for, and one of the best clarionet players I have heard. The playing of this great *singer* on the violin is too fresh in the recollection of the musical amateurs in England to render any particular account of its characteristics a matter of interest; it may be said, however, that though he plays less than formerly, being much engaged in composition, his taste seems, if possible, heightened. A young lady here one evening sang with great effect a scena ed aria of Spohr, 'Tu m'abbandoni, ingrato,' which, for its excellence and purely vocal character, deserves to be generally known. It is a piece of concert music, modelled on the grandest plan of dramatic song, and consists of three movements—an introductory recitative accompanied, an elegant *cantabile*, and an allegro in the *agitato* style, full of energy and passion. All the writings of the author of Faust are stamped with thought and invention very much unlike ephemeral compositions, and what faults he has are so completely overbalanced by the fertility and grace of his melodies, that he must rank among the first creative geniuses of the age."

Holland, our traveller found, was not the region of musical delights. At the theatre in Amsterdam the grave Dutchmen "whistle, halloo and fight." This would be the place for the performance of "grand battle sinfonias."

"I bid farewell to good music (he says) in the performance of M. Herder and his sister, German artists, who were giving concerts in Amsterdam; their tour in Holland had been particularly successful, for their musical *soirées* were always crowded. The brother was a fine piano forte player, but a still better composer: the sister was a soprano of the very first class. M. Herder played a piano forte quintett in E flat of his composition, which might have belonged to Beethoven, and showed much quickness in varying *extempore* themes which were handed to him; and I noticed particularly a little air of Fesca, which he adorned with great fancy and feeling. They performed together the celebrated cantata of Mozart, with piano forte obligato, entitled "Non temer;" and the lady sang some airs of the school of Hasse, and of an old oratorio of Haydn, in a very sensible and delightful manner. These performers, whom I met in private, entertained me with an account of the great progress of music in Russia, from whence they have not long returned.

"Instrumental performance and composition are cultivated so successfully at St. Petersburg that there is little prospect of patronage for any musician who travels there without carrying with him the highest accomplishments in his art; but there is hardly any place where real talent is better rewarded. The Russians are no longer a horde of barbarians, to be satisfied with any thing; and they are too industrious and clever in music themselves not to be able to judge of the same qualities in other people. There are many fine professors of whom (in England) we know nothing, who spend their summers either in Paris, or St. Petersburg, or Berlin, because they not only find patronage at these cities, but the expense of travelling does not swallow up the whole profits

of their tour: they are enabled to save something to spend as they like. — Many a German musician would be glad to make a journey to London if he thought he could *regain* his home from this expensive country, and meet his family and friends a little richer than he set out. He has no idea of the felicity of being caressed at the dinner tables of great people for the sake of his playing, and of seeing the music desks make their appearance with the dessert. A distinguished German composer observed to me, 'I do not want splendid entertainments when I go to London—I can eat my dinner at home.' The thought of being exhibited as a show among a party of strangers of whom he knows nothing, is repulsive to the pride of genius: if he must do what is disagreeable to him, it would be not for the sake of hearing compliments or drinking fine wines, but to gain some assistance against the time when his fingers lose their elasticity, and his brain gets dry.

"No artists can be less mercenary in the exercise of their profession, none more ready to play for the pleasure of their friends than the great musicians of Germany; but they have no skill in flattering the great, and no appetite for worthless praise. Most of them enjoy that enviable competency which enables them to pursue fame at their leisure; the little duties of their employment, such as directing an orchestra, or composing a few pieces for the entertainment of the nobleman of whose establishment they are part, are so easily discharged, as to leave them plenty of time for idleness if it was their taste to indulge in it. But this is not the case; they have 'that last infirmity of noble minds,' an appetite for fame, and labour as hard for the mere pleasure of inventing and combining as others do for the vulgar acquisition of wealth.

"The ennobling power of the divine art of music is best felt where among a number of professors each strives to penetrate the deepest into its mysteries without envy and without sordid interest; and I believe it is the advantageous equality upon which they all start in pursuit of their favourite science which makes them liberal and ingenuous in the appreciation of contemporary talent. Until men of genius in other countries are placed out of the reach of vulgar wants or the fear of poverty, there can be no competition in any part of Europe with the musicians of Germany."

We have thus traced the outline of our author's very pleasant picture, with the fidelity of a mere copyist, in the conviction that we shall by this means be most likely to allure the reader to the examination of the whole of a work replete with information, conveyed in a lively form. We have conversed much with professors as well as others, who have very lately visited Germany for the purpose of closely investigating the musical state of the country, and the authorities to which we have had access, accord in all the material particulars with the tourist before us. The result of our concentrated information is exceedingly delightful to the mere spectator, while it is most honourable to Germany. We here see a nation cultivating music for itself, for the sake of its homefelt pleasures universally given and partaken—for the sake of the posthumous fame to be won by exalted merit, and embittered by little of that frivolity, partiality, and envious competi-

tion, which fashion engenders and the inordinate desire of money nurtures into active being. Much however of this reproach which in England blights the public exercise, the scientific pursuit, and the domestic gratification that follow the art, is attributable to the difference of the manners of the two countries—to the further progression, in short, of luxury amongst us. Here musical taste is tinged, like every thing else, with the extreme of affectation. No body is content to feel music in the way that nature and their own capacities and cultivation would lead them, but they must hunt after the opinions of others, and accept the laws, often diametrically opposite to their own sensations, imposed by the arbitrary decrees of the most artificial order of society. Hence that adoption of Italian music, the peculiar vernacular beauties of which, we may venture to assert, not one in a thousand feels or comprehends—but which all patronise, because fashion hath so ordained. The exclusive privileges and power which this rejection of what is most easily attainable bestows, is another and perhaps the grand cause that moves the higher orders, together with the impress of superiority which foreign travel and the taste supposed to be picked up abroad, stamp upon the admiration of what is foreign. The Germans are perhaps not less exclusive, but their exclusion is national—is over the whole community, and is moreover in favour of their own country. They are emulous to rear a national supremacy, by the enjoyment and the encouragement of native talent. Germany with all her operas can scarcely number so many foreign singers as London. Germany is already indeed an exporting country to a large amount of musicians, and it is an opinion amongst many of those most competent to weigh the force of causes and look into futurity, that twenty years will not elapse before Germany will supersede Italy in the production of the great artists that now people the capitals of other empires.

There is one other point upon which we would make one or two observations. The German artists, it is represented, devote themselves to the art for the love of art, and having "a competency," are enabled to prosecute their purposes at better leisure than our own professors. But the whole difference turns upon what is considered to be a competency in Germany and a competency in England. Our artists strive and struggle for large

incomes, (they are compelled to do so by the state of society and of opinion) for absolute wealth, while the German professor is content with an infinitely smaller sum, on the ground that fortune adds little to his actual or anticipated comforts. That proud and ardent spirit—that desire to be rich, as affording the means of greatness, which our free institutions and our commercial character rear, leads to a mode of thinking and acting totally unlike that of the Germans. Here, where superabundant affluence enables so many of its possessors to purchase all that the rising genius of every country in Europe pours into the fashionable and single mart of the metropolis, a man's general and lasting reception depends very much upon his pecuniary means—more perhaps than upon the reputation or the force of his talent, because how great soever it may be, it is sure to be superseded by the novelty of the day, and novelty it is that commands the price, and the more extravagant the better. Rossini made £6000, Pasta not less last year, and Sontag will probably realize a considerable portion of that amount. If half a dozen great singers be taken out of the list, tuition is the most profitable mode of employing time and talent, provided a certain quantity of fame be first earned by public performance. The instrumental bands of London are little better rewarded than the instrumentalists of Germany. In short it is the “lion” of the hour that reaps the harvest.—London gives the tone to the provinces—feeling is superseded by fashion, and fashion seeks to distinguish its votaries by the exclusion which enormous wealth alone can bestow. We look upon this train to be merely the consequence of the extremely artificial state of society in England, originated by the prodigious wealth a few enjoy. Nor do we see the slightest chance of any alteration in the disposition of affairs.

The art however has its gradations in this country, like every thing else. It is rapidly making its way over the whole community—but so long as the expression of individual sentiment is silenced by that fear of ridicule or contradiction which so often induces the Englishman to enquire what others think before he will venture to express his own honest thoughts, we shall go on as we do at present. If ever the time arrives when a consciousness of judgment arising out of knowledge shall become more universal, the English, who are now satisfied to buy the talent

of other countries at prices so extravagant, may enjoy a musical taste and a musical character upon more honourable terms than that of mere purchase. We are not however over sanguine in our expectations of the speedy fulfilment of such a consummation, while such extremes of opulence tempt to excess of indolence, imitation, and of voluptuousness—all fostered by the still more excessive pride of wealth.

A Fourth Collection of Glees, Canons, &c. &c. composed by Wm Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon, Organist of the Asylum and Belgrave Chapels. London. For the Author, by Birchall, Lonsdale, and Mills.

If we did not exhaust all that can be said concerning the attributes and style of this composer, who may justly lay claim to the name of a musical classic, in one of our early dissertations upon his glees,* we yet entered so comprehensively into his various qualities as a writer, that nothing of a general nature remains to be said; this reference made, we may safely proceed at once to the examination of the compositions before us. Those who honour this miscellany with their continued regard, will have seen that since those years have passed away, Mr. Horsley has neither been idle nor inattentive to his reputation in what he has published, but has gone on to cultivate that austere and pure manner, which together with his nervous yet elegant strain of thought, may be said to constitute his style and the legitimate style of the English part-song. When we observe that this work has laid almost a twelvemonth upon our shelves, we can but regret that our duty should have been so long postponed by other claims.

The volume contains eighteen pieces, so various indeed as to be of all shades, from grave to gay. We know not whether we ought to regret or to rejoice that the English glee is not susceptible of that combination of characters and voices, the methodised confusion of thought and expression of sounds and words, that

* Vol. 2, page 107.

distinguishes the Italian concerted pieces, which have almost, to the honour of our national liberality and the disgrace of our national taste, superseded that species of writing most original *per se* and most natural to our genius. But so it is. The properties of the English glee are distinct and separate from foreign concerted pieces, when designed for voices only, and which of course present the only just objects of comparison. This remark, though so very obvious, is not the less necessary, for those who prefer and who affect to prefer (of which latter class we believe the majority is made up) the Italian finales, quartets, and trios, are apt to forget the use of the orchestra, which if they heighten the effect in one sense, reduce it in another, by depriving the ear of that clear and beautiful impression derived from voices alone. We seek not, be it remembered, to depreciate the one or exalt the other, but merely to demonstrate the excellences of each, which it should seem have been too much and too often confounded. We think that the Italian concerted pieces have been commended above measure, while in the same degree and by the same process, the glee has been jostled out of its right and proper place and estimation.

Mr. Horsley's two first pieces are in the purest manner, but have no peculiar characteristic that does not appertain to his compositions generally.

The third, *the Crier*, has more to recommend it in the fanciful construction of the parts, which are varied, and employ the several resources and "the energy of artful song," in a manner exceedingly responsive to the sense. The base has a very principal share, and the whole is not only clear as a composition, but very effective.

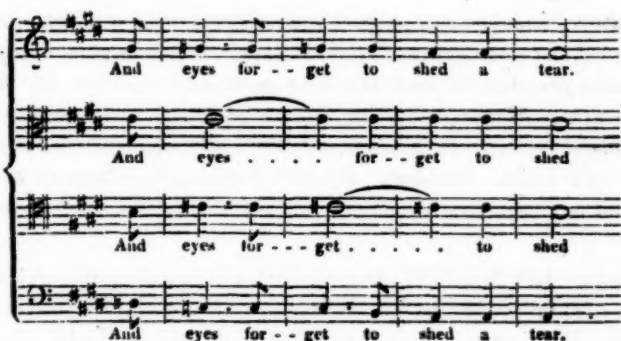
"*O poesy*," is a learned and beautiful sestett, the harmonies rich, the points arranged with singular mastery, and the construction nobly solemn.

"*Blow light thou balmy air*," is an exquisite demonstration of those qualities we have before pointed out as peculiar to our composer. This is second only to his own, "*By Celia's arbour*."

From "*Fare thee well, forget me not*,"* we cannot forbear

* This glee was written it is stated "at the request of Joseph Moore, Esq. of Birmingham," the amiable and judicious manager of the festivals at that town, which have given the impulse that is now felt throughout the whole

selecting the following passage—it strikes us as being so singularly pathetic and beautiful :



"*Sweet is evening's tranquil time,*" has the freshness of nature and the same depth of feeling.

We hope to hear the ode for two choirs well performed, for it seems to carry the majesty of this curious contrivance and learned style to far greater perfection than any thing we before remember of the like kind, and it concludes the volume with a dignity worthy its author.

kingdom. We know not whether new music for these celebrations was the nature of the request, but we seize this opportunity to enforce what has been before said concerning the utility of engaging composers to write for the purpose of enriching and diversifying such performances. The ode for two choirs is expressly calculated for such meetings, and indeed can scarcely be heard any where else with becoming effect.

The Seraglio, the celebrated Opera by Mozart, with additional Music, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, composed and arranged for the Piano Forte, and dedicated (by gracious permission) with the most profound respect to his Most Gracious Majesty the King, by his Majesty's most humble and dutiful servant, C. Kramer, Master and Conductor to his Majesty's Band. London. For the Author, by Clementi & Co. and S. Chappell.

In our last Number* we promised a comprehensive review of this adaptation of one of Mozart's works to the English stage. Many circumstances seemed to impel us to this task—the reputation of the great composer himself—the known judgment and ability of Mr. Kramer—and above all the importance of the example which such a man should give in the fitting such an opera for national representation. But there was still another cause. In spite of the splendid manner in which the dramatic preparations for its public reception were made, the piece had not complete success. The press viewed the partial failure in an injurious and false light, and it became therefore the more imperative to ascertain whether the coldness of the public was to be attributed to the piece itself, to the manner of its adaptation, or to the performers.

The poet who was entrusted with the formation of the dramatic part has encountered the evils that in the existing state of our lyric representations must be submitted to and evaded, but can not be overcome. The “actors who cannot sing and the singers who cannot act” present woeful impediments, and in this instance they were more numerous than usual. It was necessary to add to the *dramatis personæ*, and much that Mr. Kramer must have wished to spare was of necessity retrenched. As an acting piece, it appeared to us to be above many others. The dialogue was far better—if not remarkable for point and neatness, the thoughts were well turned; some of the characters were written to fit, and of course effect was the main object. The

* Page 355, vol. 9.

scope for scenery and decoration was ample, and the artist and machinist availed themselves of the opportunity with abundant taste.

The story is simply this—Constanza, the betrothed bride of Belmont, in passing to Sicily to be married, is captured by an Algerine and sold to the haram of Ibrahim Bassa, who though a Turk, is a liberal in his policy, a Christian in principle, a very polished barbarian, and a most humane despot. Pedrillo, who has been captured with her, apprizes Belmont by letter of their misfortune and the place of their abode—an island in the Archipelago. He hastens to their rescue in the character of an artist, and is engaged by the Bassa, who has become strongly attached to Constanza. A plan is laid by the aid of Pedrillo, O'Callaghan (an Irishman), and Blonda, to escape. It is frustrated and the fugitives are brought back to captivity. The Bassa, it appears, had been saved when a child from a burning villa and borne away by corsairs; his arm was scarred, and he wore a bracelet containing his mother's picture. This only trace of his early history he had carefully treasured, in the hope of its one day affording the knowledge of his birth. When Constanza is seized, in her casket is found a picture, which Malek, the preserver, guide, and friend of Ibrahim, supposes to be that treasured by the Bassa. It proves however to be a fac-simile, and by this means it is discovered that Ibrahim and Constanza are brother and sister. The marriage of Belmont and Constanza concludes the piece. Upon such materials, with the underplot, in which Pedrillo and Blonda, the Irishman and an old Turk who makes love to the pretty Italian, are the actors, much dramatic interest may be grafted. But our concern is with the music.

The well-known overture has undergone some considerable alterations. This is the more permissible, because it appears to have but little connection with the subsequent compositions, and not to aspire in any considerable degree to anticipate the story by musical illustrations. Mr. Kramer, probably with the intention of giving it diversity as well as coherency, has commenced with a beautiful adagio in the key of C minor, which in its progress is changed to the major, and introduces the presto with which Mozart's overture commences. At the close of this, Mr. K. has substituted for that in the overture, a short andante taken from a

quartett in the middle of the opera, and he concludes by the presto. The original andante was the first vocal piece, but in a minor key. Mozart had clearly a design in this anticipation. Mr. K. has traversed this design, it is true, but it may still be a question as to preference. The recurrence of Mozart's air is immediate—that selected by Mr. Kramer distant. More variety is certainly afforded by the change, while the idea is the same, only a little deferred. This movement bears a singular similitude to the style of some of the witch music in *Macbeth*.

On the first night of performance the play opened with a semi-chorus, "*Softly ply the muffled oar*," which was afterwards omitted—why, we cannot conjecture, except it was that the opera required to be shortened, and that Mr. Kramer preferred the sacrifice of his own music to that of Mozart. It is however to be regretted, for it is very elegant.

Next follows Belmont's exquisite song on the andante from the overture. To this song Mr. Kramer has added a flute part, which with some other slight additions to the original score, is very effective. The words are particularly well adapted.

The whole of the next scene is Mr. Kramer's, in which the additional characters of Alexis and Dorcas are first introduced.—The chorus "*Away, Away, Neighbour*," the solo for Alexis with the tabor, and the following chorus, when the peasants are examining Belmont's drawings, are very cleverly managed. In contriving such a scene it requires much skill to obviate the natural monotony as well as to impart interest, which is seldom attained in English music of this kind, for though not strictly recitative, it is still so much like it as to be *almost conversation*. Much of the effect in such scenes must depend at the moment upon the singer, yet much must also emanate from the composer, and Mr. Kramer has been very successful. His music has the highest of all charms, melody, and much elegance. If any fault can be found it is with the setting of Belmont's solo, which is scarcely plain enough. The song for Alexis, "*Oh mark you vineyards*," is a very simple but beautiful and characteristic air. The accompaniments which in the wind instruments are confined to the oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and some notes from the horn, are in excellent taste; the choice of these rich and (if we may so term them) voluptuous instruments sufficiently demonstrate the judgement of the com-

poser ; indeed no one has a better title to his present office than Mr. Kramer, for no one is perhaps from his intimate knowledge of wind instruments more fitted to revise the scores of Mozart. The comic duet, "*He who feels in love a treasure*," is arranged from Mozart, and is amongst the most effective things in the original opera.

This duet is however of a very singular character, and is not less a proof of what has been frequently asserted, that it was beneath the genius of Mozart to write comic music, than that such things rarely assimilate with the English dress. The reason is sufficiently obvious. Our notions of comic effect depend much more upon words than music. The foreign school of writing places the strength in the notation, which is usually very striking melody, and the rapid articulation, which is so difficult to our language, and so much at variance with our conversational habits, forbids the auditor from that distinct apprehension of the sense and the humour so indispensable to our enjoyment of this species of comedy. The melody of the duet before us is so simple that there is room for a great deal of effect from the many points it presents ; if not carefully managed, the minor key, in which the first part is written, to convey probably the fact that the labouring classes prefer that key, gives it a melancholy tinge, but as it proceeds it increases in spirit, the accompaniment especially, and the singer may trust more to its own unassisted strength. Mr. Kramer has added a clarinet part which increases the brilliancy of the accompaniment, and the words are well adapted.* The lofty chorus of "*Sound our mighty Bassa's praise*" is arranged from Mozart, with the addition of tromboni and triangle to the score. It is a very effective chorus for the stage, from its catching melody and its fitness to the character of the drama. In the song for Constanza which follows, "*Once sincerely*," Mr. Kramer has been reduced to a necessity by which both the composer, the singer, and the adaptor must suffer—namely the necessity of curtailing all the brilliant passages of a song which has little besides these passages to recommend it. It is not perhaps at best one of the happiest efforts of the great author's genius, and certainly appears to infinite disadvantage in its English garb. But it was useless to

* A base and tenor song in the original scene are here omitted.

insert what could not be executed. The accompaniments are however beautiful and much improved by a flute part added by Mr. Kramer, and the score being further filled up by a few additions to those of the other wind instruments. The trio "*March, march,*" which is the finale to the first act, is one of those exhilarating pieces of concerted music that occur in all Mozart's operas; it is full of vigour and imagination, but we are inclined to think that the genius of the adaptor has led him a little too far in the additions he has made to the score; the accompaniments are rather full for a trio, and deviate slightly from the purity of the original.

The second act opens with a song that has been generally considered as one of the most attractive in the piece. "*Come girls with smiling faces,*" is the production of Mr. Kramer. Its merit consists in the several points which are capable in theatrical language of being *made*, and on these, its amusing words, and the archness of Madame Vestris does the delight rest.

A spirited duet of Mozart's, "*I go, but I warn you to take heed,*" the second piece, containing a most exquisite andante, in which the base part affords splendid opportunity to the singer, is far above the conversational words. This duet is in the present adaptation enriched by an additional clarinet in beautiful taste, considered by itself, and perfectly consistent with the character of the composition. The song for Constanza, "*Ruthless fortune,*" which was left out after the first night of performance, is by no means so happy. The deficiency lies in a degree upon the words, as witness the following couplet:

"Must dashing waves for ever

"Two betrothed spirits sever."

But the chief is in the necessary reduction of the score to the powers of the singer. In the original may be recognised several traits of Mozart's warmth and beauty of fancy, but the excisions in the adaptation are like the old story of the omission of the part of *Hamlet*. "*Dronish Lover*" is a light and pretty song for Mad. Vestris, considerably shortened from the original. "*Constanza once more to behold thee,*" contains some very beautiful passages. The allegretto with which it concludes is excessively elegant. Mr. Kramer has here shewn his reading of his author, and his refinement in translating as it were passages indicative of his

spirit. Thus in the little imitations upon the words "*Phantoms of beauty mock me round*," we recognize classical recollections of the *Flauto magico*, which will be found by reference to the duet, "*Pie di snello*," in that opera. "*'Tis when the garish sun has set*," a song for Doris, composed by Mr. Kramer, is exceedingly original, full of elegant melody, and capable of great effect. We have not for a long while met with any thing so graceful as the duet by Mr. Kramer which follows, "*Joy hath tears so truly flowing*." Its simplicity accords delightfully with the sentiment, and the melodies of both movements are very sweet. The accompaniments of the flute and clarinet are truly beautiful—the last has a most exquisite solo of a few notes in the andante that completely paints the falling of "*The glittering bead that's dropped by grief*," and though we can trace in Mr. Kramer's score a few symptoms of favouritism with regard to this his own instrument, yet in the present instance he only evinces his knowledge of the character of the feeling to be expressed. The duet, "*Health to Bacchus*," is amongst the most spirited of Mozart's comic concerted pieces. In the adaptation it is printed as a trio, because the scenic arrangement made it necessary to introduce O'Callaghan. Mr. Power, though a strong and an admirable actor, was but a feeble singer, and accordingly Mr. K. has ingeniously contrived to confine his part to a very few insignificant notes. "*Oh my Belmont*" is a beautiful quartett of Mozart's, a little curtailed from the original, but well adapted. There is much interest kept up in this scene by the contrast between the parts of Belmont and Constanza, who are overpowered with the delight of being united again, and of Pedrillo and Blonda, whose characters are comic, and when the difficulty of arranging such discrepancies is considered, the adaptation must be allowed to be excellent.

The finale to the second act is decidedly Mr. Kramer's chef d'œuvre in the opera. The whole scene is replete with interest and variety; it opens with a chorus to Bacchus, which is very singular in its construction and melody. The march at the appearance of *Ibrahim* is completely Eastern, and the whole scene is full of energy and spirit. The simplicity of the vocal parts is beautifully relieved by a variety in the accompaniments, which again shews that Mr. K. has not admired and studied the immor-

tal composer he has arranged, without catching inspiration from the contemplation of his genius and fancy. The third act is very short, containing only six pieces. "*Love lift thy torch,*" a song for *Belmont*, composed by Mr. Kramer, and consisting of a cantabile movement and an allegretto. The first is in a beautiful and flowing style, with a solid and rich accompaniment, in which the viola is prominent—the last light and graceful, with an obligato part for the same instrument. The song evinces a style that is governed by sound principles of taste, and displays great talent. "*Where the Emerald dissolves into Waters*" is a wild and beautiful romance, arranged from Mozart. The words in the original are those of a regular French romance, without any relation to the story; but to Mr. Kramer's adaptation others have been written, which are elegant and suited to the character of the melody, yet still bearing analogy to the events of the drama.—Mr. Kramer has also added parts for the wind instruments, of which there were none in the original score; and this he has done with such purity and delicacy of taste that the gem appears the more brilliant for its setting. The music to the elopement scene is composed by Mr. Kramer, and is very ingeniously set. The subject or principal ground-work of the whole is a pleasing trait of melody, and it is kept prominent throughout. Several marks of clever contrivance are however to be observed, for instance, when *Osmyn* begins to wake, the subject of the Bacchanalian duet in act 2 is introduced in a minor key, and has a particularly good effect by its association with the condition from which *Osmyn* arises, and this little bit is the basis or rather accompaniment to this part. In like manner, the phrases on which the whole scene is formed are few and simple, but such as make a good and lasting impression, and are blended and worked up with so much clearness and nice discernment, that they are easily traced by the ear, and leave the auditor a liberty to enter into both the music and business of the scene without effort or difficulty. This is the great art of composing such a scene as the present, where there is so much going forward on the stage, as to render it incumbent on the composer and dramatist to be plain and succinct, that the audience may be able to estimate as well as to enjoy the whole scope of the design and the execution with facility.

"*Fate in pealing thunders*" is a bravura cut down in a style that

very rarely tells on the English stage. It even lacks the smoothness and ease which Mozart acquired at a latter period—and though it contains many fine passages, it can only be rendered effective by immense power and much polished execution. This song, which is for the connoisseur, not for the million, is transposed from the early part of the opera. "*Come old and young*" is a light and pretty duet written by Mr. Kramer.

The first part of the finale is composed of some of those flowing and captivating melodies of Mozart's that steal as it were to every heart, and the conclusion is a spirited chorus of an Eastern character to the praise of the Bassa.

We have thus gone through our comparison of the original and the adaptation, and we have endeavoured to convey a distinct idea of the changes Mr. Kramer found it necessary to make, the additions to the original score his own taste dictated, and the new compositions he has appended. In our enquiry we have been but little awed we are free to confess, by the dignity of Mozart's name—we have merely considered effects. When the opera was written, he had not, it is sufficiently obvious from the score, attained the excellence he afterwards reached, and therefore it is a fair assumption, that in the immature state of his powers, much was left undone that in his riper age he would have accomplished. The simple question then, so far as Mr. K.'s additions are concerned is, has the effect been increased? and to this we reply, that we think it has. The omissions and curtailments must be judged in another manner. The first consist chiefly of the base songs, which were clearly left out because there was no base in the theatre equal to their execution—a tremendous drawback upon the adaptor—and the abbreviations were principally confined to the bravuras of the heroine, and must have been made in mercy to the young lady who sustained the part of Constanza—an inexperienced and not very highly gifted debutante. For these reductions Mr. Kramer is to be pitied, not censured, for it is most probable that his better judgment repined at alterations which such causes rendered inevitable. Indeed we have no hesitation in stating our belief that the deficiency in the success of the music, be it more or less, was entirely attributable to these imperfections.

Let those who would judge fairly of Mr. Kramer's ability

listen to the accompaniments and inspect the scores, and we may safely aver they will agree with us, that very high praise is due to his experience, his reading, his judgment, and his taste.

Of his original compositions we have given our opinion in detail. They are perhaps more numerous than they who would contend for the propriety of producing Mozart's opera entire would approve—but here again comes in the necessity of the case. These alterations were indispensable to fit it for its reception in an English theatre. The compositions themselves need no extenuation. Some of them are quite as melodious, quite as well instrumented, and quite as effective as any pieces in the opera—and what is more, they are assimilated with great skill to the general style. We have illustrated this by slight but peculiar instances. The public judgment is with us, for some of the most popular parts are the production of Mr. Kramer's mind.

In the examination of such a work no little allowance must be made for the progress of taste and the low state of the English lyric drama. Without presuming to determine the exact elevation at which the general veneration for the composers of a former age ought to remain, we shall be pardoned if we state the fact, that there is always a progression, and that the progression we at present witness inclines the public ear to a livelier though less solid style of composition. Again, the intermixture of dialogue with music acts, we are positive from the comparison which the performances at the King's Theatre enables us to institute, against all music performed upon the English stage. The very support given to an opera by the non-singing actors goes to depreciate the musical effects, while from their secondary position all the orchestral arrangements are also considered inferior in interest. In short, if the taste of the country be not sufficiently advanced to enjoy the legitimate opera, of which the language is music and nothing but music, it is absurd to expect an audience to understand and relish the beauties of a score, which their introduction proves to demonstration, would not be endured unless enlivened and diversified by Irish bulls and English mummery.

Mr. Kramer has dedicated his performance to THE KING, and had not his situation prompted this grateful act of duty, he could not have selected a more competent or a more polished judge. We run no risk of incurring the imputation of flattery, for

amongst the real connoisseurs who have been admitted to the Royal Concerts this truth is universally acknowledged. It is not impossible that our article may meet his Majesty's eye. We will not then omit the opportunity of humbly suggesting to the most powerful patron of music in the kingdom, that nothing would tend so usefully to the encouragement of the growth of English science and art, as a division of some of that patronage which the Italian opera has so long and so completely usurped. It is devoutly to be wished that this exclusion were abated, and some of the benefits conveyed into national and more natural channels. We would, be it observed, deny no ground of competition to foreign talent. Let the lists be fairly opened—that is all we crave. But can they be said to be opened at all when the entire countenance of the nobility of the country is given away from their countrymen, who thus lack the highest and best of all stimulants? To the King's justice then we commit the cause of his native subjects. His Majesty lately gave a concert, at which was present the entire corps d'opera. The only Englishman was Mr. Braham. Why may we not hope to hear of a royal concert supported as entirely by English talent?

Rondino on a subject from Onslow's Opera of Le Colporteur, arranged for the Piano Forte by F. Kalkbrenner. Op. 89. London. Clementi and Co.

Grand March from Onslow's Opera of Le Colporteur, arranged for the Piano Forte by Fred. Kalkbrenner. London. Clementi and Co.

Rondino for the Piano Forte on the Ranz des Vaches d'Appenzell of Meyerbeer, by J. P. Pixis. Op. 94. London. Clementi and Co. Maurice Schlesinger, Paris; and Tobio Kallinger, Vienna.

The practice of the piano forte has, within the last few years, become so extensive and so enlarged in every sense, that names which were once imagined to denote the ne plus ultra of the art, are now as familiar in the mouths and music books of young ladies, as they were once appalling and unknown. Cramer,

Kalkbrenner, and Moscheles have superseded Nicolai and Dussek, and those who cannot play *Rule Britannia* and *The Fall of Paris* are considered very ignorant or very idle. We almost doubt whether the immense quantity of time occupied in overcoming the difficulties of such pieces would not be better employed in first gaining the steps which lead to such a height, rather than by forcing the fingers and the mind (as flowers are raised in a hot bed) to acquire what have been hitherto considered as the greatest attainments of the art. Like the productions of the hot-house they are fragile and short lived, while those plants which have grown midst storm and sunshine are robust and powerful. Thus pupils who labour to overcome the difficulties before they are sufficiently prepared to do so, leave their masters just able to play a few lessons respectably, but without any knowledge of style or foundation to work upon, except under the immediate superintendence of an instructor; and this perhaps may account in some manner for the fact, that few ladies keep up an accomplishment which has cost so much money and time, while on the contrary, they who have advanced step by step, and have gradually overcome these difficulties, are able unaided to extend their information, become useful as well as fine players, improve as they grow older, and use their accomplishment as a means of enjoyment to themselves and those about them. We have invariably observed that players who have been so taught rarely give up the study.

We have been led to these remarks by the different feeling with which we once considered the name of Kalkbrenner, and that which it now excites in us, and it is thus only that we can account for the difference. The compositions before us are not in his happiest manner. The rondino, although the subject is highly agreeable, is not generally interesting. It is deficient in melody, and this defect is not supplied by invention.

The march is infinitely better, because there is not only more to occupy the mind, but it is more graceful and consequently less laboured. We can however recommend these pieces as being well calculated to introduce the pupil to the style of the master, and to prepare him for those which are already so deservedly popular.

Mr. Pixis, whose fame has preceded him to this country as a piano forte player, has arrived in London with Madlle. Sontag as her accompanist. We have already had occasion to speak highly

of this gentleman's compositions. The one before us is an elegant little thing, full of melody, and graceful and easy of execution.— It is perhaps too long, but its lightness will recommend it to amateurs who seek for novelty and amusement.

Grand Sonata for the Piano Forte and Flute, by J. N. Hummel.
Variations et Roudeau sur un Air Allemand pour le Piano Forte
par Henri Herz. Both by Boosey and Co.
Rondo pour le Piano Forte sur un Chœur favori de Moïse de Ros-
sini par H. Herz. Cocks and Co.
Brilliant Variations for the Piano Forte on a French Military Air,
by C. Czerny. Clementi and Co.

Mr. Hummel's lesson is written in his peculiar style which unites much that is rich and captivating in Mozart, with the most exquisite refinements of the present school, and is still devoid of what may be termed the superfluous and overloaded-embellishments of art that so frequently induce the composer to set that false step that leads from the sublime to the ridiculous. There is enough of contrivance and difficulty in this composition to secure a fair share of credit to the player for his performance, technically, but there is more than enough to earn him fame of a far superior kind if he can but enter into the expression, the soul, with which every line glows. It contains a most beautiful romance as an adagio, but the greatest charm lies in the rondo, of which we give the subject, taking it up however at a ritornello, as it occurs two or three times during the rondo, for the sake of showing the importance and beauty that a great mind can infuse even into trifles.



Hummel, in this as in all his pieces of the same kind, has adhered to the strictest rules of good taste in its construction. The allegro is full of energy, tempered by traits of chaste and exquisite feeling, and the movement is distinguished by a bolder style of execution, the adagio is impassioned and forceful, and the rondo light, airy, and captivating from its contrast with the rest of the lessons. The flute part, which is a subordinate one, may be also taken by the violin, and there is one for the violoncello *ad libitum*.

Mr. Herz's two lessons are very brilliant and showy, and to render them so perhaps a little too much of genuine expression is sacrificed as well as some of the rules of good fingering transgressed; for instance, the following passage in the introduction to the "Air Allemand"—



We do not dispute that the present style of execution requires some licence in the established rules of fingering, and moreover that to a certain point the introductions of talent are to be considered as sacred, but at the same time the principles of sound taste and judgment must not be forsaken even by genius itself, and

any but first-rate performers would find it a task of extreme difficulty to give the legato effect to this passage that it requires; whereas had the C been transferred to the left hand, the passage would have been as good, and more certain of having justice done to it. The subject of the variations is very simple and pleasing; the first variation is clear, the air being sustained by three fingers of the right hand, whilst the others keep up an accompaniment; the second is a light one, consisting of triplets. No. 3 contrasts, and is very effective in the introduction of the octave.—No. 4 is of a brilliant character, and No. 5, in C minor, is simply constructed, but very effective. No. 6 is in the style of No. 4, transferred from the right to the left hand. No. 7 would be a very sweet cantabile movement if it were not for a few dashing passages that do not accord with its general character. The finale is brilliant, consisting of even and good execution, without any straining after extraordinary effects, but in excellent taste. The great merit of this lesson consists in the contrasts that are maintained between the variations. The rondo depends entirely on the performer for its effect. We can only describe it by saying that it is a series of brilliant passages that are calculated from their lively character to give general pleasure and to tickle the ear, but there is nothing in it that calls for particular analysis or consideration. The subject is beautiful, and certainly is characteristically treated.

Mr. Czerny's lesson is worthy of close regard. The subject is a very fine French air, and the variations are in a style of excellent composition. The first three are brilliant, but at the same time neither insipid nor inexpressive. No. 4 is full of energy and feeling, No. 5 is a good arpeggio movement, No. 6 a beautiful piece of sostenuto composition, which speaks the real artist, No. 7 is an excellent piece of execution for the left hand, and in No. 8 the subject is treated as a romance, with the most exquisite simplicity and feeling; No. 9 is a brilliant variation, and is followed by an andante in a most beautiful cantabile style, and the lesson finishes with a presto of great spirit, though somewhat too long, and consequently lessened in its effect.

Mr. Czerny has carried his theme through many gradations of feeling, but none of them are inappropriate to its character.—This lesson is evidently the work of an artist who listens to the

dictates of good taste and feeling, and opens his ears with caution to the insinuating accents of brilliant execution, which so often captivate merely to mislead the modern composer.



L'Elegante à la Sontag, Fantasia for the Harp, introducing Una voce poco fa, Rode's Air, the favourite Duet in Il Barbiere di Seviglia, and the Finale in La Donna del Lago, as sung by Mademoiselle Sontag; by N. C. Bochsa. London. Goulding and D'Almaine.

Les Elegances de la Sontag, for the Piano Forte, comprising Una voce, Rode's Air, the admired Duet in Il Barbiere di Seviglia, and the Finale in La Donna del Lago, as sung by Mademoiselle Sontag; by T. A. Rawlings. London. Goulding & D'Almaine.

Select Airs from Rossini's Il Barbiere di Seviglia, including Rode's Air, with Variations, as sung by Mademoiselle Sontag, arranged for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Flute; by J. F. Burrowes. In three Books. London. Goulding and D'Almaine.

The two first pieces are nearly alike note for note—where they differ the alteration has been made to suit the genius of the two instruments, and we therefore conclude they are the joint productions of Messrs. Bochsa and Rawlings, published for the advantage of those who have not had the gratification of listening to Mademoiselle Sontag's exquisite performance. They are arranged with judgment and elegance, and give the notation—the matter—the manner is her own.

Mr. Burrowes has taken occasion on the revival of the *Barbiere di Seviglia* to publish an arrangement of it. His talent in this branch of the art has been universally acknowledged; he has not however availed himself of Mademoiselle Sontag's ornaments, and has given Rode's air with the two original variations.

Studies for the Piano Forte, as Finishing Lessons for advanced Performers, consisting of 24 Characteristic Compositions in the different Major and Minor Keys fingered, and elucidated with Notes explanatory of the Author's design, and the proper mode of executing each Lesson; by J. Moscheles. Op. 70. Book 2. London. By S. Chappell, and Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

At page 136 of our present volume, we had the gratification of introducing the first part of this valuable production to the notice of our readers. We then marked out the general design and scope of the work, and little now remains for us to say upon taking up the continuation. The student may therein contemplate the maturity of that growth whereof at present he possesses only the germ. He must here look with a diligent search for the peculiarities, both of execution and expression, which are to confer the perfection he is desirous to imitate and attain, while the more advanced player will find the abstractions and generalizations of the master's mind opened to his investigation, and thus be enabled to complete his course of study. Such, we conceive, are the benefits which this eminent player proposes to bestow upon his disciples. There is this distinct difference between the lessons and the studies of a composer. From the first the scholar must extract for himself the peculiarities of the style or of the manner of performance. In the latter all these objects of his discovery are separated and classed for him. Thus it becomes far more easy to penetrate the designs of an author, when the first rudiments of his thoughts are laid open, when his trains of ideas and modes of expressing them are associated and explained, and when the true method of executing technical singularities are clearly shewn. All the elements of a style are thus dissected and demonstrated.

We shall not go into an analysis of every one of the twelve* studies that compose this book—but we shall content ourselves with referring to those which appear to us to contain the most

* The numbers are continued from Book 1. This volume commences therefore with No. 13.

novelty, or to appertain in the greatest degree to the attributes of the master. These must be the recommendations of such a treatise at this time of day, which comes after so many able predecessors.

The second study is written with a view to give that equality and evenness of touch, which from the extreme neatness and clearness of articulation that it bestows, is amongst Mr. M.'s greatest beauties. The third finger is here particularly called into activity, whilst the study is formed upon a plan of such simplicity, that there is nothing to distract the attention from its main object. No. 3 is in a style wholly appertaining to Mr. Moscheles. It is a peculiar method of playing staccato, which is described in the printed explanation of the study as the "*elastic withdrawing of the hand*," and which forms the principle on which the beautiful playfulness so observable and so effective in his performance depends. Besides its fitness for the purpose to which it is adapted, this study is exquisitely expressive of the character it is meant to convey.

The fourth is perhaps the most singular of the whole, and requires particular consideration. It is a perfectly new style. In this study, the skips which have been lately so much used in brilliant execution are turned to the purposes of expression in an adagio. For the greatest part of the lesson the base is in triplets, and sustains the cantabile and legato character of the movement, whilst the right hand bringing in skips "alternately delicate, and imposing," add contrast and a distinct and separate feeling to every passage. They are afterwards transferred with the same effect to the left hand. No. 17 is a beautifully even study for the practice of the legato style. No. 18 again introduces a peculiarity belonging to Mr. Moscheles in the accentuation of triplets disposed between the two hands. It requires great lightness of touch and elasticity of finger, as well as accuracy and certainty in keeping the time. No. 19 answers two purposes; it is principally intended for the "rapid and alternate touch of the same note with the thumb and first finger of either hand;" but it has another use, which although not so apparent to the casual observer, is by no means less serviceable. This is the constant introduction of the 7th in such parts of the bar as compels its proper accentuation—a nicety in performance not perhaps sufficiently attended to. In

No. 21 the same end is again impressed on the mind of the student but in a different form, whilst a smooth, (and as Mr. Moscheles beautifully expresses it), a *pearly* touch is cultivated at the same time. No. 22 is entirely for the repetition of notes by the different fingers of the right hand with rapidity and precision, in which art he so much excels. No. 23 is a kind of dramatic sketch which Mr. Moscheles has described as a "conflict of dæmons." But for this explanation we should rather have deemed the music illustrative of the careering impulse of a tornado, or of the wind of the desert. The sweep of the ascending scales is not diversified enough with terrific forms of sound (so to speak) to convey "the hideous ruin" of a contest between such spirits. The chief difficulty of the study lies in the rapid and articulate execution of scales in various keys, and also in the peculiar accent which forms the object of No. 18. It is however a splendid piece of execution.

The last exercise consists of a fugue on three subjects, preceded by a prelude. In this it is evidently Mr. Moscheles' object to give the scholar practice in the strict school of scientific playing. The fugue is learnedly treated, and the subjects introduced in almost every form, in order to initiate the scholar into the varieties of which such a style is capable. It is indeed addressed as much to the head as to the fingers of the performer. In perusing this summary of Mr. Moscheles' style and powers, for such it really is, it is evident that he has neglected no means of rendering himself clear and comprehensible to the student, and he has succeeded completely. The chief excellence however is, that Mr. M. has judiciously divided the studies between the general and useful branches of execution, and the more striking attributes of his own style.

Instructive Exercises for the Guitar, containing twenty-four progressive Lessons, composed by F. Horetzky. Op. 15. London. Boosey and Co.

Theme varied, Andante, and two Waltzes, in a familiar style, for the Guitar, composed by A. Donnadieu. London. Boosey & Co.

The guitar, although decidedly a very inferior instrument, has lately become fashionable, and although it is not always easy to

give reasons for fashion, yet in this case there seem to be many why the guitar should be favoured by this universal despot. In the first place it is elegant, it is portable, and it is *foreign*.* Our peninsula heroes too tell most romantic tales of Spanish dames and their guitars. In this all-musical age it is less common than the piano forte, or even the harp, and its very insignificance will probably long make it exclusive—another recommendation in the high world of fashion.

But if it be worth playing at all, it is worth playing well—and this is a principle we would impress upon the minds of all students. Guitar players have appeared who have excited our wonder and even our admiration, although we confess we have wished that their industry had had a higher aim. Be this as it may, to those who desire to go beyond a mere accompaniment we would recommend the learner (after the acquirement of a good code of instruction—for instance, Sola's Guitar Tutor) to apply himself to the study of Horetzky's exercises. Mr. H. in his preface states himself to be a pupil of the celebrated Manso Guilianì, and promises that the practice of these twenty-four progressive lessons "will enable the learner to play in a very short time, and with little trouble, not only Guilianì's compositions, but also every other piece of distinguished music."—He goes on to observe, that "the real art of a guitar player con-

* The word *foreign* brings to our recollection an instrument of German invention, which has but lately reached this country, where it is at present very scarce, although in Germany it is so popular and cheap, that the rage for it resembles that which existed in England on the invention of the kaleidoscope. It is called the *vox-humane*, although it perhaps more nearly resembles the celestine stop. It is a cylindrical box of about one inch long and two diameter—the outer circle of wood having a large mouth-piece on one of the flat sides. The inside consists of two plates of metal, having holes cut in them; the breath passing through the mouth-piece and through these holes, produces the common chord; and on pressing a spring, which closes some of the holes and opens others, the chord of the dominant is sounded. The tune is so perfect and the tone so pure, that the effect is not to be described. It comes nearer to what the imagination forms of unearthly music than any thing we ever heard. It reminds us slightly of the Eolian harp, but it is so much better, that perhaps the two instruments ought not to be compared; but it is impossible to describe tone except by comparison. The notes may be prolonged, increased, or diminished, by the force of the breath; and it has the effect of aerial music so perfectly, that we cannot help thinking (provided it is sufficiently powerful) the instrument might be employed most effectively in dramatic representations where supernatural agency is desired.

sists in drawing from this instrument its peculiarly pleasing and effective tone," which is technically called "*a nice touch*." Mr. H. maintains that this has been hitherto much neglected, and this he makes his principal object. He has also very judiciously given a short description of the intention of each exercise (a custom which ought to be observed in the publication of all exercises), and we have little doubt but that they will confer the advantages which the composer promises. Mr. H. has concealed the dryness of a studio by elegant melody, and he has given more decided character than is usually heard in compositions for this instrument.

Donnadieu's compositions are too in a superior style, and display much elegance and grace. These qualities are so strongly associated with and so essential to the guitar, that the spell must never be endangered by the performance of a vulgar air or common-place lesson.

O'er the Mountain, a Scotch Ballad, composed by G. A. Hodson.
London. Chappell.

The boundless Sway of Love, Ballad. London. Power.

Woman's Charms. London. Clementi and Co.

I wandered with my Love at Morn—all composed by Alexander Lee. London. S. Chappell.

Love's like a Summer's Day, Rondo, composed by J. Blewitt.
London. Clementi and Co.

The Grecian Lover, a Ballad, composed by Raphael Dressler.
London. For the Author.

O gentle be thy Slumbers. London. For the Author, by Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

These ballads have all the charm of melody, and though they do not any one of them contain a single passage that approaches to originality, they all possess a basis whereon an expressive singer may found a claim to please. We consider them to rise gradually one above the other in merit, from the first to the last, though the differences are not peculiarly striking. Mr. M'Murdie's has more of fancy than the others.

I'm a gay and gentle Sprite, composed by Gesualdo Lanza.

London. For the Author, by S. Chappell.

Toll for the Brave, Ode, composed by John Barnett. London.

Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

Come touch the Harp, a Canzonet, composed by John Barnett.

London. S. Chappell.

Tho' brief thy life, sweet Rose,

That comely Star

Yes, thy words were flattering fair,

} Composed by Martha Wil-
kinson.

} London. Birchall & Co.

These songs are all of a somewhat higher order, combining either finer traits of imagination or a more felicitous selection of melody.

Mr. Lanza's possesses both these recommendations, and is light, airy, and fanciful. It reminds us, though we know not why, of Mr. Walmisley's elegant little trio, "*Who is it*"—which we conceive to be no slight compliment.

Mr. Barnett has unquestionably the mind of a poetical musician, and even where his attempts are not wholly successful, we are always prone to imagine that he errs through haste rather than failure of genius. There is much in "*Toll for the brave*" to commend, for it is extremely difficult to reconcile the simplicity which characterised the naval cantata of former times, and at which this aims, with the modern structure. It is hard also to hit the very plain narrative style of the poetry. We dare not pronounce that Mr. Barnett has written up to the common feeling, but he has missed complete success by so little, that it is not easy to say why. There is however a boldness and originality in the design and a degree of good taste in the execution that are very creditable. The canzonet is an expressive cantabile.

Miss Wilkinson's songs are the production of a cultivated mind and a chaste fancy. In the last however she has clearly been wandering after the forgotten recollection of Bishop's "*Go, trifter, go,*" so nearly are the two melodies constructed alike.

The Fairy Song, by S. Codman, Organist of the Cathedral Church, Quebec, Lower Canada.

They are not all sweet Nightingales, a Canzonet, by S. Codman. London. For the Author, by Goulding, D'Almaine, & Co.

We place these songs by themselves, for they are the production of no ordinary mind. The first consists of three movements—the first airy and graceful—the second a *minore*, with a slight change in the time to infuse a spirit of tenderness—the third an animated polacca, conducted with a fine feeling of musical description and of poetical fancy. We have scarcely seen any song since Mr. Knapton's "*There be none of beauty's daughters*," that lays so strong a claim to a place of supremacy amongst modern compositions of this class.

The second, which the composer states to be in imitation of the melody of Spain, has a similar gracefulness and division into various movements, but it scarcely we think reaches the excellence of the other. They are however both highly creditable to Mr. Codman's genius, and we trust he will be encouraged on his return to his own country, by a favourable reception of these meritorious works, to cultivate his vein.

"Pace ei goda," Cavatina nell' Opera "Cesare in Egitto," composta del Signor Pacini. London. Birchall.

This is one of the most pleasing light Italian songs we have met with for some time, consisting of an andante and allegro movements. The first contains expressive melody, with much gracefulness and effect, while the allegro, although not strictly original being formed upon Rossini, yet is extremely *chantant* and spirited. We wish some new mode could be invented by Italian composers for annulling the old cadence at the conclusion of all their songs, that everlasting climax that has been in common use any time these fifty years is now becoming intolerable.

name to appear in the same pages with the above execrable thread-bare trash, we as conservators of every respectable composer's reputation, cannot by any means conceive. We should as readily ask a gentleman of fashion to appear in Bond-street with the five-times cast off wearing apparel of a Jew salesman as think of inducing any composer so to expose his utter want of taste.— But they will go on; all our efforts to suppress them are like the wind which passeth away. "*So mote it be,*" saith the old Chroniclers, and so it *will* be, until every particle of real and simple music is cadenza'd and flourished out of the heads of us "thinking people." There is nothing particularly striking in the motivo of this aria, but it is well worked up, and in the hands of such a singer is exceedingly effective.

No. 4, composed by Vaccaj, is a pleasing terzetto from a new opera by this industrious writer, consisting of two movements, an allegro and adagio; in the latter only the voices are heard together. We consider this a desirable addition to the stock of amateurs who are in the habit of performing concerted pieces.

No. 5, "*Va Menzogner*, duetto, is taken from another new opera by Pacini, which we have heard spoken of highly; it is brilliant and effective, without presenting an over-abundance of difficulty. The movements consist of recitative of an expostulatory character, a short *allegro vivace*, a very sweet *larghetto* in A flat, and a shewy *allegro molto*.

No. 6, another duet from the same opera, apparently for two tenors. The first part of the first motivo we meet, is borrowed by Pacini from *himself*, the most innocent species of plagiarism. His fine song, "*Non so qual forza ignota,*" has furnished the subject we allude to. There does not appear any thing out of the common way throughout the fifteen pages of this duet, certainly nothing likely to overstimulate the powers of any two singers we are acquainted with.

ARRANGEMENTS.

FOR PIANO FORTE AND FLUTE.

Select Airs from Paer's *I Fiorusciti*, by G. F. Harris. Clementi and Co.

Les Fleurs de l'Opera, a Collection of Airs, Cavatinas, &c. from Italian Operas. Boosey and Co.

The favorite Airs in Mayer's *La Rosa bianca* and *La Rosa rossa*, by J. F. Burrowes. S. Chappell.

The favorite Airs in Mayerbeer's *Margherita D'Anjou*, by J. F. Burrowes. S. Chappell.

PIANO FORTE DUETS.

Mozart's *Gloria in excelsis*, by E. Harris. Boosey and Co.

A Selection of Airs from Mozart's *Il Seraglio*, by T. Attwood. Clementi and Co.

Worthy is the Lamb, by J. M'Murdie. Boosey and Co.

FOR HARP AND PIANO FORTE.

Six admired Duets from Rossini's Operas, by C. N. Bochsa. Boosey and Co.

Piano, Piano *inoltresi*, with Flute and Violoncello Accompaniments *ad lib.* T. Attwood. Clementi and Co.



OBITUARY.

DIED.—At his house, in Marsham-street, West, on Sunday, the 11th of Nov. last, John Sale, Esq. He was for upwards of thirty years the principal base singer at the King's Concer of Ancient Music, and all the chief concerts, oratorios, and provincial music meetings.

Mr. Sale was born in London in the year 1758, and in 1767 was admitted a choirister of the Royal Chapel at Windsor and Eton College Chapel, under Mr. Webbe, organist of those choirs. This

situation he continued to hold till 1775. In 1777 he was appointed lay-vicar of the choirs of Windsor and Eton, which office he retained till Christmas, 1796, being at that period a member of five choirs, namely—Windsor, Eton, his Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey. In 1788 Sale succeeded Ladd as gentleman of his Majesty's Chapels Royal; Soaper as vicar choral of St. Paul's in 1794; and Hindle as lay-vicar of Westminster Abbey in 1796; and at Christmas in the latter year resigned Windsor and Eton. In 1800 he succeeded Bellamy, sen. as almoner and master of the choristers of St. Paul's, both of which he relinquished in 1812. In 1818 he became senior gentleman (or father) of his Majesty's Chapels Royal, by which, according to custom, from time immemorial, he was excused all duty or attendance. Mr. Sale composed many good glees, some of which are printed and likewise published by permission of the Wellesley family, a selection from those composed by the late Earl of Mornington.

Though Mr. Sale never very greatly distinguished himself as a composer, there is no doubt that had his time been less occupied in his cathedral duties, and had he been less indefatigable in the performance of those duties, he would greatly have excelled in that capacity, for very few of his contemporaries possessed so sound a judgment in musical compositions, especially vocal, or manifested on all occasions so much taste and discrimination. As a musician generally, his opinion on most points was highly respectable, and whether on the loftier or more simple style of vocal composition, it was never loosely given, and always with that deference and modesty which are the constant characteristics of good sense.

As a vocal performer, Mr. Sale was eminently distinguished; united to a rich, full, and mellow base voice, his taste was of the good old English school, strictly pure and carefully adapted to the subject, whether grave or gay. No contemporary singer has ever excelled him in distinctness of articulation and energy of expression, and when recollection fondly dwells upon the departed excellencies of a Beard, a Reinhold, and a Bartleman, it must pause with equally affectionate regret on those of John Sale.

Of Mr. Sale in private life, it is impossible to speak too highly. As a father, a husband, and a friend, his loss must be long and

deeply deplored, for in all those endearing characters he set a bright example.

Of scrupulous integrity in his dealings, as no man deserved greater confidence among his neighbours, so no man possessed greater.

Mr. Sale succeeded that highly eminent composer, the late Mr. Webbe, as Secretary to the Nobleman and Gentleman's Catch Club on the 14th of January, 1812. A situation not only of great trust and responsibility, but also of considerable difficulty; yet such was the uniform and unremitting attention he paid to the interests of the society, that during the whole period of his laborious duties he constantly met the general committee of the club at the close of each season with a statement of their finances, and a report of their proceedings in every other respect, such as to leave nothing unsettled or involved in the slightest doubt or difficulty. The high and distinguished characters that usually formed that committee were at all times unanimous in their approbation of their secretary's exertions, and it may be safely alledged that the good understanding and friendly feeling which were perhaps without an exception manifested towards him by the honorary and professional members of the club, evinced that in the performance of his duty, so far as *they* were concerned, there was a scrupulous observance, at all times of impartiality and courtesy.—*Requiescat in pace.*

Mr. Sale has left two sons, the eldest Mr. J. B. Sale, well known by the frequenters of the Antient Concert for his Handelian taste, and whose instructions in singing and the piano forte are equally sought after and appreciated, and Mr. G. C. Sale the highly talented organist of St. George's, Hanover-square.

